

THE
CASQUET OF LITERATURE

BEING

A SELECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY
FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST ADMIRERD AUTHORS

EDITED

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTES

BY

CHARLES GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY", "FOR LACK OF GOLD", ETC.

AND

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ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS

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JOHN H. BACON.

THE HAME-COMIN' O' KILMENY.

LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THE HAME-COMIN' O' KILMENY.	
Design by John H. Bacon,	<i>Frontis.</i>
"THERE, IN HIS GREAT STORM-CLOTHES, STOOD BERT."	
Design by John H. Bacon,	<i>to face</i> 28
"THERE SITS THE DELIBERATE SIMPLETON WHO WANTS TO DISGRACE HER FAMILY."	
Design by J. Gülich,	48
"THERE WAS A PAINTER'S EASEL...AND THE MOTIONLESS FORM OF A MAN."	
Design by W. H. Margetson,	122
"THE SERVANTS HASTENED TO ASSIST SIR THOMAS."	
Design by Gordon Browne,	140
"HURONS, I AM CHINGACHGOOK, THE SON OF UNCAS."	
Design by Ralph Peacock,	168
"I'M GOIN' TO PUT A FENCE ROUND THE HULL CONCERN."	
Design by G. P. Jacomb-Hood,	242
"I BEWAILED MY FATE, AND THEN SUNK DOWN EXHAUSTED."	
Design by W. H. Overend,	296
"WHY, MISTRESS MARIAN, WHAT DO YOU BRING US HERE?"	
Design by Herbert J. Drape,	324
THE PIPER HURLS THE WITCH'S HOOD INTO THE STREAM.	
Design by Paul Hardy,	372

CONTENTS.

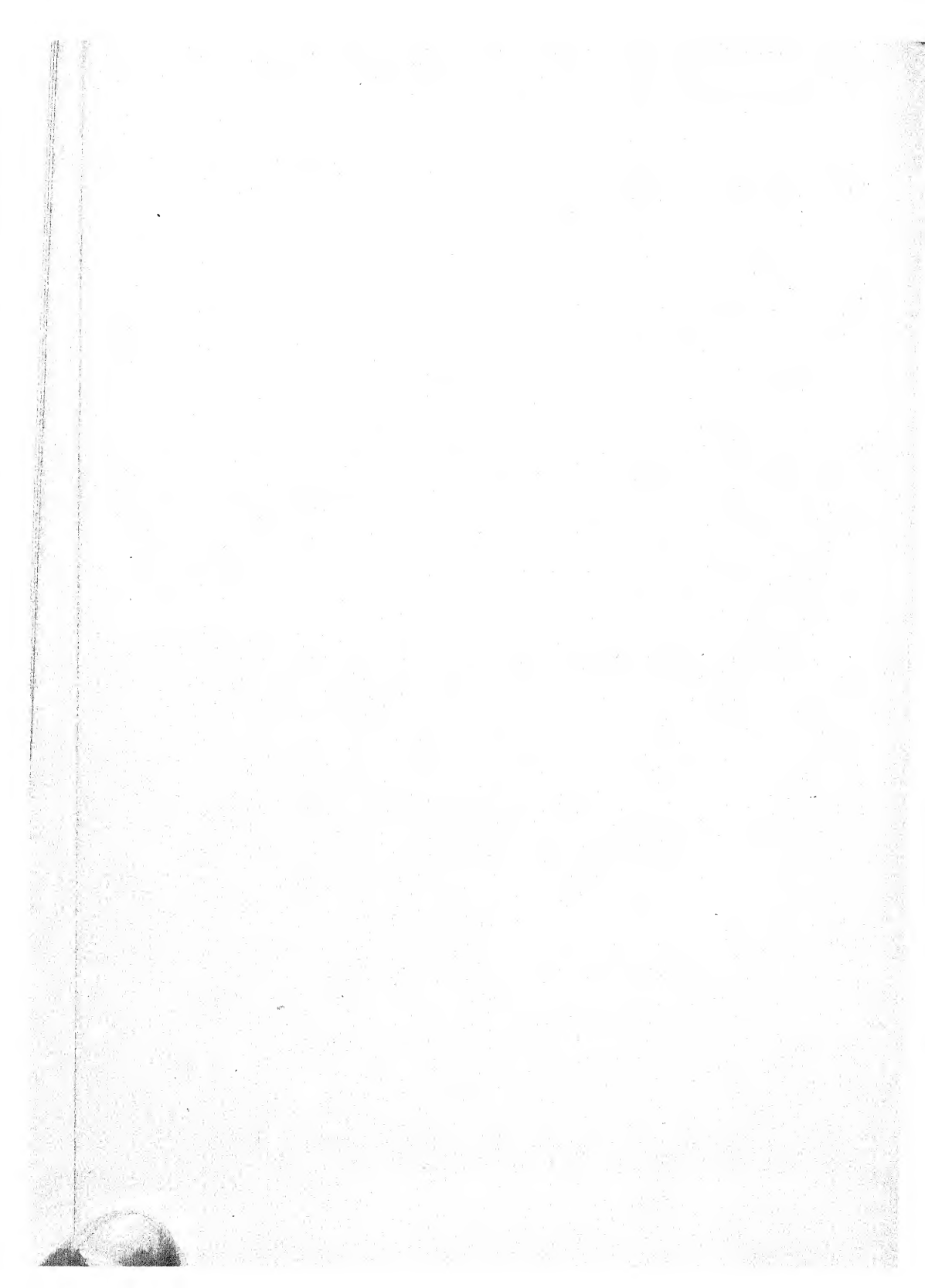
	PAGE
Saved	<i>W. Clark Russell</i> 1
To Burns	<i>John Keats</i> 6
H.M.S. <i>Victoria</i> , Lost off Tripoli, June, 1893	<i>Lawrence Binyon</i> 7
Thoughts on Death and other Extracts	<i>Robert Louis B. Stevenson</i> 7
Holy Innocents and Three Other Poems	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> 12
High-Water Mark	<i>Francis Bret Harte</i> 13
Life	<i>George Herbert</i> 17
Moss-side	<i>Professor Wilson</i> 17
Maud Müller	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> 21
Grieve not for the Past	<i>Sir William Davenant</i> 22
A Pilot's Wife	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> 22

	PAGE
A Lover's Chronicle	<i>Abraham Cowley</i> 31
The Dream Confirmed	<i>James Hogg</i> 32
Time	<i>Rev. Benjamin Marsden</i> 36
Ehrenbreitstein	<i>Mrs. Gore</i> 37
Songs of Robin Hood	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 40
The Hour is Come	<i>Thomas Atkinson</i> 44
Ethical and Artistic Notes	<i>John Ruskin</i> 44
The Lover's Ideal	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 47
Sappho	<i>Rev. George Croly</i> 48
The Hour of Prayer	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 48
Mrs. Malaprop	<i>R. Brinsley Sheridan</i> 48
Aspirations of Youth	<i>James Montgomery</i> 54
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 54
The Beggar's Marriage-gift	<i>F. Kind</i> 56
Description of a Beauty	<i>Sir John Suckling</i> 60
The Horologe	<i>Thomas Doubleday</i> 60
Little Daffydowndilly	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 60
It's Hame and it's Hame	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 63
Learned Women	<i>Sir John Vanburgh</i> 63
Maria, Nun of Santa Clara	<i>Anon.</i> 64
The Nun	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 65
The Opium-eater	<i>Thomas De Quincey</i> 66
The Worth of Hours	<i>Lord Houghton</i> 70
Fancies on a Tea-cup	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 70
The Faint-hearted Lover	<i>Sir John Suckling</i> 71
Reverses	71
Song, from the Slavonian	<i>Sir John Bowring</i> 77
Hymn to the Sea	<i>Dean Alford</i> 77
My Grandfather's Story	<i>A. B. Picken</i> 78
Kilmeny	<i>James Hogg</i> 83
Frank Kennedy	<i>William Hamilton Maxwell</i> 86
Fair Helen	<i>Old Ballad</i> 94
Anne Page and Slender	<i>Shakspeare</i> 95
Flowers of the Field	<i>Rev. John Keble</i> 97
O gin my Love were yon Red Rose	<i>Old Song</i> 97
Cupid Greybeard	<i>Tom Hood</i> 98
What Love is Like	<i>Thomas Middleton</i> 102
Gondolies	<i>H. H.</i> 103
The Borough	<i>John Malcolm</i> 103
He that loves a Rosy Cheek	<i>Thomas Carew</i> 107
The Adventures of Parson Schmolke and the School- master Bakel	<i>Augustus F. Langbein</i> 107
The Evening of a Village Festival	<i>Dean Alford</i> 109
S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.	<i>Captain Marryat</i> 109
Proverbs	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 116
Poor Jack	<i>Charles Dibdin</i> 117
Sir Roger de Coverley's Wooing	<i>Sir Richard Steele</i> 117
The Long Ago	<i>Lord Houghton</i> 120
Silvia	<i>Shakspeare</i> 120

	PAGE
Chanet	<i>J. W. De Forest</i> 121
Pan's Song of Syrinx	<i>John Lyly</i> 130
Autumn Leaves	<i>Rev. John Keble</i> 131
My Fare	<i>George Manville Fenn</i> 131
Hymn to Adversity	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 134
Painting and Painters	<i>John Ruskin</i> 134
The Consolations of the Muse	<i>George Withers</i> 136
A Jocular Baronet	<i>Tobias Smollett</i> 136
The Value of Affliction	<i>Sheppard and Goldsmith</i> 140
The Dying Husband's Farewell	<i>Phineas Fletcher</i> 140
The English Language	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 141
The Butterfly and the Snail	<i>John Gay</i> 142
Peace	<i>Anon.</i> 142
The Jester's Sermon	<i>George Walter Thornbury</i> 143
The Tower of London	<i>W. Hepworth Dixon</i> 144
The Weaver and his Shadow	<i>Walter Thornbury</i> 149
"I Remember"	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 149
Uncle Hartlebury's Romance	<i>Joseph Hatton</i> 150
Auld Robin Gray	<i>Lady Anne Barnard</i> 156
Letters	<i>A. Hill and S. Daniel</i> 158
Deerslayer	<i>J. Fenimore Cooper</i> 159
My Lady	<i>Earl of Surrey</i> 168
The Wearyful Woman	<i>John Galt</i> 169
Epigram	<i>Dr. Walsh</i> 171
The Singing Leaves	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 172
Wits and Poets of the Seventeenth Century	<i>Samuel Johnson</i> 173
Alcander and Septimius	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 178
Barren Faith	<i>William Sawyer</i> 179
Home	<i>John Crawford Wilson</i> 180
The Election	<i>Mary Russell Mitford</i> 181
The Actress	<i>P. J. De Beranger</i> 184
The Ape	<i>Matteo Bandello</i> 185
Ode to Duty	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 187
The Christian's Death	<i>Reginald Heber</i> 187
Lorna Doone	<i>Richard D. Blackmore</i> 188
Rods and Kisses	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 196
The Wooer	<i>Joanna Baillie</i> 196
Stray Thoughts	<i>Jean Paul F. Richter</i> 197
The Seed and Fruit	<i>Lewis Kingsley</i> 199
Daniel O'Rourke	<i>T. Crofton Croker</i> 199
There's not a Joy the World can give	<i>Lord Byron</i> 202
The Masquerade	<i>Mrs. Hayland</i> 203
Work	<i>Alice Cary</i> 206
The Songstress	<i>From the German</i> 206
Lesbia on her Sparrow	<i>William Cartwright</i> 211
Two Scenes from the Civil War	<i>G. P. R. James</i> 211
The Heart's Prophecies	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 216
The Chaplain of the Seventeenth Century	<i>John Oldham</i> 216
The Evening Cloud	<i>Professor Wilson</i> 216

	PAGE
Workers in Art	<i>Samuel Smiles</i> 217
The Nightingale	<i>Rev. John Keble</i> 220
Song	<i>M. R. Mitford</i> 220
A Bachelor's Complaint	<i>Charles Lamb</i> 221
An Irish Peasant's Home	<i>William Allingham</i> 224
Lucy	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 226
Tomaso and Pepina	<i>William Gilbert</i> 227
Exmoor Harvest Song	<i>Richard D. Blackmore</i> 235
A Vision of Mighty Book-hunters	<i>J. H. Burton</i> 236
The Return	<i>Robert Southey</i> 239
The Man who Stole a Meeting-house	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 240
The Canary in his Cage	<i>Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"</i> 247
Restraint	<i>John Ruskin</i> 248
A Land Shipwreck	<i>John Heywood</i> 248
Vagabond Jack	<i>Henry de la Madelène</i> 249
The Reply of the Fountain	<i>J. R. Chorley</i> 264
The Faithful Page	<i>Anon.</i> 265
Modesty	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 269
My Cottage	<i>Professor Wilson</i> 269
Lacon	<i>Rev. C. C. Colton</i> 271
Love's Perversity	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 275
The Authoress	<i>Mrs. Opie</i> 275
My Mother's Grave	<i>W. Mackworth Praeger</i> 277
Ten Years Ago	<i>Alaric A. Watts</i> 277
The March of Intellect	<i>Theodore Hook</i> 277
The Posie	<i>Robert Burns</i> 279
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 280
Cousin Tomkins, the Tailor	<i>W. H. Harrison</i> 280
Fool and Wise	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 289
Farewell to Nancy	<i>Robert Burns</i> 290
She was a Phantom of Delight	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 290
The Minister's Wig	<i>John Galt</i> 290
They all are Gone	<i>Henry Vaughan</i> 292
Sonnet	<i>Robert Burns</i> 292
In Peril	<i>H. D. Inglis</i> 293
A Summer's Eve	<i>Henry Kirke White</i> 297
Le Revenant	297
O Poorth Cauld	<i>Robert Burns</i> 304
Robert Burns	<i>James Montgomery</i> 304
The Ribbonman	<i>William Carleton</i> 305
The Two Roses	<i>From the Italian</i> 313
The Duchess of Malfy	<i>John Webster</i> 313
Sweet Things Depart	<i>Richard Bedingfield</i> 316
The Spinster's Progress	<i>Theodore Hook</i> 317
Fair Annie of Lochroyan	<i>Old Ballad</i> 318
Marian	<i>Jacob De Liefde</i> 320
Released	<i>Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney</i> 327
The Czar and Czarowitz: A Russian Legend	<i>Anon.</i> 327
Cousin Winnie	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 332

	PAGE
The Humorous Man	333
Anster Fair	<i>William Tennant</i> 335
To-morrow	<i>Abraham Cowley</i> 336
Grace Huntly	<i>Mrs. Anna Maria Hall</i> 336
Ode on Melancholy	<i>John Keats</i> 343
Life's Chase	<i>Schultze</i> 343
Altho' thou maun never be mine	<i>Robert Burns</i> 343
Behaviour	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 343
Love	349
The Floating Beacon	<i>John Howison</i> 349
"Will sail To-morrow"	<i>Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"</i> 359
The Devil's Ladder	<i>Aloise Schreiber</i> 360
Politics	<i>Robert Burns</i> 362
Go, Lovely Rose	<i>Waller and H. K. White</i> 363
The Prodigal	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 363
The Oyster	<i>Anon.</i> 363
Sun of the Sleepless	<i>Lord Byron</i> 365
Two-fold	<i>Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney</i> 366
The Bagpiper	<i>W. Barry</i> 366
Children at Play	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 368
The Piper of Mucklebrowst	<i>Richard Thomson</i> 368
Power and Gentleness	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 373
Peter Klaus	<i>Anon.</i> 373
The Lupracaun, or Fairy Shoemaker	<i>William Allingham</i> 375
The Way to Wealth	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i> 375
A Grecian Eden	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 379
The Nightingale	<i>Samuel T. Coleridge</i> 379
To a Sensitive Young Lady	<i>Justus Möser</i> 380
Pleasure and Pain	<i>Sir Thomas Wyatt</i> 382
Oh, Open the Door	<i>Robert Burns</i> 382
Lord Gregory	<i>Robert Burns</i> 382
Children	<i>Jean Paul F. Richter</i> 383
The Jackdaw of Rheims	<i>Rev. R. H. Barham</i> 384
Arne	<i>Björnstjerne Björnson</i> 386
Utopia	<i>F. T. Palgrave</i> 392
Watching	<i>Emily C. Judson</i> 393
"Ad Amicos"—1829-1876	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 393
The Duke's Plot	<i>John Lothrop Motley</i> 394
A Bairnie's Song	<i>Anon.</i> 397
Beauty	<i>Sydney Dobell</i> 398
Self-culture	<i>Dr. W. E. Channing</i> 399
Tell's Statue	<i>John Nichol</i> 400
In the Key of Blue	<i>John Addington Symonds</i> 400
A Novel Style of Dwelling-house and a Novel Style of Boarder	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 404
The Glory of War	<i>G. A. Sala</i> 410
A Parable	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 410
Poblet	<i>Augustus J. C. Hare</i> 411
Extract from the Light of Asia	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> 414



THE CASQUET.

SAVED!

[W. Clark Russell, born at New York on Feb. 24, 1844, and educated partly at Winchester and partly in France. Mr. Clark Russell is the son of Mr. Henry Russell, the composer of "Cheer, boys, cheer", and other popular and stirring songs. At the age of thirteen and a half, he was sent to sea as a midshipman in the Merchant Service. After a period of about eight years, during which he made voyages to India, China, and Australia, he gave up the sea and devoted himself to literature. His first novel of sea-faring life, *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate*, was published in 1874, and made a great success. *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* followed shortly, and was even better received. Since the publication of this novel, which is his most popular work, Mr. Clark Russell has written many nautical novels, besides short sketches of life at sea, contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*. Among his novels may be specially mentioned: *A Sailor's Sweetheart*, *An Ocean Free-lance*, *Jack's Courtship*, *A Strange Voyage*, *The Death-Ship*, *An Ocean Tragedy*, and *The Romance of Jenny Harlowe*. His short papers have been collected in volumes entitled: *Round the Galley Fire*, *My Watch Below*, *In the Middle Watch*, *On the Fo'c'sle Head*. All his writings breathe a passion for the sea, and they also show an intimate practical knowledge of seamen's lives and nautical affairs. With the permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., we take the following extract from *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*.]

[The Wreck of the Grosvenor is the story of the mutiny of a half-starved ship's crew against a stingy and brutal captain; of the subsequent desertion of the ship by the greater part of its men; of the wreck of the ship; and finally of the rescue of Edward Royle, second mate, with the steward, the boatswain, and a heroic girl called Mary Robertson; who at the time of the wreck are the only persons left on board the Grosvenor. Just before the mutiny Mary Robertson and her father were rescued from the Cecilia, and through all the horrors of the mutiny and the wreck, Mary has behaved with splendid courage and fortitude, as well as with the most womanly gentleness and kindness. Her father has died on the Grosvenor, and she is now left entirely under the protection of Edward Royle, who, since the mutiny (in which he had no part) has been virtually captain of the ship. Edward Royle and Mary Robertson have become attached to one another, and in the prospect of what they believe to be imminent death, have confessed their mutual love. The chapters immediately preceding our extract describe their hope of being saved by a Russian barque, and their disappointment when the barque moves off without

seeing their signal. After this Royle decides that they must leave the ship and trust themselves to the quarter-bout. They do so and are rescued by the *Peri of Glasgow*, and restored to safety and happiness.]

I think the boatswain was right.

It was no season for love-making; but it was surely a fitting moment "for finding each other out".

I can say this—and God knows never was there less bombast in such a thought than there was in mine: that when I looked round upon the sea and then upon my beloved companion, I felt that I would rather have chosen death with her love to bless me in the end, than life without knowledge of her. I put food before the steward and induced him to eat; but it was pitiful to see his silly instinctive ways, no reason in them, nothing but a mechanical guiding, with foolish fleeting smiles upon his pale face.

I thought of that wife of his whose letter he had wept over, and his child, and scarcely knew whether it had not been better for him and them that he should have died than return to them a broken-down, puling imbecile. I said as much to Mary, but the tender heart would not agree with me.

"Whilst there is life there is hope," she answered softly. "Should God permit us to reach home, I will see that the poor fellow is well cared for. It may be that when all these horrors have passed, his mind will recover its strength. Our trials are very hard. When I saw that Russian ship I thought my own brain would go."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and an expression of suffering, provoked by memory, came into her face.

We despatched our meal, and I went on to the main-deck to sound the well. I found two feet of water in the hold, and I came back and gave the boatswain the soundings, who recommended that we should at once turn to

¹ *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*. An account of the mutiny of the crew and the loss of the ship when trying to make the Bernudas. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

and get the boat ready. I said to him, as he clambered into the boat for the purpose of overhauling her, that I fully believed that a special Providence was watching over us, and that we might confidently hope God would not abandon us now.

"If the men had not chased us in this boat," I continued, "what chance should we have to save our lives? The other boat is useless, and we should never have been able to repair her in time to get away from the ship. Then look at the weather! I have predicted a dead calm to-night, and already the wind is gone."

"Yes, everything's happened for the best," he replied. "I only wish poor Jim's life had been saved. It's a'most like leavin' of him to drown to go away without buryin' him; and yet I know there'd be no use in puttin' him overboard. There's been a deal o' precious human life wasted since we left the Channel; and who are the murderers? Wy, the owners. It's all come through their sendin' the ship to sea with rotten stores. A few dirty pounds 'ud ha' saved all this."

We had never yet had the leisure to inspect the stores with which the mutineers had furnished the quarter-boat, and we now found, in spite of their having shifted a lot of the provisions out of her into the long-boat before starting in pursuit of us, that there was still an abundance left: four kegs of water, several tins of cuddy bread, preserved meat and fruits, sugar, flour, and other things, not to mention such items as boxes of lucifer-matches, fishing-tackle, a burning-glass, a quantity of tools and nails; in a word, everything which men in the condition they had hoped to find themselves in might stand in need of to support life. Indeed, the foresight illustrated by the provisioning of this boat was truly remarkable, the only things they had omitted being a mast and sail, it having been their intention to keep this boat in tow of the other. I even found that they had furnished the boat with the oars belonging to the disabled quarter-boat in addition to those of her own.

However, the boat was not yet stocked to my satisfaction. I therefore repaired to my cabin and procured the boat's compass, some charts, a sextant, and other necessary articles, such as the "Nautical Almanack", and pencils and paper wherewith to work out my observations, which articles I placed very carefully in the locker in the stern-sheets of the boat.

I allowed Mary to help me, that the occupation might divert her mind from the overwhelming thoughts which the gradual settling

of the ship on which we stood must have excited in the strongest and bravest mind; and, indeed, I worked busily and eagerly to guard myself against any terror that might come upon me. She it was who suggested that we should provide ourselves with lamps and oil; and I shipped a lantern to hoist at our mast-head when the darkness came, and the bull's-eye lamp to enable me to work out observations of the stars, which I intended to make when the night fell. To all these things, which, sounding numerous, in reality occupied but little space, I added a can of oil, meshes for the lamps, top-coats, oilskins, and rugs to protect us at night, so that the afternoon was well advanced before we had ended our preparations. Meanwhile the boatswain had stepped a top-gallant stun'sail boom to serve us for a mast, well stayed, with a block and halliards at the mast-head to serve for hoisting a flag or lantern, and a spare top-gallant stun'sail to act as a sail.

By this time the wind had completely died away; a peaceful deep blue sky stretched from horizon to horizon; and the agitation of the sea had subsided into a long and silent swell, which washed up against the ship's sides, scarcely causing her to roll, so deep had she sunk in the water.

I now thought it high time to lower the boat and bring her alongside, as our calculations of the length of time to be occupied by the ship in sinking might be falsified to our destruction by her suddenly going stern down with us on board.

We therefore lowered the boat, and got the gangway ladder over the side. The boatswain got into the boat first to help Mary into her. I then took the steward by the arms and brought him along smartly, as there was danger in keeping the boat washing against the ship's side. He resisted at first, and only smiled vacantly when I threatened to leave him; but on the boatswain crying out that his wife was waiting for him, the poor idiot got himself together with a scramble, and went so hastily over the gangway that he very narrowly escaped a ducking.

I paused a moment at the gangway and looked around, striving to remember if there was anything we had forgotten which would be of some use to us. Mary watched me anxiously, and called to me by my Christian name, at the same time extending her arms. I would not keep her in suspense a moment, and at once dropped into the boat. She grasped and fondled my hand, and drew me close beside her. "I should have gone on

board again, had you delayed coming," she whispered.

The boatswain shoved the boat's head off, and we each shipped an oar and pulled the boat about a quarter of a mile away from the ship; and then, from a strange and wild curiosity to behold the ship sink, and still in our hearts clinging to her, not only as the home wherein we had found shelter for many days past, but as the only visible object in all the stupendous reach of waters, we threw in the oars and sat watching her.

She had now sunk as deep as her main-chains, and was but a little higher out of water than the hull from which we had rescued Mary and her father. It was strange to behold her even from a short distance, and note her littleness in comparison with the immensity of the deep on which she rested, and recall the terrible seas she had braved and triumphed over.

Few sailors can behold the ship in which they have sailed sinking before their eyes without the same emotion of distress and pity almost which the spectacle of a drowning man excites in them. She has grown a familiar name, a familiar object; thus far she has borne them in safety; she has been rudely beaten, and yet has done her duty; but the tempest has broken her down at last; all the beauty is shorn from her; she is weary with the long and dreadful struggle with the vast forces that Nature arrayed against her; she sinks, a desolate abandoned thing in mid-ocean, carrying with her a thousand memories, which surge up in the heart with the pain of a strong man's tears.

I looked from the ship to realize our own position. Perhaps not yet could it be keenly felt, for the ship was still a visible object for us to hold on by; and yet, turning my eyes away to the far reaches of the horizon, at one moment borne high on the summit of the ocean swell, which appeared mountainous when felt in and viewed from the boat, then sinking deep in the hollow, so that the near ship was hidden from us—the supreme loneliness of our situation, our helplessness, and the fragility and diminutiveness of the structure on which our lives depended, came home to me with the pain and wonder of a shock.

Our boat, however, was new this voyage, with a good beam, and showing a tolerably bold side, considering her dimensions and freight. Of the two quarter-boats with which the *Grosvenor* had been furnished, this was the larger and the stronger built, and for this reason had been chosen by Stevens. I could not hope, indeed, that she would live a moment

in anything of a sea; but she was certainly stout enough to carry us to the Bermudas, providing the weather remained moderate.

It was now six o'clock. I said to the boatswain,—

"Every hour of this weather is valuable to us. There is no reason why we should stay here."

"I should like to see her sink, Mr. Royle; I should like to know that poor Jim found a regular coffin in her," he answered. "We can't make no headway with the sail, and I don't recommend rowin' for the two or three mile we can fetch with the oars. It 'ud be worse nor pumpin'!"

He was right. When I reflected I was quite sure I should not, in my exhausted state, be able to handle one of the big oars for even five minutes at a stretch; and admitting that I *had* been strong enough to row for a couple of hours, yet the result to have been obtained could not have been important enough to justify the serious labour.

The steward all this time sat perfectly quiet in the bottom of the boat, with his back against the mast. He paid no attention to us when we spoke, nor looked around him, though sometimes he would fix his eyes vacantly on the sky as if his shattered mind found relief in contemplating the void. I was heartily glad to find him quiet, though I took care to watch him, for it was difficult to tell whether his imbecility was not counterfeited by his madness to throw us off our guard, and furnish him with an opportunity to play us and himself some deadly trick.

As some hours elapsed since we had tasted food, I opened a tin of meat and prepared a meal. The boatswain ate heartily, and so did the steward; but I could not prevail upon Mary to take more than a biscuit and some sherry and water.

Indeed, as the evening approached, our position affected her more deeply, and very often, after she had cast her eyes towards the horizon, I would see her lips whispering a prayer, and feel her hand tightening on mine.

The ship still floated, but she was so low in the water that I every minute expected to see her vanish. The water was above her main-chains, and I could only attribute her obstinacy in not sinking to the great quantity of wood—both in cases and goods—which composed her cargo.

The sun was now quite close to the horizon, branding the ocean with a purple glare, but itself descending into a cloudless sky. I cannot express how majestic and wonderful the

great orb looked to us who were almost level with the water. Its disc seemed vaster than I had ever before seen it, and there was something sublimely solemn in the loneliness of its descent. All the sky about it, and far to the south and north, was changed into the colour of gold by its lustre; and over our heads the heavens were an exquisite tender green, which melted in the east into a dark blue.

I was telling Mary that ere the sun sank again we might be on board a ship, and whispering any words of encouragement and hope to her, when I was startled by the boatswain crying, "Now she's gone! Look at her!" I turned my eyes towards the ship, and could scarcely credit my senses when I found that her hull had vanished, and that nothing was to be seen of her but her spars, which were all aslant sternwards.

I held my breath as I saw the masts sink lower and lower. First the crossjack-yard was submerged, then the gaff with the ensign hanging dead at the peak, then the mainyard; presently only the main-topmast cross-trees were visible, a dark cross upon the water: they vanished; at the same moment the sun disappeared behind the horizon; and now we were alone on the great breathing deep, with all the eastern sky growing dark as we watched. "It's all over!" said the boatswain, breaking the silence, and speaking in a hollow tone. "No livin' man'll ever see the *Grosvenor* agin!"

Mary shivered and leaned against me. I took up a rug and folded it round her, and kissed her forehead.

The boatswain had turned his back upon us, and sat with his hands folded, I believe in prayer. I am sure he was thinking of Jim Cornish, and I would not have interrupted that honest heart's communion with its Maker for the value of the ship that had sunk. Darkness came down very quickly, and that we might lose no chance of being seen by any distant vessel, I lighted the ship's lantern and hoisted it at the mast-head. I also lighted the bull's-eye lamp and set it in the stern-sheets.

"Mary," I whispered, "I will make you up a bed in the bottom of the boat. Whilst this weather lasts, dearest, we have no cause to be alarmed by our position. It will make me happy to see you sleeping, and be sure that whilst you sleep there will be watchful eyes near you."

"I will sleep as I am, here, by your side. I shall rest better so," she answered. "I could not sleep lying down."

It was too sweet a privilege to forego; I

pressed my arm around her and held her close to me; and she closed her eyes like a child to please me.

Worn out as I was, enfeebled both intellectually and physically by the heavy strain that had been put upon me ever since that day when I had been ironed by Captain Coxon's orders, I say—and I solemnly believe in the truth of what I am about to write—that had it not been for the living reality of this girl, encircled by my arm, with her head supported by my shoulder—had it not been for the deep love I felt for her, which localized my thoughts, and, so to say, humanized them down to the level of our situation, forbidding them to trespass beyond the prosaic limits of our danger, of the precautions to be taken by us, of our chances of rescue, of the course to be steered when the wind should fill our sail: I should have gone mad when the night came down upon the sea and enveloped our boat—a lonely speck on the gigantic world of water—in the mystery and fear of darkness. I know this by recalling the fancy that for a few moments possessed me in looking along the water, when I clearly beheld the outline of a coast, with innumerable lights twinkling upon it; by the whirling, dizzy sensation in my head which followed the extinction of the vision; by the emotion of wild horror and unutterable disappointment which overcame me when I detected the cheat. I pressed my darling to me, and looked upon her sweet face, revealed by the light shed by the lantern at the mast-head, and all my misery left me; and the delight which the knowledge that she was my own love and that I held her in my arms, gave me, fell like an exorcism upon the demons of my stricken imagination.

She smiled when I pressed her to my side and when she saw my face close to hers, looking at her; but she did not know then that she had saved me from a fate more dreadful than death, and that I—so strong as I seemed, so earnest as I had shown myself in my conflicts with fate, so resolutely as I had striven to comfort her—had been rescued from madness by her whom I had a thousand times pitied for her helplessness.

She fell asleep at last, and I sat for nearly two hours motionless, that I should not awaken her. The steward slept with his head in his arms, kneeling, a strange, mad posture. The boatswain sat forward, with his face turned aft and his arms folded. I addressed him once, but he did not answer. Probably I spoke too low for him to hear, being fearful of waking Mary; but there was little we had

to say. Doubtless he found his thoughts too engrossing to suffer him to talk.

Being anxious to "take a star", as we say at sea, and not knowing how the time went, I gently drew out my watch and found the hour a quarter to eleven. In replacing the watch I aroused Mary, who raised her head and looked round her with eyes that flashed in the lantern light.

"Where are we?" she exclaimed, and bent her head to gaze at me, on which she recollected herself. "Poor boy!" she said, taking my hand, "I have kept you supporting my weight. You were more tired than I. But it is your turn now. Rest your head on my shoulder."

"No, it is still your turn," I answered, "and you shall sleep again presently. But since you are awake, I will try to find out where we are. You shall hold the lamp for me while I make my calculations and examine the chart."

Saying which, I drew out my sextant and got across the thwarts to the mast, which I stood up alongside of to lean on, for the swell, though moderate enough to pass without notice on a big vessel, lifted and sunk the boat in such a way as to make it difficult to stand steady.

I was in the act of raising the sextant to my eye, when the boatswain suddenly cried, "Mr. Royle, listen!"

"What do you hear?" I exclaimed.

"Hush! listen now!" he answered, in a breathless voice.

I strained my ear, but nothing was audible to me but the wash of the water against the boat's side.

"Don't you hear it, Mr. Royle?" he cried, in a kind of agony, holding up his finger.

"Miss Robertson, don't you hear something?" There was another interval of silence, and Mary answered, "I hear a kind of throbbing!" "It is so!" I exclaimed. "I hear it now! it is the engines of a steamer!"

"A steamer! Yes! I heard it! where is she?" shouted the boatswain, and he jumped on to the thwart on which I stood.

We strained our ears again.

That throbbing sound, as Mary had actually described it, closely resembling the rhythmical running of a locomotive engine heard in the country on a silent night at a long distance, was now distinctly audible; but so smooth was the water, so breathless the night, that it was impossible to tell how far away the vessel might be; for so fine and delicate a vehicle of sound is the ocean in a calm, that though the hull of

a steamship might be below the horizon, yet the thumping of her engines would be heard. Once more we inclined our ears, holding our breath as we listened.

"It grows louder!" cries the boatswain. "Mr. Royle, bend your bull's-eye lamp to the end o' one o' the oars and swing it about whilst I dip this mast-head lantern."

Very different was his manner now from what it had been that morning when the Russian hove in sight.

I lashed the lamp by the ring of it to an oar and waved it to and fro. Meanwhile the boatswain had got hold of the mast-head halliards, and was running the big ship's lantern up and down the mast.

"Mary," I exclaimed, "lift up the seat behind you, and in the left-hand corner you will find a pistol."

"I have it," she answered, in a few moments.

"Point it over the stern and fire!" I cried.

She levelled the little weapon and pulled the trigger, the white flame leapt, and a smart report followed.

"Listen now!" I said.

I held the oar steady, and the boatswain ceased to dance the lantern. For the first few seconds I heard nothing, then my ear caught the throbbing sound.

"I see her!" cried the boatswain; and following his finger (my sight being keener than my hearing) I saw not only the shadow of a vessel down in the south-west, but the smoke from her funnel pouring along the stars.

"Mary," I cried, "fire again!" She drew the trigger.

"Again!" The clear report whizzed like a bullet past my ears.

Simultaneously with the second report a ball of blue fire shot up into the sky. Another followed, and another.

A moment after a red light shone clear upon the sea.

"She sees us!" I cried. "God be praised! Mary, darling, she sees us!"

I waved the lamp furiously. But there was no need to wave it any longer. The red light drew nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the engines louder and louder, and the revolutions of the propeller sounded like a pulse beating through the water.

The shadow broadened and loomed larger. I could hear the water spouting out of her side and the blowing off of the safety-valve. Soon the vessel grew a defined shape against the stars, and then a voice, thinned by the distance, shouted, "What light is that?"

I cried to the boatswain, "Answer, for God's sake! My voice is weak."

He hollowed his hands and roared back, "We're shipwrecked seamen adrift in a quarter-boat!"

Nearer and nearer came the shadow, and now it was a long, black hull, a funnel pouring forth a dense volume of smoke, spotted with fire-sparks, and tapering masts and fragile rigging, with the stars running through them.

"Ease her!" The sound of the throbbing grew more measured. We could hear the water as it was churned up by the screw.

"Stop her!" The sounds ceased, and the vessel came looming up slowly, more slowly, until she stopped.

"What is that—a boat?" exclaimed a strong bass voice.

"Yes!" answered the boatswain. "We've been shipwrecked; we're adrift in a quarter-boat."

"Can you bring her alongside?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

I threw out an oar, but trembled so violently that it was as much as I could do to work it. We headed the boat for the steamer, and rowed towards her. As we approached, I perceived that she was very long, barque-rigged, and raking, manifestly a powerful, iron-built, ocean steamer. They had hung a red light on the forestay, and a white light over her port quarter, and lights flitted about her gangway.

A voice sang out, "How many are there of you?"

The boatswain answered, "Three men and a lady!"

On this the same voice called, "If you want help to bring the boat alongside we'll send to you."

"We'll be alongside in a few minutes," returned the boatswain.

But the fact was the vessel had stopped her engines when farther off from us than we had imagined; being deceived by the magnitude of her looming hull, which seemed to stand not a hundred fathoms away from us and by the wonderful distinctness of the voice that had spoken us.

I did not know how feeble I had become until I took the oar, and the violent emotions excited in me by our rescue now to be effected after our long and heavy trials, diminished still the little strength that was left in me, so that the boat moved very slowly through the water, and it was full twenty minutes, starting from the time when we had shipped the oars, before we came up with her.

"We'll fling you a rope's end," said a voice;

"look out for it." A line fell into the boat: the boatswain caught it and sang out, "All fast!"

I looked up the high side of the steamer: there was a crowd of men assembled round the gangway, their faces visible in the light shed not only by our own mast-head lantern (which was on a level with the steamer's bulwarks) but by other lanterns which some of them held. In all this light we, the occupants of the boat, were to be clearly viewed from the deck; and the voice that had first addressed us said,—

"Are you strong enough to get up the ladder? if not, we'll sling you on board."

I answered that if a couple of hands would come down into the boat so as to help the lady and a man (who had fallen imbecile) over the ship's side, the other two would manage to get on board without assistance.

On this a short gangway ladder was lowered, and two men descended and got into the boat.

"Take that lady first," I said, pointing to Mary, but holding on as I spoke to the boat's mast, for I felt horribly sick and faint, and knew not, indeed, what was going to happen to me; and I had to exert all my power to steady my voice.

They took her by the arms, and watching the moment when the wash of the swell brought the boat against the ship's side, landed her cleverly on the ladder and helped her on to the deck. "Bo'sun," I cried huskily, "she . . . she is . . . saved . . . I am dying, I think. . . . God bless her! and . . . and . . . your hand, mate. . . ." I remember uttering these incoherent words, and seeing the boatswain spring forward to catch me. Then my senses left me with a flash.

TO BURNS.

(WRITTEN IN THE COTTAGE WHERE HE WAS BORN.)

This mortal body of a thousand days
Now fills, O Burns, a space in thine own room,
Where thou didst dream alone on budded bays,
Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom!
My pulse is warm with thine own Barley-bree,
My head is light with pledging a great soul,
My eyes are wandering, and I cannot see,
Fancy is dead and drunken at its goal;
Yet can I stamp my foot upon the floor,
Yet can I ope my window-sash to find
The meadow thou hast tramped o'er and o'er,—
Yet can I think of thee till thought is blind—
Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name,—
O smile among the shades, for this is fame!

JOHN KEATS.

H.M.S. VICTORIA, LOST OFF TRIPOLI.
JUNE, 1893.¹

[Laurence Binyon, born 1869. Educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Oxford. Graduated B.A. in 1893. Besides the volume of *Lyric Poems*, from which, with his permission, we take the following poem, Mr. Binyon has published in conjunction with other writers a collection of poems entitled *Primavera*.]

Heroes, whose days are told,
Above whose bodies brave
Presses the heavy, cold,
And quenching wave!

Ye sleep; but your bright fame,
Blown upon every breeze,
Touches with mournful flame
The Syrian seas.

Now all your English land
Trembles with tears, with pride;
Stretching tow'rd you her hand,
O glorified!

There he that walks alone,
A vision goes with him;
In still field or thronged town,
A solemn dream!

He sees the placid, blue
Mediterranean shine;
The warships, two and two,
In ordered line.

He sees those consorts vast
On their doomed circle come,
With held breath, and aghast,
The Fleet is dumb.

For him the moments hang;
His ears the shock await;
On him, too, a strong pang
Fastens, like fate.

Transfixt, his eyes see then
The decks heave, lined with free,
Firm ranks; weaponless men,
Matched with the Sea.

Alas! the wound is deep,
Not even spirits so brave
Their vainly splendid ship
Keep from the wave.

On their last farewell cries
Shines the permitting sun:
With his men Tryon lies;
And all is done.

Yet through some hearts the prayer
Thrills, O that I had died,
Fallen in glory there
By comrades' side!

THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND OTHER
EXTRACTS.FROM THE ESSAYS OF LOUIS STEVENSON.²

[Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (commonly called Louis Stevenson), poet, essayist, and novelist; born in Edinburgh, Nov. 13, 1850, died at Samoa, Dec. 8, 1894. His great-grandfather was the first engineer to the Board of Northern Lights; his grandfather was the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, and his father, Thomas Stevenson, was the author of *Lighthouse Optics*. In this descent from men of strong practical genius, Louis Stevenson gloried, a fact to which his writings bear direct and indirect testimony. In one of his most delightful books, a volume of essays called *Memories and Portraits*, he told the world a great deal about the early influences that moulded his character; about his college friends; and about the elaborate pains he took from boyhood onwards to cultivate the singularly individual style which helped to make him one of the most fascinating writers of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. His ostensible education was at private schools, and at the University of Edinburgh. But his real education was got out of class-rooms. These he frequented as little as possible, acting in the matter upon a plan of his own, which he has described as "an extensive and highly rational system of truancy". Stevenson's widest popularity has been won as a writer of novels of adventure. But it was not as a novelist that he valued himself most highly, and the verdict of posterity will probably endorse his own estimate of his genius. The same irrepressible spirit of adventure, the same love of the heroic and the unconventional, the same gift for discovering a romantic possibility in almost every circumstance of life, which make his novels from the first page to the last a succession of delightful surprises and excitements—animated everything he wrote; while some finer gifts of style, and a greater variety of tender and brilliant inspirations, found freer play in his essays than in his tales. Among his novels stand out as masterpieces, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *Catriona*; and among his miscellaneous writings, two delightful volumes of essays, entitled *Memories and Portraits* and *Virginibus Puerisque*, and a slight sketch of a walking tour in France, called *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*. Delicate health, which was a lifelong trouble to him, forced him to make repeated voyages in search of sympathetic climates; and finally, being recommended to try the South Seas, he settled with his family in the island of Samoa, where his last novel *The Ebb-Tide*, published in the autumn of 1894, was written, and where he died on the 8th of December in the same year.

With the permission of his friend, Mr. Charles Baxter, we give the following extracts from his essays.]

I. THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

From "*Æs Triplex*,"³ an essay in *Virginibus Puerisque*.

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and

² *Virginibus Puerisque* and *Memories and Portraits*. By R. Louis Stevenson. Chatto and Windus.

³ *Æs Triplex*, triple brass; a phrase from one of the odes of Horace, that has become proverbial.

*Illi robur et æs triplex
Circæ pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus.*

Literally translated:—"Oak and triple brass must have been round the heart of the man, who was the first to entrust a frail ship to the cruel sea".

¹ *Lyric Poems*, by Laurence Binyon. Elkin Mathews.

melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error: nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers, and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery

mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere horn-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in over-crowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field of history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple child-like pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff

them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balacava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed. . . .

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, someone is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes of nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies. . . . Who would find heart enough to begin to live if he dallied with the considerations of death!

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forgo all the issues of living, in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's-length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die

daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? And does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtakes the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

II. A CHARACTER.

From "Old Mortality", an essay in *Memories and Portraits*.

In his youth he was most beautiful in person, most serene and genial by disposition; full of racy words and quaint thoughts. Laughter attended on his coming. He had the air of a great gentleman, jovial and royal with his equals, and to the poorest student gentle and attentive. Power seemed to reside in him exhaustless; we saw him stoop to play with us, but held him marked for higher destinies; we loved his notice, and I have rarely had my pride more gratified than when he sat at my father's table, my acknowledged friend. So he walked among us, both hands full of gifts, carrying with non-chalance the seeds of a most influential life.

The powers and the ground of friendship is a mystery; but looking back I can discern that, in part, we loved the thing he was, for some shadow of what he was to be. For with all his beauty, power, breeding, urbanity, and mirth, there was in those days something soulless in our friend. He would astonish us by sallies, witty, innocent, and inhumane; and by a misapplied Johnsonian pleasantry, demolish honest sentiment. I can still see and hear him, as he went his way along the lamplit streets, *Là ci darem la mano* on his lips, a noble figure of a youth, but following vanity and incredulous of good; and sure enough, somewhere on the high seas of life with his health, his hopes, his patrimony, and his self-respect, miserably went down.

From this disaster, like a spent swimmer, he came desperately ashore, bankrupt of money and consideration; creeping to the family he had deserted; with broken wing, never more to rise. But in his face there was a light of knowledge that was new to it. Of the wounds of his body he was never healed; died of them gradually, with clear-eyed resignation; of his wounded pride, we knew only from his silence. He returned to that city where he had lorded it in his ambitious youth; lived there alone, seeing few; striving to retrieve the irretrievable; at times still grappling with that mortal frailty that had brought him down; still joying in his friend's successes; his laugh still ready but with kindlier music; and over all his thoughts the shadow of that unalterable law which he had disavowed, and which had brought him low. Lastly, when his bodily evils had quite disabled him, he lay a great while dying, still without complaint, still finding interests; to his last step gentle, urbane, and with the will to smile.

The tale of this great failure is, to those who remained true to him, the tale of a success. In his youth he took thought for no one but himself; when he came ashore again, his whole armada lost, he seemed to think of none but others. Such was his tenderness for others, such his instinct of fine courtesy and pride, that of that impure passion of remorse he never breathed a syllable; even regret was rare with him, and pointed with a jest. You would not have dreamed, if you had known him then, that this was that great failure, that beacon to young men, over whose fall a whole society had hissed and pointed fingers. Often have we gone to him, red-hot with our own hopeful sorrows, railing on the rose-leaves in our princely bed of life, and he would patiently give ear and wisely counsel;

and it was only upon some return of our own thoughts that we were reminded what manner of man this was to whom we disembosomed: a man, by his own fault, ruined; shut out of the garden of his gifts; his whole city of hope both ploughed and salted; silently awaiting the deliverer. Then something took us by the throat; and to see him there, so gentle, patient, brave, and pious, oppressed but not cast down, sorrow was so swallowed up in admiration that we could not dare to pity him. Even if the old fault flashed out again, it but awoke our wonder that, in that lost battle, he should have still the energy to fight. He had gone to ruin with a kind of kingly *abandon*, like one who condescended; but once ruined, with the lights all out, he fought as for a kingdom. Most men, finding themselves the authors of their own disgrace, rail the louder against God or destiny. Most men, when they repent, oblige their friends to share the bitterness of that repentance. But he had held an inquest and passed sentence: *mene, mene*; and condemned himself to smiling silence. He had given trouble enough; had earned misfortune amply, and foregone the right to murmur.

Thus was our old comrade, like Samson, careless in his days of strength; but on the coming of adversity, and when that strength was gone that had betrayed him—"for our strength is weakness"—he began to blossom and bring forth. Well, now, he is out of the fight; the burden that he bore thrown down before the great deliverer. We—

"in the vast cathedral leave him;
God accept him,
Christ receive him!"

III. ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

From "The Foreigner at Home", an essay in *Memories and Portraits*.

England and Scotland differ, indeed, in law, in history, in religion, in education, and in the very look of nature and men's faces, not always widely, but always trenchantly. Many particulars that struck Mr. Grant White, a Yankee, struck me, a Scot, no less forcibly; he and I felt ourselves foreigners on many common provocations. A Scotchman may tramp the better part of Europe and the United States, and never again receive so vivid an impression of foreign travel and strange lands and manners as on his first excursion into England. The change from a hilly to a level country strikes him with delighted wonder. Along the flat horizon there

arise the frequent venerable towers of churches. He sees at the end of airy vistas the revolution of the windmill sail. He may go where he pleases in the future; he may see Alps, and Pyramids, and lions; but it will be hard to beat the pleasure of that moment. There are, indeed, few merrier spectacles than that of many windmills bickering together in a fresh breeze over a woody country; their halting alacrity of movement, their pleasant business, making bread all day with uncouth gesticulations, their air, gigantically human, as of a creature half alive, put a spirit of romance into the tamest landscape. When the Scotch child sees them first he falls immediately in love; and from that time forward windmills keep turning in his dreams. And so, in their degree, with every feature of the life and landscape. The warm, habitable age of towns and hamlets, the green, settled ancient look of the country; the lush hedgerows, stiles, and privy pathways in the fields; the sluggish, brimming rivers; chalk and smock-frocks; chimes of bells and the rapid, pertly-sounding English speech—they are all new to the curiosity; they are all set to English airs in the child's story that he tells himself at night. The sharp edge of novelty wears off; the feeling is scotched, but I doubt whether it is ever killed. Rather it keeps returning, ever the more rarely and strangely, and even in scenes to which you have been long accustomed suddenly awakes and gives a relish to enjoyment or heightens the sense of isolation.

One thing especially continues unfamiliar to the Scotchman's eye—the domestic architecture, the look of streets and buildings; the quaint, venerable age of many, and the thin walls, and warm colouring of all. We have, in Scotland, far fewer ancient buildings, above all in country places; and those that we have are all of hewn or harled masonry. Wood has been sparingly used in their construction; the window-frames are sunken in the wall, not flat to the front, as in England; the roofs are steeper-pitched; even a hill farm will have a massy, square, cold, and permanent appearance. English houses, in comparison, have the look of cardboard toys, such as a puff might shatter. And to this the Scotchman never becomes used. His eye can never rest consciously on one of these brick houses—rickles of brick, as he might call them—or on one of these flat-chested streets, but he is instantly reminded where he is, and instantly travels back in fancy to his home. "This is no my ain house; I ken by the biggin' o't." And yet perhaps it is his own, bought with

his own money, the key of it long polished in his pocket; but it has not yet, and never will be, thoroughly adopted by his imagination; nor does he cease to remember that, in the whole length and breadth of his native country, there was no building even distantly resembling it.

But it is not alone in scenery and architecture that we count England foreign. The constitution of society, the very pillars of the empire, surprise and even pain us. The dull, neglected peasant, sunk in matter, insolent, gross and servile, makes a startling contrast with our own long-legged, long-headed, thoughtful, Bible-quoting ploughman. A week or two in such a place as Suffolk leaves the Scotchman gasping. It seems incredible that within the boundaries of his own island a class should have been thus forgotten. Even the educated and intelligent, who hold our own opinions and speak in our own words, yet seem to hold them with a difference or from another reason, and to speak on all things with less interest and conviction. The first shock of English society is like a cold plunge. It is possible that the Scot comes looking for too much, and to be sure his first experiment will be in the wrong direction. Yet surely his complaint is grounded; surely the speech of Englishmen is too often lacking in generous ardour, the better part of the man too often withheld from the social commerce, and the contact of mind with mind evaded as with terror. A Scotch peasant will talk more liberally out of his own experience. He will not put you by with conversational counters and small jests; he will give you the best of himself, like one interested in life and man's chief end. A Scotchman is vain, interested in himself and others, eager for sympathy, setting forth his thoughts and experience in the best light. The egoism of the Englishman is self-contained. He does not seek to proselytize. He takes no interest in Scotland or the Scotch, and, what is the unkindest cut of all, he does not care to justify his indifference. Give him the wages of going on and being an Englishman, that is all he asks; and in the meantime, while you continue to associate, he would rather not be reminded of your baser origin. Compared with the grand tree-like self-sufficiency of his demeanour, the vanity and curiosity of the Scot seem uneasy, vulgar, and immodest. That you should continually try to establish human and serious relations, that you should actually feel an interest in John Bull, and desire and invite a return of interest from him, may argue something more awake

and lively in your mind, but it still puts you in the attitude of a suitor and a poor relation. Thus even the lowest class of the English towers over a Scotchman by the head and shoulders.

HOLY INNOCENTS AND THREE OTHER POEMS.¹

[Christina Georgina Rossetti (born Dec. 5, 1830; died Dec. 23, 1894), next to Elizabeth Barrett Browning the greatest woman poet of the nineteenth century. Christina Rossetti was the youngest daughter of Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian poet and patriot, who came to London as a refugee in 1821, and the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, and of Mr. William Michael Rossetti, the distinguished critic of literature and art. She wrote verses while still a child; and when her brothers, in company with the other beginners of the pre-Raphaelite movement, started the magazine called *The Germ*, she contributed to it under the name of Ellen Alleyne. In 1862 she published a volume entitled *Goblin Market and Other Poems*; in 1866, *The Prince's Progress and Other Poems*; in 1870, a prose volume, *Commonplace and Other Short Stories*; in 1872, *Sing-song, a Nursery Rhyme Book*; in 1874, *Speaking Likenesses, allegorical Tales for Children*; in 1881, *A Pageant and Other Poems*; in 1893 the volume called simply *Verses*, from which are taken all the examples of her work included in this book. And she published besides several works in prose and poetry of a purely devotional character. The poetry of Christina Rossetti derives a special interest from the manner in which it blends all that is best in the teaching of the new schools of art and poetry with perfect loyalty to the old traditions of faith and piety. She had rare gifts of fancy, imagination, and lyrical emotion; a very delicate instinct of artistic perfection; high and pure devotional feeling; and a distinctive vein of mystical inspiration.]

HOLY INNOCENTS.

They scarcely waked before they slept,
They scarcely wept before they laughed;
They drank indeed death's bitter draught,
But all its bitterest dregs were kept
And drained by Mothers while they wept.
From Heaven the speechless Infants speak:
Weep not (they say), our Mothers dear,
For swords nor sorrows come not here.
Now we are strong who were so weak,
And all is ours we could not seek.
We bloom among the blooming flowers,
We sing among the singing birds;
Wisdom we have who wanted words:
Here morning knows not evening hours,
All's rainbow here without the showers.
And softer than our Mother's breast,
And closer than our Mother's arm,
Is here the Love that keeps us warm,

¹From *Verses*. By Christina Rossetti. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

And broods above our happy nest.
Dear Mothers, come: for Heaven is best.

Unspotted Lambs to follow the one Lamb,
Unspotted doves, to wait on the one Dove;
To whom Love saith, "Be with Me where I am,"
And lo! their answer unto Love is love.

For tho' I know not any note they know,
Nor know one word of all their song above,
I know Love speaks to them, and even so
I know their answer unto Love is love.

"HEAVINESS MAY ENDURE FOR A NIGHT,
BUT JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

No thing is great on this side of the grave,
Nor anything of any stable worth:
What so is born from earth returns to earth;
Nothing we grasp proves half the thing we crave:
The tidal wave shrinks to the ebbing wave:
Laughter is folly, madness lurks in mirth:
Mankind sets off a-dying from the birth:
Life is a losing game, with what to save?
Thus I sat mourning like a mournful owl,
And like a doleful dragon made ado.
Companion of all monsters of the dark:
When lo! the light cast off its nightly cowl,
And up to heaven flashed a carolling lark,
And all creation sang its hymn anew.

While all creation sang its hymn anew,
What could I do but sing a stave in tune?
Spectral on high hung pale the vanishing moon,
Where a last gleam of stars hung paling too.
Lark's lay—a cockerow—with a scattered few
Soft early chirpings—with a tender croon
Of doves—a hundred thousand calls, and soon
A hundred thousand answers, sweet and true.
These set me singing too at unawares:
One note for all delights and charities,
One note for hope reviving with the light,
One note for every lovely thing that is;
Till while I sang my heart shook off its cares
And revelled in the land of no more night.

"LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN
HEAVEN."

Treasure plies a feather,
Pleasure spreadeth wings,
Taking flight together,—
Ah! my cherished things.
Fly away, poor pleasure,
That art so brief a thing:
Fly away, poor treasure,
That hast so swift a wing.
Pleasure, to be pleasure,
Must come without a wing:

Treasure, to be treasure,
Must be a stable thing.
Treasure without feather,
Pleasure without wings,
Elsewhere dwell together
And are heavenly things.

OUR HEAVEN MUST BE WITHIN OURSELVES.

Our heaven must be within ourselves,
Our home and heaven the work of faith
All thro' this race of life which shelves
Downward to death.

So faith shall build the boundary wall,
And hope shall plant the secret bower,
That both may show magnifical
With gem and flower.

While over all a dome must spread,
And love shall be that dome above;
And deep foundations must be laid,
And these are love.

HIGH-WATER MARK.¹

[Francis Bret Harte, born August 25, 1839, at Albany, in the State of New York, U.S. When he was seventeen his father died, and he removed with his family to California. After an unsuccessful hunt for gold he opened a school, which was not much appreciated by the rough people about him. He subsequently took to journalism, and from journalism went on to periodical fiction. In 1888, he published *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, which, together with the *Heathen Chinee* (1889), made his fame in England as well as in America. Among his other works are, *East and West Poems* (1871); *Mrs. Skaggs's Husband* (1872); *The Twins of Table Mountain* (1879); *Marija* (1885); *Snowbound at Eagle's* (1888); *Cressy* (1889); *The Bell Ringer of Angel's* (1894); *Tales of Trail and Town* (1898); and *From Sand-Hill to Pine* (1900). From 1878 to 1880, Mr. Bret Harte acted as U.S. consul at Crefeld in Germany, and from 1880 to 1885 he was consul at Glasgow. He died in 1902.]

When the tide was out on the Dedlow Marsh, its extended dreariness was patent. Its spongy, low-lying surface, sluggish, inky pools, and tortuous sloughs, twisting their slimy way, eel-like, toward the open bay, were all hard facts. So were the few green tussocks, with their scant blades, their amphibious flavour, and unpleasant dampness. And if you choose to indulge your fancy,—although the flat monotony of Dedlow Marsh was not inspiring,—the wavy line of scattered drift gave an unpleasant consciousness of the spent waters, and made the dead certainty of the returning tide a gloomy reflection, which no present sunshine could dissipate. The greener

meadow-land seemed oppressed with this idea, and made no positive attempt at vegetation until the work of reclamation should be complete. In the bitter fruit of the low cranberry-bushes one might fancy he detected a naturally sweet disposition curdled and soured by an injudicious course of too much regular cold water.

The vocal expression of the Dedlow Marsh was also melancholy and depressing. The sepulchral boom of the bitttern, the shriek of the curlew, the scream of passing brent, the wrangling of quarrelsome teal, the sharp, querulous protest of the startled crane, and syllabled complaint of the "killdeer" plover were beyond the power of written expression. Nor was the aspect of these mournful fowls at all cheerful and inspiring. Certainly not the blue heron standing midleg deep in the water, obviously catching cold in a reckless disregard of wet feet and consequences; nor the mournful curlew, the dejected plover, or the low-spirited snipe, who saw fit to join him in his suicidal contemplation; nor the impassive king-fisher—an ornithological Marius—reviewing the desolate expanse; nor the black raven that went to and fro over the face of the marsh continually, but evidently couldn't make up his mind whether the water had subsided, and felt low-spirited in the reflection that, after all this trouble, he wouldn't be able to give a definite answer. On the contrary, it was evident at a glance that the dreary expanse of Dedlow Marsh told unpleasantly on the birds, and that the season of migration was looked forward to with a feeling of relief and satisfaction by the full-grown, and of extravagant anticipation by the callow, brood. But if Dedlow Marsh was cheerless at the slack of the low tide, you should have seen it when the tide was strong and full. When the damp air blew chilly over the cold, glittering expanse, and came to the faces of those who looked seaward like another tide; when a steel-like glint marked the low hollows and the sinuous line of slough; when the great shell-incrusted trunks of fallen trees arose again, and went forth on their dreary, purposeless wanderings, drifting hither and thither, but getting no farther toward any goal at the falling tide or the day's decline than the cursed Hebrew in the legend; when the glossy ducks swung silently, making neither ripple nor furrow on the simmering surface; when the fog came in with the tide and shut out the blue above, even as the green below had been obliterated; when boatmen, lost in that fog, paddling about in a hopeless

¹ From *The Luck of Roaring Camp and other Sketches*, by Bret Harte. Chatto & Windus.

way, started at what seemed the brushing of mermen's fingers on the boat's keel, or shrank from the tufts of grass spreading around like the floating hair of a corpse, and knew by these signs that they were lost upon Dedlow Marsh, and must make a night of it, and a gloomy one at that,—then you might know something of Dedlow Marsh at high water.

Let me recall a story connected with this latter view, which never failed to recur to my mind in my long gunning excursions upon Dedlow Marsh. Although the event was briefly recorded in the county paper, I had the story, in all its eloquent detail, from the lips of the principal actor. I cannot hope to catch the varying emphasis and peculiar colouring of feminine delineation, for my narrator was a woman; but I'll try to give at least its substance.

She lived midway of the great slough of Dedlow Marsh and a good-sized river, which debouched four miles beyond into an estuary formed by the Pacific Ocean, on the long sandy peninsula which constituted the south-western boundary of a noble bay. The house in which she lived was a small frame cabin, raised from the marsh a few feet by stout piles, and was three miles distant from the settlements upon the river. Her husband was a logger,—a profitable business in a county where the principal occupation was the manufacture of lumber.

It was the season of early spring, when her husband left on the ebb of a high tide, with a raft of logs for the usual transportation to the lower end of the bay. As she stood by the door of the little cabin when the voyagers departed, she noticed a cold look in the south-eastern sky, and she remembered hearing her husband say to his companions that they must endeavour to complete their voyage before the coming of the south-westerly gale which he saw brewing. And that night it began to storm and blow harder than she had ever before experienced, and some great trees fell in the forest by the river, and the house rocked like her baby's cradle.

But however the storm might roar about the little cabin, she knew that one she trusted had driven bolt and bar with his own strong hand, and that had he feared for her he would not have left her. This, and her domestic duties, and the care of her little sickly baby, helped to keep her mind from dwelling on the weather, except, of course, to hope that he was safely harboured with the logs at Utopia in the dreary distance. But she noticed that day, when she went out to feed the chickens and

look after the cow, that the tide was up to the little fence of their garden patch, and the roar of the surf on the south beach, though miles away, she could hear distinctly. And she began to think that she would like to have some one to talk with about matters, and she believed that if it had not been so far and so stormy, and the trail so impassable, she would have taken the baby, and have gone over to Ryekman's, her nearest neighbour. But then, you see, he might have returned in the storm, all wet with no one to see to him; and it was a long exposure for baby, who was croupy and ailing.

But that night, she never could tell why, she didn't feel like sleeping or even lying down. The storm had somewhat abated, but she still "sat and sat", and even tried to read. I don't know whether it was a Bible or some profane magazine that this poor woman read, but most probably the latter, for the words all ran together and made such sad nonsense that she was forced at last to put the book down and turn to that dearer volume which lay before her in the cradle, with its white initial leaf as yet unsoiled, and try to look forward to its mysterious future. And, rocking the cradle, she thought of everything and everybody, but still was wide awake as ever.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when she at last lay down in her clothes. How long she slept she could not remember, but she awoke with a dreadful choking in her throat, and found herself standing, trembling all over, in the middle of the room, with her baby clasped to her breast, and she was "saying something". The baby cried and sobbed, and she walked up and down trying to hush it, when she heard a scratching at the door. She opened it fearfully, and was glad to see it was only old Pete, their dog, who crawled, dripping with water, into the room. She would like to have looked out, not in the faint hope of her husband's coming, but to see how things looked; but the wind shook the door so savagely that she could hardly hold it. Then she sat down a little while, and then walked up and down a little while, and then she lay down again a little while. Lying close by the wall of the little cabin, she thought she heard once or twice something scrape slowly against the clapboards, like the scraping of branches. Then there was a little gurgling sound, "like the baby made when it was swallowing"; then something went "click-click" and "cluck-cluck", so that she sat up in bed. When she did so she was attracted by something else that seemed creeping from the back door towards

the centre of the room. It wasn't much wider than her little finger, but soon it swelled to the width of her hand, and began spreading all over the floor. It was water.

She ran to the front door and threw it wide open, and saw nothing but water. She ran to the back door and threw it open, and saw nothing but water. She ran to the side window, and, throwing that open, she saw nothing but water. Then she remembered hearing her husband once say that there was no danger in the tide, for that fell regularly, and people could calculate on it, and that he would rather live near the bay than the river, whose banks might overflow at any time. But was it the tide? So she ran again to the back door, and threw out a stick of wood. It drifted away towards the bay. She scooped up some of the water and put it eagerly to her lips. It was fresh and sweet. It was the river, and not the tide!

It was then—O, God be praised for His goodness! she did neither faint nor fall; it was then—blessed be the Saviour, for it was His merciful hand that touched and strengthened her in this awful moment—that fear dropped from her like a garment, and her trembling ceased. It was then and thereafter that she never lost her self-command, through all the trials of that gloomy night.

She drew the bedstead towards the middle of the room, and placed a table upon it, and on that she put the cradle. The water on the floor was already over her ankles, and the house once or twice moved so perceptibly, and seemed to be racked so, that the closet doors all flew open. Then she heard the same rasping and thumping against the wall, and, looking out, saw that a large uprooted tree, which had lain near the road at the upper end of the pasture, had floated down to the house. Luckily its long roots dragged in the soil and kept it from moving as rapidly as the current, for had it struck the house in its full career, even the strong nails and bolts in the piles could not have withstood the shock. The hound had leaped upon its knotty surface, and crouched near the roots shivering and whining. A ray of hope flashed across her mind. She drew a heavy blanket from the bed, and, wrapping it about the babe, waded in the deepening waters to the door. As the tree swung again, broadside on, making the little cabin creak and tremble, she leaped on to its trunk. By God's mercy she succeeded in obtaining a footing on its slippery surface, and, twining an arm about its roots, she held in the other a moaning child. Then something cracked near

the front porch, and the whole front of the house she had just quitted fell forward, just as cattle fall on their knees before they lie down,—and at the same moment the great redwood tree swung round and drifted away with its living cargo into the black night.

For all the excitement and danger, for all her soothing of her crying babe, for all the whistling of the wind, for all the uncertainty of her situation, she still turned to look at the deserted and water-swept cabin. She remembered even then, and she wonders how foolish she was to think of it at that time, that she wished she had put on another dress and the baby's best clothes; and she kept praying that the house would be spared so that he, when he returned, would have something to come to, and it wouldn't be quite so desolate, and—how could he ever know what had become of her and baby? And at the thought she grew sick and faint. But she had something else to do besides worrying, for whenever the long roots of her ark struck an obstacle, the whole trunk made half a revolution, and twice dipped her in the black water. The hound, who kept distracting her by running up and down the tree and howling, at last fell off at one of these collisions. He swam for some time beside her, and she tried to get the poor beast upon the tree, but he "acted silly" and wild, and at last she lost sight of him for ever. Then she and her baby were left alone. The light which had burned for a few minutes in the deserted cabin was quenched suddenly. She could not then tell whither she was drifting. The outline of the white dunes on the peninsula showed dimly ahead, and she judged the tree was moving in a line with the river. It must be about slack water, and she had probably reached the eddy formed by the confluence of the tide and the overflowing waters of the river. Unless the tide fell soon, there was present danger of her drifting to its channel, and being carried out to sea or crushed in the floating drift. That peril averted, if she were carried out on the ebb toward the bay, she might hope to strike one of the wooded promontories of the peninsula, and rest till daylight. Sometimes she thought she heard voices and shouts from the river, and the bellowing of cattle and bleating of sheep. Then again it was only the ringing in her ears and throbbing of her heart. She found at about this time that she was so chilled and stiffened in her cramped position that she could scarcely move, and the baby cried so when she put it to her breast that she noticed the milk refused to flow; and she was so

frightened at that, that she put her head under her shawl and for the first time cried bitterly.

When she raised her head again, the boom of the surf was behind her, and she knew that her ark had again swung round. She dipped up the water to cool her parched throat, and found that it was salt as her tears. There was a relief, though, for by this sign she knew she was drifting with the tide. It was then the wind went down, and the great and awful silence oppressed her. There was scarcely a ripple against the furrowed sides of the great trunk on which she rested, and around her all was black gloom and quiet. She spoke to the baby just to hear herself speak, and to know that she had not lost her voice. She thought then—it was queer, but she could not help thinking it—how awful must have been the night when the great ship swung over the Asiatic peak, and the sounds of creation were blotted out from the world. She thought, too, of mariners clinging to spars, and of poor women who were lashed to rafts, and beaten to death by the cruel sea. She tried to thank God that she was thus spared, and lifted her eyes from the baby who had fallen into a fretful sleep. Suddenly, away to the southward, a great light lifted itself out of the gloom, and flashed and flickered, and flickered and flashed again. Her heart fluttered quickly against the baby's cold cheek. It was the lighthouse at the entrance of the bay. As she was yet wondering, the tree suddenly rolled a little, dragged a little, and then seemed to lie quiet and still. She put out her hand and the current gurgled against it. The tree was aground, and, by the position of the light and the noise of the surf, aground upon the Dedlow Marsh.

Had it not been for her baby, who was ailing and croupy, had it not been for the sudden drying up of that sensitive fountain, she would have felt safe and relieved. Perhaps it was this which tended to make all her impressions mournful and gloomy. As the tide rapidly fell, a great flock of black brent fluttered by her, screaming and crying. Then the plover flew up and piped mournfully, as they wheeled around the trunk, and at last fearlessly lit upon it like a gray cloud. Then the heron flew over and around her, shrieking and protesting, and at last dropped its gaunt legs only a few yards from her. But, strangest of all, a pretty white bird, larger than a dove, like a pelican, but not a pelican, circled around and around her. At last it lit upon a rootlet of the tree, quite over her shoulder. She put out her hand and stroked its beautiful white neck, and it never appeared to move. It stayed there so long that

she thought she would lift up the baby to see it, and try to attract her attention. But when she did so, the child was so chilled and cold, and had such a blue look under the little lashes, which it didn't raise at all, that she screamed aloud, and the bird flew away, and she fainted.

Well, that was the worst of it, and perhaps it was not so much, after all, to any but herself. For when she recovered her senses it was bright sunlight, and dead low water. There was a confused noise of guttural voices about her, and an old squaw, singing an Indian "hushaby", and rocking herself from side to side before a fire built on the marsh, before which she, the recovered wife and mother, lay weak and weary. Her first thought was for her baby, and she was about to speak, when a young squaw, who must have been a mother herself, fathomed her thought, and brought her the "mowitch", pale but living, in such a queer little willow cradle all bound up, just like the squaw's own young one, that she laughed and cried together, and the young squaw and the old squaw showed their big white teeth and glinted their black eyes and said, "Plenty get well, skeena mowitch", "wagee man come plenty soon", and she could have kissed their brown face in her joy. And then she found that they had been gathering berries on the marsh in their queer, comical baskets, and saw the skirt of her gown fluttering on the tree from afar, and the old squaw couldn't resist the temptation of procuring a new garment, and came down and discovered the "wagee" woman and child. And of course she gave the garment to the old squaw, as you may imagine, and when *he* came at last and rushed up to her, looking about ten years older in his anxiety, she felt so faint again that they had to carry her to the canoe. For, you see, he knew nothing about the flood until he met the Indians at Utopia, and knew by the signs that the poor woman was his wife. And at the next high-tide he towed the tree away back home, although it wasn't worth the trouble, and built another house, using the old tree for the foundation and props, and called it after her, "Mary's Ark!" But you may guess the next house was built above High-water mark. And that's all.

Not much, perhaps, considering the malevolent capacity of the Dedlow Marsh. But you must tramp over it at low water, or paddle over it at high tide, or get lost upon it once or twice in the fog, as I have, to understand properly Mary's adventure, or to appreciate duly the blessings of living beyond High-Water Mark.

LIFE.

I made a posie while the day ran by:
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
 But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition;
 Who did so sweetly death's sad tale convey,
 Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
 Yet sug'ring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time yespent,
 Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures.
 I follow straight without complaints or grief,
 Since if my scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

—George Herbert.

MOSS-SIDE.

[John Wilson, born in Paisley, 18th May, 1785; died in Edinburgh, 3d April, 1854. Poet, novelist, miscellaneous writer, and professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst the contemporaries of Scott, none hold a more enduring position than "Christopher North". He was educated at Glasgow and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize of fifty guineas by a poem on "Painting, Poetry, and Architecture". Having succeeded to a considerable fortune on the death of his father, he purchased, in 1808, Ellera, a small estate in Cumberland, where he settled for a time, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey for his neighbours and friends. In 1814 he became a member of the Edinburgh bar. Meanwhile he had been making some reputation as a poet; and in his lines called "The Magic Mirror", published in the *Annual Register* for 1812, he was the first to hail Scott as "the great Magician". In the same year his poem the *Isle of Palms* appeared, and Jeffrey predicted that the author would "rise to high honours in the corps of Lake poets". The *City of the Plague* was issued four years after, and Allan Cunningham characterized it as "a noble and deeply pathetic poem". In 1820 he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown in the chair of moral philosophy. Two years later appeared his first essay as a novelist, *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; "a selection from the papers of the late Arthur Austin", comprising twenty-four tales and sketches, one of which we quote here. The *Trials of Margaret Lindsay* and the *Foresters* followed, and obtained extensive favour. Wilson's greatest popularity, however, was earned as "Christopher North", and by the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, which first appeared in *Blackwood's*

Magazine (1822-1835), and were subsequently collected and published in three volumes. Humour, satire, and incisive criticism of men and books render the *Noctes* one of the most notable literary productions of the century. Wilson resigned his professorship in 1852, and about the same time his name was placed on the civil list for an annuity of £300. A bronze statue of him by Steell was erected in the Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, in 1865.]

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labour, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms, that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the hearthstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof or a garment worn there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts, for the sake of the dead; and bought, with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons

were farm-servants in the neighbourhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing, or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens,—its low holms encircled by the rocky walls of some bonnie burn,—its green mounts elated with their little crowning groves of plane-trees,—its yellow cornfields,—its bare pastoral hill-sides, and all its heathy moors, on whose black bosom lie shining or concealed glades of excessive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-flying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye: but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow slip of arable land, the dark colour of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair: but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps, lured thither by some green barley-field for its undisturbed nest, rose ringing all over the enlivened solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover—the beautiful fair clover, that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and heaven. All the symptoms were those

of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit: and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato-field beyond the burn, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk,—sweet, silvery, and mournful, when it joined in hymn or psalm. One after the other they all continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow-field, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes well wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation, both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from

another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the low and sunny side of the Birk-knowe. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favourite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.

He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity." In a short silent half hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence,

and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned its head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time, a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye,—"I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment, to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon: "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bedside, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison, though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that

she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan: at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him; for the heart of the boy was moved within him: and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man: "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath the minister of Auchindown never left his manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book:

"He waled a portion with judicious care,
And Let us worship God, he said, with solemn air."

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm: but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether: for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept: and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold, rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply: but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own—a few pounds, and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor: and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert Ainslie, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all!"

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest

boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

MAUD MÜLLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Müller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and bound;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor;
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:
And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!"
"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls:
The weary wheel to a spindle turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"
Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad works of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

GRIEVE NOT FOR THE PAST.

Weep no more for what is past,
For time in motion makes such haste
He hath no leisure to desery
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider accident,
And how repugnant unto sense
It pays desert with bad event,
We shall disparage Providence.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.

A PILOT'S WIFE.

[Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Spofford (née Prescott), born at Salem, Mass., U.S., 1815. She has contributed numerous tales and lyrics to the principal American magazines. Her first separate publication was *Six Weeks' Ghost* (1839), which was followed by *The Amber Gods*, and other stories; *Arcturion*, an *Epistle*; *New England Legends*; *Heaven's Chime*; *Home and Heart*; &c. *The North American Review* said that in her work, "large knowledge, cultivated taste, and high creative genius are equally and equally manifest".]

Of course I knew Bert was a pilot when we were married, and knew also what the duties of a pilot were: for many a time had I been down the bay in his boat, ripping up the sheet of harbour water, with his enamel of blue and silver, the sun striking out ahead of us, and the wind just swelling the sails, as if we were drawn by a pair of soft white swans. Bert would be over the side fishing when we had anchored, and presently there would be the nicest chowder that ever contented hunger, the table spread in the neatest cabin afloat as handsomely as in some great gentleman's dining-hall—for all that I knew about great gentlemen's dining-halls—with every delicacy of the season on it, and delf stuffed full of plums. When we girls came on deck again, after some of us had taken our naps as comfortably as in Sheepy Hollow, and some of us had peered and pried into the tiny kitchen, and learned how the boys got along in rough weather by examining everything we could come across, and some of us had peered in the looking-glass till we were quite satisfied with ourselves, and ready to afford somebody else satisfaction, then we would find one of the boat-keepers tuning his violin, and another setting up his plectro, and we would dance till sunset, just as merry and careless as the flies dance in the air; and so at last out swelled the sail again, and up we floated homeward, all of us laughing and chatting, and lurching with insatiable appetites, till the moonlight softened the sport and made us sentimental; and the songs began stealing out over the water so sweetly that all the little boats would turn about and stay to listen; and when we were at home it seemed to us to have been such a day that we could not believe in it any more than if we had stepped upon another star: and we fancied, to be sure, that a pilot's life was, after all the talk—cruising about summer waters, with spacious decks and a flute and violin—as pleasant as one perpetual picnic; or else why were gentlemen who were able to buy every delight that the land affords spending half their fortunes in

ing round the coast from June until mber?

hardly ever gave the thing a thought, gh, whether it was pleasant or not, all the—whether it was safe as a rocking-chair erwise—I believed so thoroughly in Bert's

But I should have been a greater fool I was if I had not known that it was dangerous; for once I was out with Bert his mates, and it came on to blow in the st manner. He brought the boat to an- under lee of an island, took in every stitch il, and was for keeping me below; but I ln't be kept, because if I was going to be ned at all I wanted to be drowned in the sea, and not in the cabin; so he made me e and comfortable, and we rode it out, in shining just as clear as ever an October hone in the bluest of blue skies—skies burnished steel; but the screaming and ig wind raging over us in mighty gasps, oat plunging bowsprit under with every ler, and throwing the water up around us at and real rainbows. It was frightful, he sunshine made it splendid. That was m, I thought. Well, Bert knew what to ; was evident—just down with his sails ut with his anchors, and wait till it blew

And Bert let me think I had actually in the worst kind of danger, which it t have been, indeed, if he had been heed- r unskilful—let me think so because he , by that time, that I cared for him a deal, and he didn't want me to be quiver- t home with fright whenever the wind

But if I had seen some great ship in stance, union down, and signalling for a and had seen Bert, in his stout boat-rig, with the keeper into the canoe, and fly her like a petrel, half in, half under, the powdering over them, uncertain should reach the ship, unable to return, drawn last with bowlines tossed out to them— into whose noose they thrust their legs holding on with their hands above—the sinking under them, as it thumped against hip's side, while they swung over those gulfs of death, and were dragged up out vatory grave into perhaps a worse one— ip just back from a three-years' voyage, er best bow-anchor gone, so that she l drag ashore in spite of the others, and be taken up to still water through all oiling channel-ways between ledges and and shallows, come what might; or had a month later, and in the wintry weather, eas, and every bucketful of water freezing fell on deck, till anchors and chains and

ropes and canvas were bedded in ice, and the ship was settling two feet by the head with the weight of the frozen spray about her, so that the first thing for the pilot to do was to put her about as best he could, and run for the Gulf Stream, and melt her out, and wait for a south wind, and come up a week after, if, indeed, he ever came up at all—why, then, if I had seen such sights as these, and lived through the seeing, I might have said that I had known what danger was. Yet they were in reality the scenes of Bert's everyday life, in our climate, where half the year it is foul weather, and where, storm or shine, Bert's boat must be upon the spot. But as I never had seen anything of the kind, the upshot of it was that I didn't take heed to myself that there was anything of the kind, and thought Bert, upon the whole, had a much easier time of it than I was like to have; and if he was exposed to storm, why, I should be caught out in the rain sometimes; and I took up my life as happy as any chirruping cricket, and certainly as selfishly disposed as anybody that has been petted and cosseted all the early days is like to be.

We went to housekeeping immediately upon our marriage, for mother said she despised these boarding people; she went to housekeeping when she was married, and she meant all her children should do the same; and if their husbands weren't able to go to housekeeping, then they weren't able to be husbands, and there was an end of it; and no two people, she said, brought up in different fashions, could unite their lives into one without some jarring, and a third party was sure to turn that jar into an earthquake; and if there were fewer third parties, half the trouble would be done away with; for she believed half the divorces and separations and quarrels in the State were brought about by boarding-house intimacies with third parties. So to housekeeping, as I said, we went—though I knew that by-and-by I should just perish with loneliness, and in the very pleasantest house I am sure that the whole city had to offer, if it was the smallest—the bay-window of the sunny little parlour looking out upon the water, so that we could see everything that came up the harbour, and, from my bird's-nest of a room above, with the glass that Bert mounted there, I could sweep the bay, and see Bert's boat when it was miles away.

Bert staid up with great contentment for a week or ten days, pottering and tinkering about the house, and finding little odd jobs to attend to, where he had thought everything perfect

till experience proved the contrary, planting morning-glories and scarlet-beans round the basement to run up over the bay-window, and a prairie-rose and a basalt for the lattice of the door, setting out a cherry-tree and a dwarf-pear, and trimming up a grape-vine in the little yard, and arranging all manner of convenient contrivances in all manner of corners. Then when dark came we would light the drop-lamp, and have a little wood-fire on the hearth; for we were just beginning the cool May nights, and then we would draw round it—I with my worsteds, and he with the evening paper; and he would look at me over the paper, and lay it down, and draw a long breath of pleasure, and say that if we had been married nearly a year we could not be more comfortable. When we had been married nearly a year we were not half so comfortable.

But before a fortnight of our new life I could see that Bert began to be restless. He had been on the water ever since he was a child, and a long spell of shore always seemed to dry and warp him a little, he said. He began to grumble about being ashamed to be seen lurching round so, and to declare that now he had a family to provide for, he must be up and doing. And so I had no business to be surprised when one day, long before the end of the regulation honey-moon, a steamer having been telegraphed from Halifax, Bert kissed me, and swung his cloak over his arm, and was off down the bay to find his boat, and be running a bee-line to meet the steamer east of the Cape, and ahead of all the other boats.

Now you may be very sure this was not particularly pleasing. Married a fortnight and tired of me already, I said to myself. I ate no dinner that day, and long before dark I shut the shutters, and locked up the house, and went to bed; and after lying awake, thinking I heard thieves, and smelled fire, and saw ghosts, and was totally deserted and dreadfully abused, at last I was crying myself to sleep, when click went a latch-key, and in stalked Bert, blazing up the gas, and tossing down his cloak in a heap, and crying out that it served him right for leaving the dearest little wife in the world. And I can't say that I was sorry one bit to hear that, coming across a miserable little dirty collier, he had been obliged to take her in, and Tom Holliday's boat got the big steamer after all.

But Bert's penitence was brief—for, you see, he wasn't the fool that I was, and knew business must be attended to—and presently he was off again. A thousand a year, you see, was far too little for people to live on and lay

by anything; for, with the running expenses taken from the earnings, that was about all there was left to the men. And I ought to have had the sense to understand matters; yet when did a girl of seventeen ever have any sense? But Bert had enough for both of us; and so he kept the boat snapping, and never lost a fee for want of being on the ground—if that is what you can call it when there isn't a bit of ground to be found for fathoms.

Of course, then, I was left very much to myself. It was unavoidable. And the worst of it was that I wouldn't see that it was unavoidable. And, of course, I was miserably lonely; and, by-and-by, when I was really feeling wretched, my once-cheerful little home, still as death now from morning to night, seemed to me to be an actual grave. Mother couldn't come and visit me, for she had married again herself, a few years since, and had a young brood to attend to; and she couldn't spare me any of the children, for she wanted Natty to see after Nanny, and Neddy wouldn't go to school unless Natty went to keep off the big boys; and I didn't like to leave home and visit her, and Bert didn't like to have me, lost I should be away when he chanced to come unannounced, as he always did come—she being four miles off now, in one of the suburbs, for the sake of a garden—and so I was left to weather it out; and when Bert came up I used to cry every time, I was so glad to see him.

Bert couldn't understand that, of course—he so strong and bluff and hearty, and I so sick and childish and weak. All my nerves seemed to be on the string too. I was as petulant as a porcupine, and so fractious that I wonder the very bird and cat didn't reproach me—for Bert had brought me a mocking bird to conquer the stillness; and a wandering cat, seeing that we were two poor young people sadly in need of a guardian, had adopted us. And when I looked over at Bert, at some time when he happened to be at home, and thought that he would be off again directly, then the tears and sobs used to burst right out, and astound him and perplex him, so that I can see his great, good, wondering eyes now, and he would be alarmed and vexed enough to make him wish he hadn't come home at all.

I hadn't any appetite when he was away, and wanted nothing to eat myself; and sometimes, if you'll believe it, I would lie in bed all day, and there wouldn't be a morsel of anything cooked in the house at all when Bert ran in, and if he hadn't been the best-tempered fellow on the bay or off of it, he certainly would have staid away altogether. I used to cry half

my time; I was afraid Bert was sick of me, and I was certainly sick of myself; I couldn't see to read, for I was so nervous that the letters danced before my eyes, and I couldn't sew, for there were always two needles and two threads;

I don't know but I really might have gone any mind, or have driven Bert out of his, but it occurred to him to close the house, and I came down the bay with him, as he used to do, and it was really wonderful how a fortnight's enjoyment of the cool salt summer air had soothed all my nerves taut again; so that I felt quite well when he brought me back, and I was really sensible, and sat down cheerfully to sewing I had neglected so long, and I must be done so nicely, because, I said, a little girl came, and her mother were this sewing would be kept for her to do. I wanted every stitch to be a moral to her.

The mocking-bird used to pour out a flood of light through the little rooms, into which ways poured a flood of sunshine, only red out by the pink and purple morning-glories and the Skye, that Bert brought home in an English schooner one day, with his eyes looking out like coals of fire from his shag, used to bark at the bird; and at St. Bernard, sent over from home, to silence him with his big paw; and the time used to put up her back at the three; but there with my sewing and my singing to my neighbours and my dumb family—no, I wasn't dumb, by any means—all at once I was rphosed into the happiest little housewife on his side the meridian. Bert came and I was, a good deal oftener than before—perhaps he had come to question whether I owed other duties to his family than to providing of the means to live, and it was just the square thing to take a girl out from the bustle and cheer of a family and shut her up all by herself in a room, and he was good and kind beyond measure, so that I learned by heart the words of the promise "to cherish" in the wedding ceremony.

Of course, this couldn't last long. It had been Eden out of date, and was up to the happiness of a long life into months. I was aware of that; I knew when I was going to die or a change must come so much bliss was never meant for those who must content themselves with a little, and judge from a little what a great loss; and I had been on the watch for some days before the horrid windy day when Bert went to take the British

steamer *Assyria* down the bay on her way to Liverpool.

That was a good job, as jobs go, in itself; and he said, in bidding me good-by, that he should try and be up the next day, unless business was so brisk that it seemed throwing money away to leave, and it was not to be done inside the law, moreover. The wind blew a tornado that night, and the water dashed over the sea-wall in scuds; but it had blown a great many tornadoes, and nothing had happened to Bert, and I never dreamed of regarding it. And I heard from one of the men next day that there was hardly a vessel telegraphed; so I knew he would be along presently, and I had made up my mind to have him carve me out a bracket from an old cigar-box to hang at the head of my bed, and I was looking forward to a real happy evening, with him at work opposite me, and the snapping wood-fire again between us, for we were now in the cool October nights; so I set myself at work, and made the nicest little supper ready—scrod, as brown outside and as white inside as a coconut is, and cold turkey deviled with the East Indian sauce that the captain of the *Bengal* sent me, and a charlotte russe that I had learned how to make myself, with our own little Muscat grapes whipped into it, and a cup of chocolate that was as rich as nectar. And the scrod grew brown and grew black and turned to a chip, and the deviled turkey sizzled and sizzled away to saw-dust, and the chocolate skimmed all over with a coat of cold oil at last, and the very dog grew tired of watching, and no Bert came; and I ate the charlotte russe myself, and went to bed.

And the next day no Bert, and the next day, and a week passed without him, and then all at once I remembered the tornado and the water whipping the sea-wall, and I began to be seriously uneasy. Began to be!—I was, I had been! I swept the bay, with that glass in my room, day and night, I might say, but no sign of Bert or Bert's boat could I see.

At length, one day, I thought I did make out the boat; but the little signal which it was arranged between him and me should always be visible when he was on board I could nowhere discover, and, of course, I was wild with my fancies: Bert was lost, he had been drowned in returning from the *Assyria*, he had been knocked overboard, his canoe had filled, and he had gone down like lead with all his heavy gear on; and I was working myself into agonies, and was almost down sick, when who should appear but Will Davenant, swinging his surlout over his shoulders by the sleeves, and coming



call it, with as good a relish as the best; wouldn't have liked to stand inside the old cathedrals, and see the sunbeams swimming up aloft in the roof, and the doves flying in and out and building their little indifferent nests in the carvings made by fingers dust a thousand years ago; wouldn't have liked to look at the great paintings, as if he were in a vision; to have walked through the old halls where history happened—for you mustn't take it for granted that my Bert is an ignoramus because he earns his livelihood in hard work and exposure. I don't know the more finished gentleman than he, if you want the truth. There is an education better than books, and you can't learn at colleges all my Bert knows. Latin and Greek I grant you, and you're welcome—for the use of dead men's tongues, who did no good with them while they had them, and heathen barbarians at that, I've never been able to see; but whatever can be gained by the knowledge of men and of the round earth and sea and sky, the best learning that the world affords, my Bert has at his fingers' tips. A man can't bring into port a great French or British steamer, commanded by some captain next to a nobleman; or a man-of-war, commanded, maybe, by a nobleman himself, with all his courtly breeding, and a mind rich with the advantages of generations; or one of our own line-of-battle ships, with an old hero on the quarter-deck; or a merchantman from the East Indies; a fruiter from the Levant, with Portuguese and Greeks before the mast; a South American, with hides and horns; a whaler from the pole; a little schooner, creeping up the coast with lime—can't meet familiarly, as pilots do; welcomed with opened arms, and told by many a captain that they would rather see him than their wives—all these different sorts, without getting at the core of countries and races in a way that is like a liberal education. And Bert had always said that, if ever he was rich, we'd take passage for the other side, and for Vesuvius, and the Midnight Sun, and the Catacombs, and the Inquisition, and the Pyramids, and I don't know what all. But there! there's no hope of a pilot's being rich. I tell Bert that if ever they get rid of the laws that restrain them now, so that each pilot can ask his own price, and a ship in a gale refusing it, he can tell her to get in the best way she can, till she calls him back at any price, why, then he won't expose himself to being drowned and his children to being orphaned for a beggarly twenty or fifty dollars; but the great merchant princes, that own the ships and cargoes, will have to open their purses, and a pilot maybe

as well off as his neighbours. But Bert says that, once change those laws, decent men would leave the calling, pilotage would be piracy, the bay would be swarming with sharks and wreckers, and he would sooner turn long-shoreman and sweep a crossing.

But all this has nothing to do with Bert's return; and as I was saying, there was nobody inside of that horizon happier than I that day.

But it was that day. Two or three days afterward, when the bright edge of relief and gratitude and pleasure had worn down the least in the world, I began, of course—or else it wouldn't have been I—to question a little, to worry, and wonder why it happened that Bert couldn't leave the steamer just that time, when he'd weathered so many worse gales; and all at once it leaked out, I don't know how or where, that Will Davenant's cousin Kate was aboard that steamer, just married to a rich old fellow who was doing the fashionable thing and taking her abroad. She was a bold and handsome hussy, always making eyes at Bert. And Bert hadn't mentioned her; and Will hadn't mentioned her—it never occurred to me that Will hadn't known of it, or that Bert hadn't seen her once all the way across—and so I put two and two together, and wrought myself up to a frenzy, and there was an end of happiness. For from conjecture I crept to suspicion, and from suspicion I flew to certainty, and from certainty to desperation. I went about my work slipshod, and glowering like a wild woman, and the dishes were half cooked, and the floors half swept and everything was rough with dust; the tins and the silver were tarnished and unscoured, the little wood-fire was never lit in welcome at night, and the whole house was just as gloomy and cheerless as I felt myself; so that it must have made Bert groan to set his foot inside the door, and he would hardly have been to blame if he had slipped back to Liverpool, and had his merry-making with the warm-hearted men over there, after all.

But Bert had married me for better or worse, and, though it was pretty much all worse, he was determined to make the best of it; and so he believed that this was all due to my weak nerves and ill health—which it wasn't, but only to a life of indulgence, and selfishness, and waywardness bearing fruit—and he humoured me, and waited on me, and was gentler with me than ever mother was in all her life. For mother came in one day, and found the plates not washed, and the fire gone out, and me sitting down at heel, sulking and wretched, with my hair uncombed, and no collar on; and

she declared on the spot that patience had had its perfect work with me, that all I needed was a good sound shaking, and if I wasn't too old to behave in that way, I wasn't too old to have it, and she had half the mind to give it to me; and such conduct, she said, had driven better men than Bert to drink. She was ashamed to own me for a child of hers, and I'd only have myself to thank if he went to the bad altogether. And up I flared, and said, if it wasn't gone to the bad already to have been chasing across the Atlantic after Kate Davenant, I should like to know what it was. I suppose the fact is that I must have been a little crazy. And just as mother turned round with the dishcloth suspended, and her mouth wide open, Bert, who had come in unnoticed in the high words, and had heard those high words, pushed open the door, and stood before me.

I shall never forget how Bert looked that moment. His face was as white and set as a dead man's. It would have looked like a dead man's if the awful living eyes hadn't been blazing out of it like two fires—so dark and terrible that I cowered.

"Say that again, Sady," said he.

And my heart bubbling up with anger at the tone, I said it again, and more of it too.

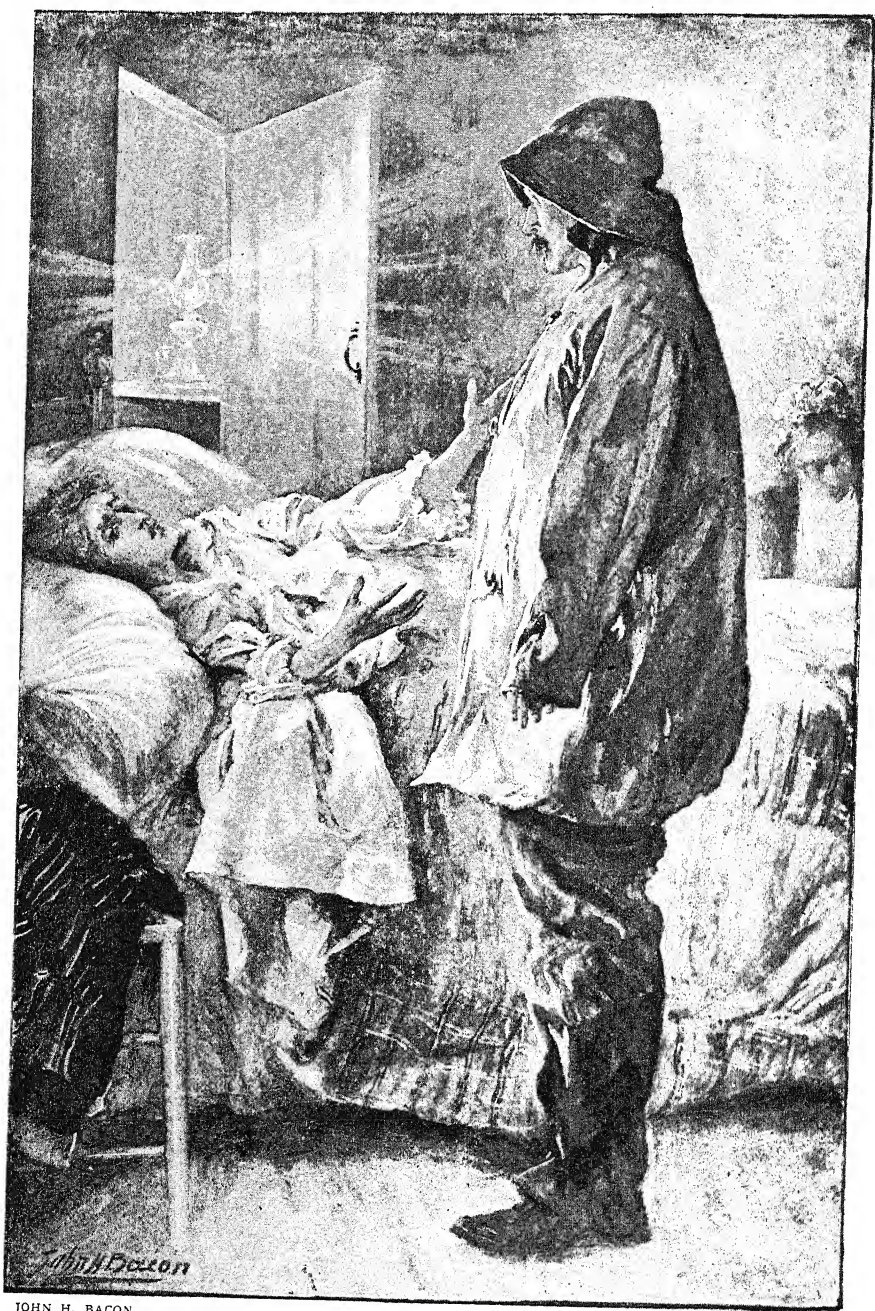
"I swear to you that this is the first I ever knew of her being on the steamer," said Bert then, in a great, grand voice that of itself seemed to wake me from my evil mood as if it had been a nightmare, though doubtless it was fear, calling the blood away from my brain, that waked me. He returned to my mother. "Take care of her," he said; "take good care of her. I must get down the harbour before the weather thickens. Maybe I shall never come up again. I hope I never shall!"

With that he paused and hesitated, and took a step forward and toward me; but Heaven only knows what imp of perversity caught my shoulder and twisted me round and away, and in a moment the door was closed gently, as Bert did everything in the house, and he was gone. And then you may imagine that chaos reigned in that room for an hour, with penitence and self-reproach and fear, and cries and sobs and hysterics, and all volatile and hot shrub; and mother left off scolding and hushed me, and bathed my face, and combed my hair, afraid lest I'd do myself a mischief; and finally, as she couldn't stay, Nanny being threatened with the croup, and Neddy being just vaccinated and taking tremendously, she tied on my cloak and furs, and took a basket of things out of the bureau drawer, and locked up the doors, and slipped the key under

the stone, and hailed a car at the head of the street, and shoved me in, and carried me off to her own house—all in a vague, wild, cloudy state of mind, where nothing seemed to be real but a dull and universal ache, which, whether it belonged to my body or my soul, I had not wit enough to know. "I'm going to die," I said, looking out at the purple, leaden afternoon, and the dreary branches bending in the damp and bitter wind that soughed up the street openings like the cry of lost souls. "I'm going to die," I said. "I've begun already. My mind's all dim and dying first." So at last we reached the place, just as the first snowflakes began falling out of that cold and desolate sky, and mother got me into the house. What a busy bustling little body she was then! I can hardly realize it when I see her sitting there now, so gray-haired and white and silent, and watching Netty's twins as they tumble together on the floor, just like the cool of the day. And presently I was tucked up warm in bed, and falling off into strange, wild dreams, and waking out of them in terror every now and then.

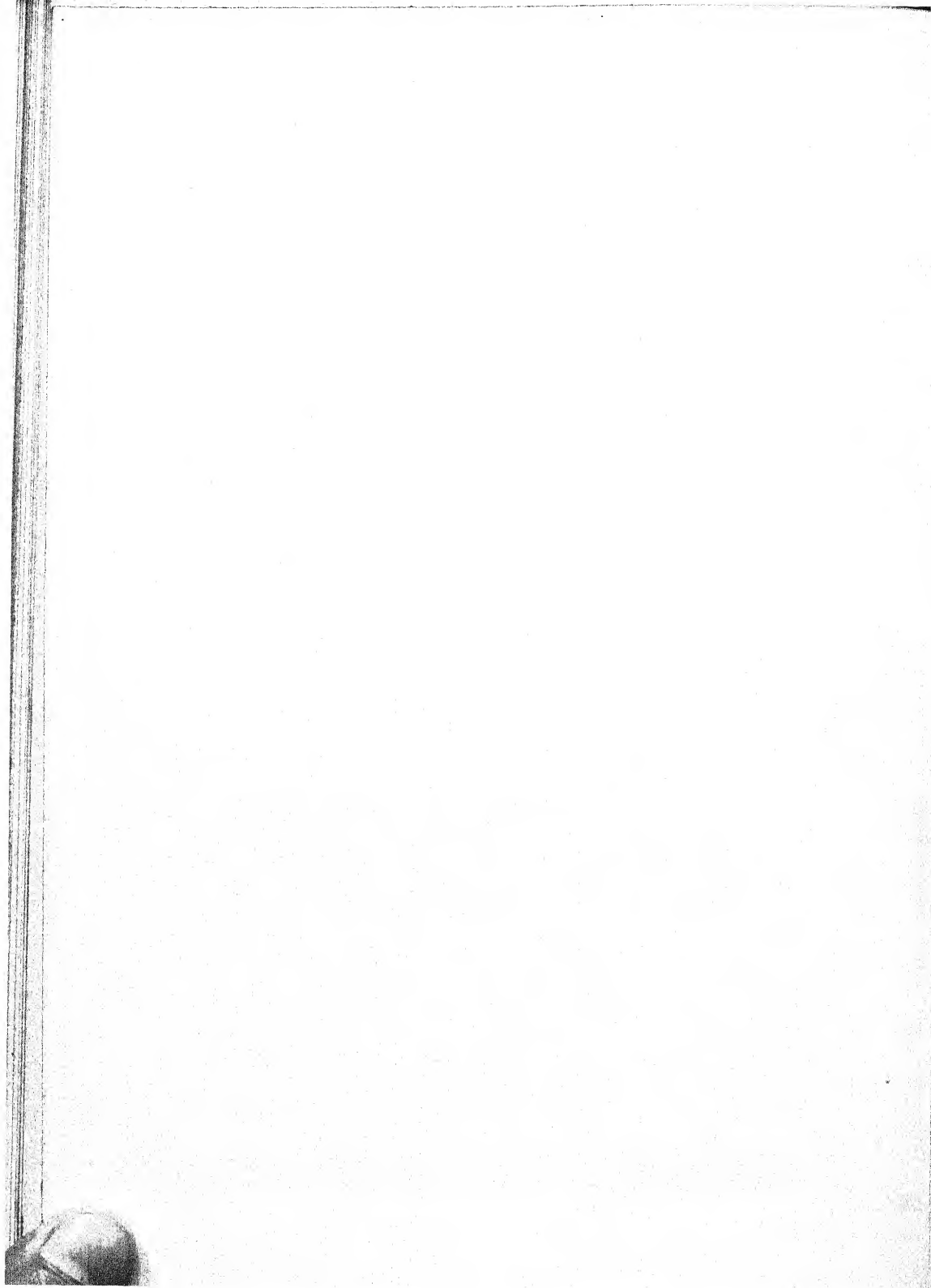
And that night my baby was born. It was a furious storm outside as midnight drew on; hardly less furious within, as, in pauses of pain, I thought of Bert—his boat lying too far out in the bay, with the gale and the sleet fierce enough to cut the eyes out of his head if he looked to windward, or maybe run down without the hearing of a cry, by some great steamer in that weather, too thick with the driving snow to see a light or your own length ahead; or else dragging her anchor somewhere, parting cable and drifting on the rocks; and I remembered the wreck on Norman's Woe, where the spouting water leaped round the sailor lashed in the shrouds till he was encased and sealed in a mass of frozen ice, and a spar swinging round with a lurch of the wreck snapped him in two like a dead branch; and I thought, in swift succession, of all the horrid chances of those dark winter seas, till my brain was raging with heat, and all my words were delirious.

It was of no use their putting the little flannel bundle up on the pillow beside me and bidding me look at it; it was of no use the four pattering night-gowned imps, all waked and peeping in, at the risk of squills and opodeldoo, whispering and on tip-toe, wondering how it came there through all that storm, chuckling over a queer little sneeze that plainly told that it took cold in coming, and which the ridiculous morsel gave with as much self-possession as if the whole atmosphere belonged to it, and scampering off to bed again with their happy



JOHN H. BACON.

"THERE, IN HIS GREAT STORM-CLOTHES, STOOD BERT.



tongues subdued only till they were half out of hearing, and already quarrelling as to whether Neddy and Nanny were as much aunts and uncles as Natty and Netty; it was of no use their telling me here was the nicest baby ever born into this breathing world, and just to look at these tiny perfect fingers and that atom of an ear. What could I care for that and such as that? There were millions of babies in the world, but there was only one Bert, and I had driven him out into the whirling white tempest of that pitiless night; and every screaming blast, every push of the great shoulder of the gale against the house, made me start up and cry out.

But all at once I heard mother saying in an undertone, as if she had not said it half a dozen times before, that here was Bert's chin with all the pluck of it, if ever anything was, and she shouldn't wonder if the eyes—and, without waiting to hear her finish, it came over me, like a fresh tide of feeling and thought, that this was Bert's child after all; and if I never saw Bert again, yet, perhaps, the boy might grow up to be like his father; and I don't know what there was comforting in the idea, but I turned and laid my cheek down against his, and began to sink away quietly to sleep. And they darkened the room, and set the lamp outside in the next one, where mother went to busy herself about something or other; and presently the nurse was nodding, as I found when suddenly starting wide awake, not having really lost myself at all. What made me start wide awake then, with all my senses about me, as alert as ever I was in my life? I will tell you.

The landing of the front stairs opened directly into the room where I lay: and, as if he had just come in the door, from off the sea, there, in his great storm-clothes, stood Bert.

What a white, fixed face it was he wore! Not the face which I had seen in the afternoon, but a deathly, ghastly face, that it chilled one's marrow to look at; and the hair was hanging wet about it, and around the eyes, that had an appalling, absent, vacant gaze, such as I had never seen in Bert's shining, splendid ones. "Oh, what is it, Bert?" I cried. "Don't be frightened, dear! It's all over, and I'm very well, and it's—a boy." Then I remembered how we had parted, and I whispered, half choked, imploring him to forgive me.

"I went home to find you, Sady," murmured he, in as hollow a tone as the whistle of the wind, "and I've been looking for you since, my darling. And so it's a boy, is it?" And he came and laid his cold, wet, rough face down

on mine, and on that little velvet cheek beside mine, and stood erect, and shuddered, and was gone—gone like the breaking of a bubble.

And with the outcry that I made the nurse sprang to her feet, and mother came running in; and they both declared what a pity I had waked, and what a sweet sleep I must have been having; and, of course, I had been dreaming; what preposterous nonsense to say I hadn't, for nobody else had seen Bert, as, indeed, where could he have come from in such a storm? And I just as stoutly maintained that they needn't try and deceive me, and Bert was in the house, for I had seen him, and they were doing me a great deal more harm by keeping him away than if they let him come in again. And then, as I detected them looking strangely at each other, I exclaimed again that I had not been asleep at all, and it was not his ghost that I had seen, for all their looks, but Bert himself; and, as they tried to soothe me, and laugh me out of the notion, and I saw they were in earnest, cold shivers began to rush over me, till they shook me as I lay. "He is drowned! he is drowned!" I sung out between my chattering teeth. "And I have done it. I have destroyed my husband!" And I raised such a ululu that presently mother took me in hand again severely, and told me that, whether I had destroyed my husband or not, I should certainly destroy my child by allowing myself to get into this condition; and if I didn't hush up at once, she would go out in the snow herself and fetch the doctor again, and give me a Dover's powder. And then, as the baby began to cry, she and the nurse made such a racket between them, with their shshshing and trotting and patting and stirring and sipping, that there was nothing for it but that I should be quiet. And, directly, their voices sounded miles away; and, thoroughly worn out, I went to sleep, and never waked till morning, when the storm had all blown up the coast, and the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was bluer than the sapphire in the high-priest's breast-plate.

But I did not wake to suit the day. I opened my eyes with such wonder to see it so bright and careless, with such a load of heaviness, such vague regret that I had waked at all; and, of course, my first thought was Bert.

The storm had been a brief one, it seemed, sweeping swift and furious; possibly Bert's boat might have been beyond its belt, and have known but little of it. Yet that was hardly likely, and I tried to brace myself for the worst, and prayed—I don't know how long it was since I had said my prayers—for strength

to receive the blow I feared, and which would be a blow, come how it might, as only fit punishment for my wickedness, or, if not as punishment, at least as only the taking from me that of which I had proved unworthy. I to have thought any evil of my Bert, with his soul as white and clear as that window-pane that let my glance through into the heavens!

And so all that morning I lay there, not saying a word, never dropping into a doze, but listening, listening at every pore for a step that did not come; and, though I lay like a log in my listening, inwardly I fretted and fumed and fidgeted, and my head burned and my heart beat like a leaf in the wind. And when the doctor ran up stairs he said it would never do in the world, I was getting into a high fever; I must take a draught he mixed, and go to sleep; and so I did, with my baby in my arms. And when I woke up, there sat Bert beside me, with one cool hand grasping both my hot ones.

"Oh, Bert," I said, feebly, closing my eyes again, "is it really you this time? If you are going to go—again—go before I open my eyes, and it won't be so hard."

"Ay, my darling!" he cried, with his great, hearty voice. "Who else should it be? But it came precious near never being—"

"Oh, Bert, weren't you really here last night, then?"

"Here last night? Sady, that's just what I've been asking myself. But no—neither here nor anywhere else."

"Dear Bert, you must have had such a dreadful night!"

He didn't speak then, but he lifted my hands and kissed them—my little hard hands. It meant that I had had a dreadful night too.

Just then mother came in with some decoction; she had seen Bert before. "Now you mustn't get her all excited again with your talk, Bert, my dear," said she. "Here you can give her this gruel, while I take up my grandson. Bless his little heart—nobody taking a bit of notice of him! I suppose you've been home and found all safe, Bert?" she added.

"No, I haven't," replied he. "I knew Sady was over here—I don't know how I knew it, but I did—and I just made sail in this direction."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw that little head on the pillow?"

"Not at all," said Bert, crossing over to inspect, for the hundredth time or so, the rosy collection of fists and feet on her lap. "I knew it was there, and I knew it was a boy. I was saying it was a boy when I came to."

"Come to?" repeated mother and I together.

"Oh yes. You haven't heard, of course. Why, I came as near laying my bones where the old anchors lie last night—"

"Bert!"

"Yes, really. Now I'm safe," said he, "and, if you won't flush up and worry, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll worry a great deal more if you don't tell me," murmured I.

"Yes, Bert," said mother.

"Well, this is all, and it isn't much. There was a schooner wabbling round out there in the bay, as clearly as we could make out in the send and snow, as if every soul on board had lost their heads; and we came to the conclusion that, whether she wanted a pilot or not, she needed one, or she'd be splinters and saw-dust on the channel islands before morning. And after a little, feeling desperate and wicked, and hardly caring what happened, I set out for her. And I think I'd have made her, for I've ridden rougher water than that in my canoe, only just at the last minute I remembered a paper in the cabin with the list of the *Assyria's* passengers in it, and my heart melted, and I thought I'd be in town in a couple of hours, and I thought if I showed that to you, Sady, and showed you that there was no such name as Kate Davenant's—"

"Why, of course there wasn't, Bert!" I interrupted. "It would have been her husband's."

"Her husband's?" asked Bert, turning on me his great brown eyes in a wondering way.

"Kate married, Sady, and yet you could—"

"Oh don't, dear Bert! Don't say anything more about it!" I exclaimed in a tremor. "I was out of my head—I must have been! And you forgave me for it all last night—"

"That is it, exactly," said Bert, solemnly, while mother's eyes grew round and rounder; "I did. And you, Sady, did you forgive me, then, for having flashed off yesterday afternoon in that rage?"

"Yesterday? It seems a year ago. Oh, I never can forgive myself, Bert!"

"There, there, children," said mother.

"Well, as I was saying," continued Bert, in a moment, "I made for the paper, and found it, and sprang along up with it, and jumped into the canoe. And just then there came one of those seas that run every eighth or tenth wave in a gale, and before we could lift an oar it had roared and raced after us, and had reared and fallen, and the boat had swamped under us, crushing up like paper, and I had gone down in the icy water with it, the whole tempest

booming in my ears, and the weight of the whole ocean on my head; and when I came to the top again I could see the row of wild faces just above the lights which the men were swinging over the side, and I shouted for a line and a lantern on it, and out it flew, and I caught it just as I was washing by, and contrived to get it fast under my arms, and give the word to haul me in. And then, as they were pulling hand over hand, there came a hitch, a grasp slipped in the confusion—for everybody had a different order to give—the boat pitched, and Morris lost his footing on the wet planks; and I felt myself going, and called to them again, and then I was sucked under and under; and when they laid me on the deck at last there was no more life in me than in a log."

"Oh, Bert!" I cried, starting up, and quite forgetting for the instant that it was all over now, at any rate.

"There! lie right down again and keep still, or I'll let you guess the rest. Don't you see I'm alive?" said he, laughing. "For they lugged me down below, and worked away on me with hot blankets and rum and hartshorn and the like, and still I lay as dead as a pelt, to all appearance, and they were just giving me up, when one of them dropped the hartshorn and spilled it up my nostrils; and suddenly, with a start and a shudder, and saying over and over, 'It's a boy, it's a boy,' I opened my eyes, and presently was all right, and brought that schooner up to town after all, though I can't rightly say that I've got over the tingle of that hartshorn yet. And I was just as well aware, Sady, of having been in your mother's house—that time while they were working over my body—of having hunted for you at home, of having found you here, of having seen my child, as I am of the same at this moment. And I swear I don't understand it!" said Bert, getting up and setting down the gruel I hadn't touched, and coming back again. "It's been buzzing about my brain, the puzzle of it, all the morning. What is a drop of brandy, a sniff of vinegar, a touch of hot flannel, that they should breathe the breath of life into my nostrils? When my soul had left my body, how did hartshorn, even that whole battery of it that Ben opened at once, call it back again? Suppose I hadn't smelled it—then dead as a pelt I should have remained; and what difference does a little camphor and vinegar make to my immortal spirit, I should like to know? And I'd ask, if they can make souls out of salts, why they don't sell them over the druggists' counters—by George I would!—if it wasn't that mine crossed the water and came out here

and up into this very room, and saw you, and heard you, and kissed you, Sady!"

"Bert," said mother, with great dignity, having a feeling that this was talk Deacon Kemp would have pronounced unsafe, "you are enough to drive Sady into a delirium, if you're not in one yourself!"

"Oh, Bert, I'm so glad," I said, without waiting for the rest, "to think that when your soul was free it travelled straight to me! And I'll promise, oh, I'll promise to try and be a good wife after this—"

"You are now," said he, "the best of wives."

"Oh, I will be, Bert, as long as I live!"

"And afterward," whispered Bert, over my head, "when we're ghosts together?"

"Always, Bert. For ever and ever."

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental law she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passious rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me:
 But soon these pleasures fled;
 For the gracious princess died,
 In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
 Judith held the sovereign power:
 Wondrous beautiful her face!
 But so weak and small her wit,
 That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
 Arm'd with a resistless flame,
 And th' artillery of her eye;
 Whilst she proudly march'd about,
 Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by-the-by.

But in her place I then obey'd
 Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
 To whom ensued a vacancy:
 Thousand worse passions then possess'd
 The interregnum of my breast;
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
 And a third Mary, next began;
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria;
 And then a pretty Thomasine,
 And then another Catherine,
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate
 The strength and riches of their state;
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
 The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
 That made up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts;
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
 (Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
 By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present empress does claim,
 Heleonora, first o' th' name;
 Whom God grant long to reign!

THE DREAM CONFIRMED.

BY JAMES HOGG.

Not very long ago, one William Laidlaw, a sturdy Borderer, went on an excursion to a remote district in the Highlands of Scotland. He was a tall and very athletic man, remarkably active, and matchless at cudgel-playing, running, wrestling, and other exercises, for which the Borderers have been noted from time immemorial. To his other accomplishments he added an excellent temper, was full of good-humour, and a most capital bottle-companion. Most of our modern travellers would have performed the greater part of the journey he undertook in a steam-boat, a stage-coach, or some such convenience; but he preferred going on foot, without any companion excepting an old oaken cudgel, which had been handed down to him from several generations, and which, by way of fancy, had been christened 'Knock-him-down.' With this trusty friend in his hand, and fifty pounds sterling in his pocket, he found himself, by the fourth day, in one of the most dismal glens of the Highlands. It was by this time nightfall, and both William's appetite and limbs told him it was high time to look about for a place of repose, having, since six in the morning, walked nearly fifty English miles.

Now, the question which employed his cogitations at this moment was, whether he should proceed, at the risk of losing his way among the bogs and morasses for which this district is famed, or remain till daybreak where he was? Both expedients were unpleasant, and it is difficult to say which he would have adopted, when, about a mile to the left, a glimmering among the darkness attracted his notice. It might have been a "Will-o'-wisp," or the light of some evil spirit at its midnight orgies; but whatever the cause might be, it decided Mr. Laidlaw as to his further operations. He did not reflect a moment upon the matter, but exercising "Knock-him-down" in its usual capacity of walking assistant, he found himself in a few minutes alongside the spot from which the light proceeded. It was a highland cottage, built after the usual fashion, partly of stone and partly of turf; but without examining too minutely the exterior of the building, he applied the stick to the door with such a degree of force as he conceived necessary to arouse the inmates.

"Wha's there?" cried a shrill voice, like that of an old woman; "what want ye at this hour of the night?"

"I want lodging, honest woman, if such a thing is to be got."

"Na, na," replied the inmate, "you can get nae lodging here. Neither gentle nor simple shall enter my house this night. Gang on your ways, you're no aboon five miles frae the clachan of Ballacher."

"Five deevils!" exclaimed the Borderer; "I tell you I have walked fifty miles already, and could as soon find out Johnny Groat's as the clachan."

"Walk fifty more, then," cried the obstinate portress; "but here you downa enter, while I can keep you out."

"If you come to that, my woman," said William, "we shall soon settle the point. In plain language, if you do not let me in wi' your gude-will, I shall enter without it," and with that he laid his shoulder to the door, with the full intention of storming the fortress. A whispering within made him pause a moment.

"And must I let him in?" murmured the old woman to some one who seemed in the interior.

"Yes," answered a half-suppressed voice; "he may enter—he is but one, and we are three—a lowland tup, I suppose."

The door was slowly opened. The person who performed this unwilling act was a woman apparently above seventy, haggard, and bent by an accumulation of infirmity and years. Her face was pale, malignant, and wrinkled, and her little sharp peering eyes seemed like those of the adder to shoot forth evil upon whomsoever she gazed. As William entered, he encountered this aged sybil, her natural hideousness exposed full to his gaze by the little rush-light she held up above her head, the better to view the tall Borderer.

"You want a night's lodging, say you? Ay, nae doubt, like many others frae the south, come to trouble honest folks."

"There's nae need to talk about troubling," said Laidlaw. "If you have trouble, you shall be paid for it; and since you are pleased, my auld lady, to talk about the south, let me say a word of the north. I have got money in my pouch to pay my way wherever I go, and this is mair than some of your bonnie Highland lairds can say. Here it lies, my lady!" and he struck with the palm of his hand the large and well-replenished pocket-book, which bulged out from his side.

"I want name of your money," said the old crone, her eyes nevertheless sparkling with a malicious joy; "walk in; you will have the company of strangers for the night."

He followed her advice, and went to the end of the cottage, near which, upon the floor,

blazed a large fire of peat. There was no grate, and for chimney, a hole in the roof sufficed, through which the smoke ascended in large volumes. Here he saw the company mentioned by the sybil. It consisted of three men, of the most fierce and savage aspect. Two of them were dressed as sailors, the third in a sort of Highland garb. He had never seen any persons who had so completely the air of desperadoes. The two first were dark in their complexions, their black bushy beards apparently unshorn for many weeks. Their expressions were dark and ominous, and bespoke spirits within which had been trained up in crime. Nor were the red locks of the third, and his fiery countenance, and sharp, cruel eyes, less appalling, and less indicative of evil.

So near an intercourse with such people, and under these circumstances, would have thrown a chill over most hearts; but William Laidlaw was naturally a stranger to fear, and, at any rate, his great strength gave him a confidence which it was very difficult to shake; he had, besides, a most unbounded confidence in scientific cudgel-playing, and in the virtues of "Knock-him-down."

These three men were seated around the fire; and when our traveller came alongside of them, and saluted them, not one returned his salutation. Each sat in dogged silence. If they deigned to recognize him, it was by looks of ferocious sternness, and these looks were momentary, for they instantly relapsed into their former state of sullen apathy.

William was at this time beset by two most unfortunate inclinations. He had an incorrigible desire, first, to speak, and secondly, to eat; and never had any propensities come upon a man so *malapropos*. He sat for a few minutes absolutely nonplussed about the method of gratifying them. At length, after revolving the matter deeply in his mind, he contrived to get out with the following words:—

"I have been thinking, gudewife, that something to eat is very agreeable when a body is hungry." No answer.

"I have been thinking, mistress, that when a man is hungry he is the better of something to eat." No answer.

"Did you hear what I was saying, mistress?"

"Perfectly weel."

"And what is your opinion of the matter?"

"My opinion is, that a hungry man is the better of being fed." Such was the old dame's reply; and he thought he could perceive a smile of bitter ridicule curl up the savage lips of his three neighbours.

"Was there ever such an auld hag?" thought the yeoman to himself. "There she sits at her wheel, and cares nae mair for a fellow-creature than I would for a dead sheep."

"Mistress," continued he, "I see you will not tak' hints. I maun then tell you plainly that I am the next door to starvation, and that I will thank you for something to eat."

This produced the desired effect, for she instantly got up from her wheel, went to a cupboard, and produced a plentiful supply of cold venison, bread and cheese, together with a large bottle full of the finest whisky.

William now felt quite at his ease. Putting "Knock-him-down" beside him, and planting himself at the table, he commenced operations in a style that would have done honour to Friar Tuck himself. Venison, bread and cheese, disappeared like magic. So intently did he keep to his occupation, that he neither thought nor cared about any other object.

Everything which came under the denomination of eatable having disappeared from the table, he proceeded to discuss the contents of the black bottle which stood by. He probably indulged rather freely in this respect, for shortly after commencing he became very talkative, and seemed resolved, at all risks, to extract conversation from his mute companions.

"You will be in the smuggling trade, frien'?" said he, slapping the shoulder of one of his dark-complexioned neighbours. The fellow started from his seat, and looked upon the Borderer with an expression of anger and menace, but he was suddenly quieted by one of his companions, who whispered into his ear, "Hush, Roderick; never mind him; the time is not yet come."

"I was saying, frien'," reiterated Laidlaw, without perceiving this interruption, "that you will be in the smuggling trade?"

"Maybe I am," was the fellow's answer.

"And you are a fish of the same water?" continued William to the second, who nodded assent.

"And you, frien', wi' the red hair, what are ye?"

"Humph."

"Humph!" cried the Borderer; "that is one way of answering questions—humph, ay humph, very good: ha, ha, your health, Mr. Humph!" and he straightway swallowed another glass of the potent spirit.

These three personages, during the whole of his various harangues, preserved the same unchanged silence, replying to his broken and unconnected questions by nods and monosyllables. They even held no verbal communi-

cation with one another, but each continued apparently within himself the thread of his own gloomy meditations. The night by this time waxed late; the spirit began to riot a little in the Borderer's head; and concluding that there was no sociality among persons who would neither drink nor speak, he quaffed off a final glass, and dropped back on his chair.

How long he remained in this state cannot be known. Certain it is, he was rather suddenly awakened from it by a hand working its way cautiously and gently into his bosom. At first he did not know what to make of this; his ideas were as yet unrallied, and by a sort of instinct he merely pressed his left hand against the spot by way of resistance. The same force continuing, however, to operate as formerly, he opened his eyes, and saw himself surrounded by the three strangers. The red-haired ruffian was the person who had aroused him—the two others, one of them armed with a cutlass, stood by. William was so astonished at this scene, that he could form no opinion on the subject. His brain still rung with the strange visions that had crossed it, and with the influence of intoxication.

"I am thinking, honest man, that you are stealing my pocket-book," was the first ejaculation he got out with, gazing at the same time with a bewildered look on the plunderer.

"Down with the villain!" thundered one of these worthies at the same instant; "and you, sir," brandishing his cutlass over the Borderer's head, "resist, and I will cleave you to the collar."

This exclamation acted like magic upon Laidlaw; it seemed to sober him in an instant, and point out his perilous situation.

The trio had rushed upon him, and attempted to hold him down. Now or never was the period to put his immense strength to the trial. Collecting all his energies, he bounded from their grasp, and his herculean fist falling like a sledge-hammer upon the forehead of him who carried the cutlass, the ruffian tumbled headlong to the earth. In a moment more he stood in the centre of the cottage, whirling "Knock-him-down" around his head in the attitude of defiance. Such was now his appearance of determined courage and strength that the two ruffians opposed to him, although powerful men, and armed with bludgeons, did not dare to advance, but recoiled several paces from their single opponent. He had escaped thus far, but his situation was still very hazardous, for the men, though baffled, kept their eyes intently fixed upon him, and seemed only to wait an opportunity when they could rush

h most advantage. Besides, the one floored had just got up, and with lass joined the others. If they had n attack upon him, his great skill and would in all probability have brought hem to the ground, but then he would en assailed by the two others; and the such a contest, armed as one of them uld not but be highly dangerous.

while the men, although none of them d to rush singly upon the Borderer, o advance in a body, as if for the pur-getting behind him. "Now," thought 1, "if I can but keep you quiet till I osite the door, I may show you a trick ill astonish you." So planning, his he continued retreating before his as-

sailants, and holding up his cudgel in the true scientific position till he came within a foot of the door; most fortunately it stood wide open. One step aside, and the threshold was gained—another, and it was passed. In the twinkling of an eye, swift like a thunderbolt, fell "Knock-him-down" upon the head of the most forward opponent, and in another out bolted William Laidlaw from the cottage. The whole was the work of an instant. He who received the blow fell stunned and bleeding to the ground, and his companions were so confounded that they stood mute and gazing at each other for several seconds. Their resolution was soon taken, and in a mood between shame and revenge, they sallied out after the fugitive. Their speed was, however, employed in vain against the fleetest runner of the Cheviots, and they were afraid to separate, lest each might encounter singly this formidable adversary, who perhaps might have dealt with them in the same manner as Horatius did with the Curiatii of old. The pursuit continued but a short way, as the yeoman more than double distanced his pursuers in the first two minutes, and left them no chance of coming up with him.

It was by this time three in the morning. The intense darkness of midnight had worn away, and though the sun was yet beneath the horizon, a sort of reflected light so far prevailed as to render near objects visible. In the course of an hour the hill tops became exposed above the misty wreaths which hung heavily upon their sides, and which began to dissolve away and float slowly down the glen in pale columns. In a short time a hue like that of twilight rendered distinctly visible the mountain boundaries of the vale. William walked onward with his usual speed. Such at last was his prodigious rapidity of movement, that he utterly lost the use of his senses. He appeared

to himself to fly rather than walk over the earth; his head became giddy, and it is difficult to say where his flight might have ended, when "Knock-him-down" was suddenly swept from his hand. This in a moment arrested his speed, for such was his sympathy with this companion that he could not possibly get on, or even live without it. "Knock-him-down, where are ye?" was his first exclamation at the departure of his favourite. "I say, Knock-him-down—where are ye?" Here honest William sat down upon the heath to bemoan his misfortune. Now for the first time in his life he parted with all recollection. A strange, mysterious, indescribable ringing took place in his ears—the hills reeled—his head nodded once, twice, and again—and in a few seconds he dropped into a profound sleep.

This may be considered an epoch in the yeoman's life, for here he, for the first time, according to his own account, was visited by a dream. Out of the pale mist of the glen he imagined he saw approach him the very person to whose house he was bound. The aspect of this man was melancholy—his face deadly pale—and as he stood opposite to the Borderer, and said, "William Laidlaw," the latter felt his flesh creep with an unutterable dread.

"William Laidlaw," continued he, "you are going to my house, but you will not find me at home. I have gone to a far country—Neil M'Kinnon and his two cousins sent me there. You will find my body in the pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish. The money you are bringing to me give to my poor family, and may God bless you!" Having pronounced these words the figure vanished, nor had the Borderer the power to recal it. He did not, however, awake, but lay in the same restless state till the sun, shining in all the splendour of an August morning, burst upon him.

William awoke a sober man. The morning was indeed beautiful. The sun shone in his strength, lighting up the vale with a flood of radiance. On the summits of the hills not a cloud rested—all was clear and lucid as crystal, and the untainted sky hung like a vault of pure sapphire over the thousand rocks and glens beneath. The object which first arrested our friend's attention was "Knock-him-down" stuck up in the middle of a whin bush, and his immediate impulse was to relieve it from this inglorious situation. Having done this, stretched his limbs, and examined his pocket-book, which he found "tight and well," he proceeded on his journey. He was naturally the reverse of superstitious, but somehow or other a train of unpleasant thoughts came over

him, which he could not get rid of. His mind was so unaccustomed to thinking of any kind, and, above all, to gloomy thinking, that he knew not what to make of the matter. He whistled and sung in vain to dispel the feeling. The same load hung upon his mind, and oppressed it grievously.

In this train he found himself at length in front of the clachan of Ballacher. This small village was in possession of the individual to whom he was journeying. His dwelling, a large farmhouse, was in the centre; the cottages which surrounded it were occupied by his servants and tenantry.

It was about mid-day when he entered the village. It was deserted, while a strange and subduing melancholy seemed to hang over it. He strode slowly on, but no human being made his appearance. At length a funeral procession, followed by many women and children, came silently up the middle avenue of the village. It might be a deception of his fancy, but he thought the looks of the mourners were more sad and more profoundly interesting than he had ever witnessed on any previous occasion. He followed the convoy to the cemetery, which was not far distant, and when the last shovelful of earth was thrown upon the grave, he inquired whose funeral it was.

"It is that of Allaster Wilson, our master," was the reply.

"Good Heaven! and how did he die?" cried William, deeply agitated.

"That no one knows," answered an old man who stood by; "he was found murdered; but a day will come when the Lord will cause his blood to be requited on his murderers."

"And where was his body found?" said the astonished Borderer.

"In the chalk-pit near the Cairn of Dalgulish," replied the senior, and he wiped his aged eyes and walked slowly away.

William started back with horror, and instantly recollected his dream. It was indeed the very individual to whose house he was journeying, that he now saw laid in his grave. His first duty was to go to the bereaved family of his departed friend, and to comfort the widow and the fatherless. A tear rolled from his manly eye as he entered the mansion of sorrow; and when he saw the relict and the weeping family of his friend he thought his heart would have died within him. Having paid into their hands the money he owed them, and performed various offices of kindness, he bade them for the present adieu, and went to Inverness.

He had no business to transact there; his

only object was to obtain the aid of justice in pursuit of the three men whom he supposed to be the murderers. Neil M'Kinnon was apprehended at the house where Laidlaw first saw him; but though his guilt was strongly suspected, no positive proof could be adduced against him, and he was dismissed. The two other men were never heard of. It was supposed that they had gone on board a smuggling cutter which left Fort-William, and afterwards perished, with all its crew, in the Sound of Mull.

The dream still continued to agitate the yeoman's mind to a great degree, and from being the gayest farmer of the Borders, he returned as thoughtful as a philosopher.

TIME.

BY THE REV. BENJ. MARSDEN.

I ask'd an Aged Man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I ask'd the aged Venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode."

I asked a Dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time," he replied—
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years:
They answer'd, "Time is but a meteor glare,
And bids us for Eternity prepare."

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize."

I ask'd a Spirit Lost; but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried—"A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of Things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell."

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I ask'd Old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew quickly past;
His chariot was a cloud; the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the Mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"By heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
Time was!" he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

[Mrs. Catherine Grace Gore, born in Nottinghamshire, 1800; died 29th January, 1861. A prolific writer of novels chiefly descriptive of "fashionable life." She produced upwards of 150 volumes, besides contributing prose and verse to miscellaneous publications. Her first novel, *Marchmont, or The Maid of Honour*, appeared in 1823. *Bond*, a dramatic poem, and *Two Broken Hearts* are the most notable of her poetical efforts. Of her numerous tales the best remembered are: *The Ambassador's Wife*; *The Debutante*; *Hungarian Tales*; *The Money-Lender*; *The Soldier of Lyons*; *The Woman of Business*; *The Woman of the World*, &c. &c. They "reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours which is embraced by the term common honesty."—*Athenæum*.]

In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French Revolution, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the banks of the Rhine, experienced, on more than one occasion, the unequal fortunes of war; and was compelled to submit to the superior force, or superior skill, of a conquering army. After the passage of the French troops under Hoche, effected at Weisse Thurm, in 1797, a blockade, which endured until the peace of Leoben, harassed its devoted garrison. It was then abandoned to the possession of the troops of the Elector of Mayence; and although the little town of Thal, situated at its base, had been sacrificed in the course of the siege, Coblenz, whose position on the opposite bank, at the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine, derives its best security from the fortress, was thus restored to tranquillity, and a hope of happier times. The confusion of an ill-disciplined and inexperienced army had indeed rendered abortive to the Rhenish shores those local advantages by which they ought to have been secured from devastation; and the prolonged disorganization and disunion prevalent in the adjacent provinces had, by the most impolitic inconsistency, embarrassed every branch of public business, and while agriculture was driven from the ravaged

plains, and commerce from the ensanguined waves of the Rhine, civil discord had embroiled the citizens of almost every town of mark along its course. But affairs were now beginning to wear a more promising aspect. The Congress of Rastadt had already opened its negotiations, and despair on one side, and exhaustion or weariness on the other, had succeeded in cooling the heat of those national feuds which had brought the ruinous footsteps of advancing and retreating armies to trample the bosom of an afflicted country. That there were some among its sons over-eager to avenge the deep scars thus inflicted, the murder of the French deputies at the very gates of Rastadt terribly attests.

It chanced that some days previous to the opening of the congress, a French noble,—the Count D'Aubigny,—with his wife and son, had been arrested, on their return to their native country, by the authorities of Coblenz; who, judging from the passports and papers in his possession that he had high influence, and an important connection with the Directory, secured him in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein as a valuable hostage for the interests of their city. The count, who had sought safety in emigration during the short supremacy of one of the earlier and more furious factions of the republic, had been recently recalled to fill an appointment of dignity and honour under the new government. Gallant as it was to his feelings to be thus thwarted and restrained upon the very threshold of France, yet his trust in the efficacy of an appeal which he had forwarded to the congress prevented him from giving way to the natural impatience of his mind. A deeper feeling, however—a feeling of horror and desperation—soon superseded his irritation and regrets: a body of French troops presented itself before the fortress, menacing its garrison and luckless inhabitants with all the horrors of a protracted siege.

It was in vain that D'Aubigny recalled to his own mind, and whispered to his fair companion, that the fortress was bomb-proof and casemated with unequal art; and still more vain were his entreaties to Colonel Faber, its brave but sturdy commandant, that his wife and child might be conveyed under a flag of truce to Coblenz. The colonel, to whom his prisoner was both nationally and individually an object of distrust, persisted that the interest of his command forbade the concession.

"Your ladies of France," said he, "God give them grace!—are too nimble-tongued to be trusted in an enemy's camp, and Moritz Faber

will scarcely be tempted to enable the fair countess to carry tidings of the nakedness of the land, and of the impoverished resources of the fort, unto a band which bears the tri-coloured rag as its ensign, and treachery as its password. No, no!—abide in the old eagle's nest. Our galleries are a surety from your friends in the valley; and when our provisions fail—which fail they shall ere I yield the charge committed to my hand unto a gang of marauding cut-throats—the countess and her son shall honourably share our fare and our famine. Perhaps the plea of a lady's sufferings may more promptly disperse your gentle countrymen yonder, who write themselves *preux chevaliers*, than falconet or culverin!"

Count D'Aubigny, finding persuasion fruitless, and knowing that resistance might even less avail him, could only pray, that either the return of his own *estafette* from Rastadt, or of that despatched by Colonel Faber, might bring a mandate of intelligence between the besieging and besieged. A few days sufficed to show him, and the expiration of several weeks tended most horribly to prove, that the fortress had been indeed surprised in an hour of security and consequent destitution; he looked tremblingly to the result, and marked the daily diminution of their apportionment of provisions, with a sense of dread he dared not reveal to his companions in misfortune.

If any woman, however, could be gifted to receive with fortitude an announcement of evil, severe as that anticipated by the count, it was Eveline—his lovely and most beloved wife: for her mind was as firm and elevated in its character, as her demeanour and disposition were femininely gentle: and her attachment to the young Eugene, the son of D'Aubigny by a former marriage, partook of a conscientious devotion to his interests, such as the mere tenderness of maternal love could not have alone suggested. It was for him—it was for that fair boy, who had loved her so fondly—that her first apprehensions of the horror of their position became terrible to her mind. Eugene was frail and delicate, and had been nurtured with the softest tending; he had attained neither the strength of body nor mind essential to the endurance of an evil from which his high condition might have seemed to secure him; and his parents, for they were equally so in affection for the child, had not courage to forewarn and inure him to the approaching calamity.

They saw him from the first reject with silent but evident loathing the coarse food tendered for his support. They marked his

soft cheek grow wan under the deprivation—his little voice gradually weaken—his step bound less playfully along the rude pavement of their chamber; and they looked into each other's faces with tearful eyes as they first noted the change; but dared not interrogate the boy, or utter one audible comment. Soon, however, fatally soon, the miserable fact became too loudly a matter of comment in the garrison for even the child to remain in ignorance of their threatened destiny. Day after day passed, and brought nothing but sights of death and sounds of lamentation; and the wasting strength of the prisoners rendered their minds still more susceptible of terror and despair; but neither their wants, nor the murmurs of the soldiery, could influence by the weight of a feather the stern determination of the commandant to yield but in his hour of death.

Let those who limit their consciousness of the pangs of hunger by the loss of an occasional meal, which may have rendered restless their luxurious couch, affect to underrate the agonies of starvation, and to attempt according to Adam Smith's theory of morality their arguments for the indecency of bewailing a vulgar lack of food. But the actual sense of famine,—the gnawing, irritating sense, which confuses the ears with strange sounds—the body with sickness—the heart with perturbation—the head with dizzy bewilderment—these are sufferings which defy the mastery of mental fortitude!

D'Aubigny was the first to give utterance to his feelings, for they were solely urged by the suppressed torments he was condemned to witness. "My Eveline," said he, "my sweet, my heavenly-minded wife, could I have believed when I sought your hand, amid the lofty pomp of your high estate, that I should but win it to share in the horrors of my evil destiny—could I have dreamed, when I wept my first glad tears over this boy's cradle, that I should live to wish him unborn—to see him perish—slowly—horribly—"

"Hush! D'Aubigny, he sleeps; his head hath sunk upon my knee."

"No! mother," said the boy, very faintly, "I am not sleeping; I am listening quietly to my kind father's voice."

"It is exhaustion! by the God of mercy! it is exhaustion which hath bowed his head!" exclaimed the count, taking his son into his arms, and gazing with an indescribable thrill upon his attenuated countenance, then rushing forwards in despite of the outcry and resistance of the various sentries, he forced himself into

the presence of Colonel Faber, still straining his child to his bosom.

"Look on him!" said he, with a voice broken by sobs; "'tis my only child,—look upon him, —and if you have the heart of a man, deny not my petition. It is not yet too late,—send him from Ehrenbreitstein."

"It cannot be," answered Faber, resolutely; although the manifest condition of the lovely boy brought a deep flush even to his temples. "I will give him up my own share of provision with pleasure, Count D'Aubigny; but not a living soul must leave the fortress!—I am deeply responsible to my country: and the famishing condition of my soldiers—*my children*—might otherwise prompt me to desert a trust which the Congress of Rastadt appear so little interested to protect. My duty, sir, is one of sternness; I *cannot* grant your request."

"Do not weep, father," murmured the child, faintly, "I never saw tears of thine before; do not let them fall for Eugene. I *will* be better; I *will* feed heartily on the food we can still procure;—do not weep, father."

And with an effort mighty at his age, the child did indeed force between his lips the loathsome morsels which fell scantily to their share. Every domestic animal within the walls had been sacrificed; and the obscene flesh of dogs and horses had become a delicacy beyond the soldiers' power of purchase! and on such revolting aliments did Eveline force herself to feed, in order to entice and deceive the boy's enfeebled appetite. But all would not do;—already many of the least hardy of the garrison had fallen a sacrifice to want of wholesome food;—and the failing strength and tremulous lips of Eugene and his mother proclaimed that they were soon to follow. Yes, they were dying of starvation!

Again the count attempted to move the feelings of Faber in their behalf; but he no longer bore denial with resignation. Moved beyond his patience, he raved, threatened, and even attempted violence; and as the scene had many witnesses, the commandant felt it due to himself to punish the offender with solitary confinement. "Thus, too," thought the stanch old soldier, "I shall spare this unfortunate parent the misery of looking upon sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

The wretched chamber inhabited by the Countess D'Aubigny was situated in one of the loftiest and most secure towers of the fortress; and when the sun, which had lost its power to cheer the desponding prisoners, dawned through the arrow-slits on the day

succeeding that of D'Aubigny's imprisonment, Eveline rose to drag her failing, quivering limbs towards the morning air, and resting her head beside the narrow opening, looked down upon the blue, glassy, dancing, *free* waters of the Rhine, that rippled far, far below the fortress, and prayed that they might rise and overwhelm her. But she instantly re-proved the thought, as she had already done the proposal of her husband, that they should anticipate their inevitable and horrible end. "This child," she had replied, "is a sacred deposit in our hands; we have no right to leave him orphaned, to his sorrow; and you could not—no! you could not attempt *his* little life!"

"What seest thou yonder, mother?" faltered the boy, whom her movement had disturbed, but who was now too weak to approach the *soupirail* for refreshment.

"I see Heaven's mighty sunshine, dear Eugene, bright as if it shone upon no human misery. I see the white city of Coblenz, backed by its green plantations, and sending up the smoke of a thousand hearths. Beside them there is happiness, Eugene,—smiles and food, child,—and with *us* abideth nought save trust in the mercy of God. Think upon it,—think, beloved child, that we shall soon be free from pain and grief!"

"I cannot think, mother; my head swims strangely. But there is still feeling in my heart,—and it is all for thee and for my father."

"Eugene, should we survive this peril, and thou hast the strength of youth in thy favour, let this remembrance become a pledge for the tender mercies of thy future life; so that the poor and the hungry may not plead to thee in vain."

"Mother, thy words reach not my failing ears; draw nearer, mother, for I would die with my hand in thine."

On that very day the destinies of the fortress were accomplished; and the sacrifice which had been made was made in vain:—the fiat of the Congress of Rastadt commanded the brave Faber to open its gates to the enemy of his country. The noble brother of Eveline D'Aubigny, whose anxiety for her liberation had motivated in a great measure the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein, was the first to rush into the chamber of the captive. No living thing stirred there. The boy had died first, for his face was covered, and his limbs composed; and Eveline—if the fair wasted thing which lay beside him might claim that name—had perished in the effort of executing that last duty!

SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROBIN HOOD, A CHILD.

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said,
"It were a shame and a sin
For fear of getting a wet head
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn."

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
And so he has grasped her gown;
And now looking back, they have lost the view
Of merry sweet Looksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
And therewithal as bold;
To say he was his mother's joy,
It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
Came smoothly clipped, and sleek.
But ran into a curl somehow
Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle too
The noble Gamelyn bare,
And often said, as his mother knew,
That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
Would twinkle at his sight,
And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
Between his locks so white;

For Robin already let him see
He should beat his playmates all
At wrestling, running, and archery;
Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
And would set the old helmets bobbing;
If his uncle asked about the noise,
"Twas, "If you please, sir, Robin."

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
He'd come and sit at his knee,
And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys;
And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
"Twas nothing there but sport and game,
And holiday folks all:
The servants never were to blame,
Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
And now they hear the rooks;
And there it is—the old abode,
With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
And they looked at one another;
Says Robin, "I'll knock as I'm used to do,
At uncle's window, mother."

And so he picked up some pebbles and ran,
And jumping higher and higher,
He reached the windows with *tan a ran tan*,
And instead of the kind old white-haired man,
There looked out a fat friar.

"How now," said the fat friar angrily,
"What is this knocking so wild?"
But when he saw young Robin's eye,
He said, "Go round, my child:

"Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you all:"
He'll tell us all! thought Robin;
And his mother and he went quietly,
Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
And tenderly said, "I fear
You know not the good squire's no more,
Even Gamelyn de Vere.

"Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
He changed but yesternight:"
"Now make us way," the lady said,
"To see that doleful sight."

"Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
And has made us his holy heirs;"
The lady stayed not for all he said,
But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
Weeping all the way,
Until they came where the lord of that land
Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look,
With the lids over each eye-ball;
And Robin and she wept as plenteously,
As though he had left them all.

"I will return, Sir Abbot of Vere,
I will return as is meet,
And see my honoured brother dear
Laid in his winding-sheet.

"And I will stay, for to go were a sin,
For all a woman's tears,
And see the noble Gamelyn
Laid low with the De Veres."

The lady went with a sick heart out
Into the kind fresh air,
And told her Robin all about
The abbot whom he saw there :

And how his uncle must have been
Disturbed in his failing sense,
To leave his wealth to these artful men
At hers and Robin's expense.

Sad was the stately day for all
But the Vere Abbey friars,
When the coffin was stript of its hiding pall,
Amidst the hushing choirs.

Sad was the earth-dropping "dust to dust,"
And "our dear brother here departed ;"
The lady shook at them, as shake we must ;
And Robin he felt strange-hearted.

That self-same evening, nevertheless,
They returned to Locksley town,
The lady in a dumb distress,
And Robin looking down.

They went, and went, and Robin took
Long steps by his mother's side,
Till she asked him with a sad sweet look
What made him so thoughtful-eyed.

"I was thinking, mother," said little Robin,
And with his own voice so true,
He spoke right out, "that if I was a king,
I'd see what those friars do."

His mother stooped with a tear of joy,
And she kissed him again and again,
And said, "My own little Robin boy,
Thou wilt be a King of Men !"

ROBIN HOOD'S FLIGHT.

Robin Hood's mother, these twelve years now,
Has been gone from her earthly home ;
And Robin has paid, he scarce knew how,
A sum for a noble tomb.

The church-yard lies on a woody hill,
But open to sun and air ;
It seems as if the heavens still
Were looking and smiling there.

Often when Robin looked that way,
He looked through a sweet thin tear,
But he looked in a different manner, they say,
Towards the Abbey of Vere.

He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
He felt not for its pride ;
He had youth, and strength, and health,
And enough for one beside.

But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek,
How it had sunk away,
And how she used to grow more weak
And weary every day.

And how when trying a hymn, her voice
At evening would expire,
How unlike it was the arrogant noise
Of the hard throats in the quire.

And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey-door
But kept them as they were :

And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down
With their trappings and things as fine as the
kings,
Though they wore but a shaven crown.

And then bold Robin he thought of the king,
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in a year.

And thinking thus, as Robin stood
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in Gamelyn wood
Of one who looked around.

"And what is Will doing," said Robin then,
"That he looks so fearful and wan?"
"Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man,—

"A weary man," said Will Scarlet, "am I ;
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fleshers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good,—

"Here in this forest where I have been,
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green
Have carried you about."

"And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me?
Why not to Robin, Will?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still.

"And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come,
While Robin can find in his pocket or bin
A penny or a crumb.

"Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile,
And kindle a fire for me;"
And into the wood for half a mile
He has vanished instantly.

Robin Hood with his cheek on fire
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer with one leap higher
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean.

"Oh what hast thou done, dear master mine!
What hast thou done for me?"
"Roast it, Will, for excepting wine
Thou shalt feast thee royally."

And Scarlet took and half-roasted it,
Blubbering with blinding tears,
And ere he had eaten a second bit,
A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
And they listened and kept still,
For Will was feeble and knelt by the meat;
And Robin he stood by Will.

"Seize him, seize him!" the abbot cried,
With his fat voice through the trees;
Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
And Will jumped stout with his knees.

"Seize him, seize him!" and now they appear,
The abbot and foresters three.
"Twas I," cried Will Scarlet, "that killed the
deer."
Says Robin, "Now let not a man come near,
Or he's dead as dead can be."

But on they came, and with an embrace,
The first one the arrow met,
And he came pitching forward and fell on his face
Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that abbot vain,
But "Seize him!" still he cried,
And as the second turned again,
An arrow was in his side.

"Seize him, seize him still, I say,"
Cried the abbot in furious chafe,
"Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
Even priests will not be safe."

A fatal word! for as he sat
Urging the sword to cut,
An arrow stuck in his paunch so fat
As in a leathern butt,

As in a leathern butt of wine;
Or dough, a household lump;
Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
Stuck that arrow with a dump.

"Truly," said Robin without fear,
Smiling there as he stood,
"Never was slain so fat a deer
In good old Gamelyn wood.

"Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,"
Said he that stood apart,
"As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee out
Of the forest with all my heart.

"And I pray thee let me follow thee,
Anywhere under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here without me,
Nor without thee can I."

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought;
And then into a leafy dell
The three slain men they brought.

Ankle-deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter-bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the tree;
The abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill;

And Robin caught a sudden sight
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sunset bright:
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land
And the church-yard where it lay;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's,
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said with one of his pleasant smiles,
"Now show us three men bolder."

And so they took their march away
As firm as if to fiddle,
To journey that night and all next day
With Robin Hood in the middle.

ROBIN HOOD, AN OUTLAW.

Robin Hood is an outlaw bold
Under the greenwood tree:
Bird, nor stag, nor morning air
Is more at large than he.

They sent against him twenty men,
Who joined him laughing-eyed;
They sent against him thirty more,
And they remained beside.

All the stoutest of the train,
That grew in Gamelyn wood,
Whether they came with these or not,
Are now with Robin Hood.

And not a soul in Locksley town
Would speak him an ill word;
The friars raged; but no man's tongue,
Nor even feature, stirred:

Except among a very few
Who dined in the Abbey halls;
And then with a sigh bold Robin knew
His true friends from his false.

There was Roger the monk, that used to make
All monkery his glee;
And Midge, on whom Robin had never turn'd
His face but tenderly:

With one or two, they say, besides,
Lord! that in this life's dream
Men should abandon one true thing
That would remain with them.

We cannot bid our strength remain,
Our cheeks continue round;
We cannot say to an aged back,
Stoop not towards the ground:

We cannot bid our dim eyes see
Things as bright as ever;
Nor tell our friends, though friends from youth,
That they'll forsake us never:

But we can say, I never will,
Friendship, fall off from thee;
And, oh, sound truth and old regard,
Nothing shall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS LIVED IN
THE WOODS.

Robin and his merry men
Lived just like the birds,
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
And whistles and songs as words.

Up they were with the earliest sign
Of the sun's up-looking eye;
But not an archer breakfasted
Till he twinkled from the sky.

All the morning they were wont
To fly their gray-goose quills
At butts, or wands, or trees, or twigs,
Till theirs was the skill of skills.

With swords too they played lustily,
And at quarter-staff;
Many a hit would have made some cry,
Which only made them laugh.

The horn was then their dinner-bell;
When like princes of the wood,
Under the glimmering summer trees,
Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and a little wine,
Except when the skies were rough,
Or when they had a feasting day;
For their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and joke, and song,
And Harry's harp went round;
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
For pleasure of the sound.

Tingle, tangle! said the harp,
As they footed in and out:
Good lord! it was a sight to see
Their feathers float about;—

A pleasant sight, especially
If Margery was there,
Or little Ciss, or laughing Bess,
Or Moll with the clumps of hair.

Or any other merry lass
From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
A-singing through the trees.

For all the country round about
Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
Than the acorns in the wood;

Nor ever would he suffer harm
To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
No fright to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unlike,
Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
Makes pale a woman's lip.

Only on the haughty rich,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy no doubt
(Which made the dish to curse)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And an abbot a pig in grain,
But a bishop was a baron of beef
With cut and come again.

Never poor man came for help
And went away denied;
Never woman for redress,
And went away wet-eyed.

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief;

There, ploughman, is a sheaf of yours
Turned to yellow gold;
And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold:

And you there, Wat of Lancashire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is come—too soon it came—
When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.
We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together!

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.
Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

ETHICAL AND ARTISTIC NOTES.

[John Ruskin, LL.D., born in London, February, 1819; died, 1900. He was educated at Oxford, where he gained the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1839. He was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge in 1867, and Slade Professor of Art in the University of Oxford in 1869. In 1871 he gave to the latter university £5000, for the endowment of a mastership of drawing in the Taylor Galleries. As an art critic he has exercised an important influence upon modern art, although many of his opinions have been vigorously opposed. His chief work is *Modern Painters*, the first volume of which appeared in 1843, the fifth and last in 1860. The preface to the last volume explains the delay in the completion of the book, and contains the following characteristic sentences, which give the key-note of all the author's work:—"In the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the Work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to, that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respects better for the difference, that it has not been written either for fame or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity." In the course of an active and earnest life, Mr. Ruskin produced numerous works, of which we may note: *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*; *The Stones of Venice*; *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*; *Pre-Raphaelitism*; *The King of the Golden River*; *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*; *Giotto and his Works in Padua*; *The Two Paths*, being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture; a series of essays or addresses appearing from time to time under the title of *Fora Clavigera*; *Sesame and Lilies*; *The Crown of Wild Olive*; &c. A selection from his writings has been published by George Allen.]

THE SACREDNESS OF HOME.

I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bore of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them: that all that they ever treasured

was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gipsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and feund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a

household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they read it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how and with what aspect of durability and of completeness the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement than their attainments at the termination of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honourable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements, of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground-floor with two stories above, three windows in the first and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth-century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street, behind the market-place of Vicenza. It bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il n'est. rose. sans. épine*; it has also only a ground-floor and two stories,

with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea that no picture can be historical except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely: as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner I will say under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place.—*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

PASTORAL POETRY.

Exactly as hoops, and starch, and false hair, and all that in mind and heart these things typify and betray, as these, I say, gained upon men, there was a necessary reaction in favour of the *natural*. Men had never lived so utterly in defiance of the laws of nature before; but they could not do this without feeling a strange charm in that which they defied; and, accordingly, we find this reactionary sentiment expressing itself in a base school of what was called *pastoral* poetry; that is to say, poetry written in praise of the country, by men who lived in coffee-houses and on the Mall. The essence of pastoral poetry is the sense of strange delightfulness in grass which is occasionally felt by a man who has seldom set his foot on it; it is essentially the poetry of the cockney, and for the most part corresponds in its aim and rank, as compared with other literature, to the porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses on a chimney-piece, as compared with great works of sculpture.

Of course, all good poetry descriptive of rural life is essentially pastoral, or has the

effect of the pastoral on the minds of men living in cities; but the class of poetry which I mean, and which you probably understand, by the term pastoral, is that in which a farmer's girl is spoken of as a "nymph," and a farmer's boy as a "swain," and in which, throughout, a ridiculous and unnatural refinement is supposed to exist in rural life, merely because the poet himself has neither had the courage to endure its hardships, nor the wit to conceive its realities. If you examine the literature of the 17th and 18th centuries, you will find that nearly all its expressions having reference to the country show something of this kind; either a foolish sentimentality or a morbid fear, both of course coupled with the most curious ignorance. You will find all its descriptive expressions at once vague and monotonous. Brooks are always "purling;" birds always "warbling;" mountains always "lift their horrid peaks above the clouds;" vales always "are lost in the shadow of gloomy woods;" a few more distinct ideas about hay-making and curds and cream, acquired in the neighbourhood of Richmond Bridge, serving to give an occasional appearance of freshness to the catalogue of the sublime and beautiful which descended from poet to poet; while a few true pieces of pastoral, like the *Vicar of Wakefield* and Walton's *Angler*, relieved the general waste of dulness. Even in these better productions nothing is more remarkable than the general conception of the country merely as a series of green fields, and the combined ignorance and dread of more sublime scenery, of which the mysteries and dangers were enhanced by the difficulties of travelling at the period. Thus in Walton's *Angler* you have a meeting of two friends, one a Derbyshire man, the other a lowland traveller, who is as much alarmed, and uses nearly as many expressions of astonishment, at having to go down a steep hill and ford a brook, as a traveller uses now at crossing the glacier of the Col de Géant. I am not sure whether the difficulties which, until late years, have lain in the way of peaceful and convenient travelling, ought not to have great weight assigned to them among the other causes of the temper of the century; but be that as it may, if you will examine the whole range of its literature—keeping this point in view—I am well persuaded that you will be struck most forcibly by the strange deadness to the higher sources of landscape sublimity which is mingled with the morbid pastoralism. The love of fresh air and green grass forced itself upon the animal natures of men; but that of the sublimer features of scenery had no

place in minds whose chief powers had been repressed by the formalisms of the age. And although in the second-rate writers continually, and in the first-rate ones occasionally, you find an affectation of interest in mountains, clouds, and forests, yet whenever they write from their heart you will find an utter absence of feeling respecting anything beyond gardens and grass. Examine, for instance, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, the comedies of Molière, and the writings of Johnson and Addison, and I do not think you will find a single expression of true delight in sublime nature in any one of them. Perhaps Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, in its total absence of sentiment on any subject but humanity, and its entire want of notice of anything at Geneva which might not as well have been seen at Coxwold, is the most striking instance I could give you; and if you compare with this negation of feeling on one side, the interludes of Molière, in which shepherds and shepherdesses are introduced in court-dress, you will have a very accurate conception of the general spirit of the age.

It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvas of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.—*Lectures on Architecture and Painting.*

ROMANCE.

The real and proper use of the word romantic is simply to characterize an improbable or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity, or virtue. For instance, in matters of history, is not the Retreat of the Ten Thousand romantic? Is not the death of Leonidas? of the Horatii? On the other hand, you find nothing romantic, though much that is monstrous, in the excesses of Tiberius or Commodus. So again, the battle of Agincourt is romantic, and of Bannockburn, simply because there was an extraordinary display of human virtue in both those battles. But there is no romance in the battles of the last Italian campaign, in which mere feebleness and distrust were on one side, mere physical force on the other. And even in fiction, the opponents of virtue, in order to be romantic, must have sublimity mingled with their vice. It is not the knave, not the ruffian, that are romantic, but the giant and the dragon; and these, not because they are false, but because they are majestic. So again as to beauty. You feel that armour is romantic, because it is a beautiful dress, and you are not

used to it. You do not feel there is anything romantic in the paint and shells of a Sandwich Islander, for these are not beautiful.

So, then, observe, this feeling which you are accustomed to despise—this secret and poetical enthusiasm in all your hearts, which, as practical men, you try to restrain—is indeed one of the holiest parts of your being. It is the instinctive delight in, and admiration for, sublimity, beauty, and virtue, unusually manifested. And so far from being a dangerous guide, it is the truest part of your being. It is even truer than your consciences. A man's conscience may be utterly perverted and led astray; but so long as the feelings of romance endure within us, they are unerring,—they are as true to what is right and lovely as the needle to the north; and all that you have to do is to add to the enthusiastic sentiment, the majestic judgment—to mingle prudence and foresight with imagination and admiration, and you have the perfect human soul. But the great evil of these days is that we try to destroy the romantic feeling, instead of bridling and directing it. Mark what Young says of the men of the world—

"They, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend."

And they are right. True friendship is romantic, to the men of the world—true affection is romantic—true religion is romantic.—*Lectures on Architecture and Sculpture.*

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard,
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me.

BEN JONSON (1601).

SAPPHO.

Look on this brow!—the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it, like a wreath of fire;
For passion gave the living breath,
That shook the chords of Sappho's lyre!

Look on this brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
Her genius, glory, and despair.

For, from these lips were utter'd sighs,
That, more than fever, scorch'd the frame;
And tears were rain'd from these bright eyes,
That from the heart, like life-blood, came.

She loved—she felt the lightning-gleam,
That keenest strikes the loftiest mind;
Life quenched in one ecstatic dream,
The world a waste before—behind.

And she had hope, the treacherous hope,
The last, deep poison of the bowl,
That makes us drain it, drop by drop,
Nor lose one misery of soul.

Then all gave way—mind, passion, pride!
She cast one weeping glance above,
And buried in her bed, the tide,
The whole concentrated strife of Love!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave,—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be:
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain:
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,—
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

BY R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. MALAPROP.

LYDIA LANGUISH, her ward, a sentimental girl, too fond of romances.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, his son, who, under the name of BEVERLEY, has won LYDIA's affections.

SCENE: A Room in Mrs. MALAPROP's Lodgings at Bath. LYDIA, Mrs. MALAPROP, and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lyd. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why, sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But



J. GULICH.

"THERE SITS THE DELIBERATE SIMPLETON WHO WANTS TO
DISGRACE HER FAMILY."

suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you.

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am, —all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mal. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but, above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mispell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do: and likewise that she might

VOL. IV.

reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas “Jack, do this;”—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people, as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP, with a letter in her hand,
and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Ab. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss

Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, captain, you'll be seated.—[*They sit.*] Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge in them would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness! [*Aside.*]—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eavesdropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows anything of.

Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree.—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. Oh, the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Ay, here it is.

Abs. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

Abs. [*Reads.*] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!*—Very tender indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Abs. [*Reads.*] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival—*

Mrs. Mal. That's you, sir.

Abs. [*Reads.*] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*—Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. [*Reads.*] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you—Who can he mean by that?*

Mrs. Mal. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—[*Reads.*] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—*

Mrs. Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! let me see—[*Reads.*] *same ridiculous vanity—*

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am.—[*Reads.*] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb!—so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interview.*—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear anything like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors;—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will! Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never was anything better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below; she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling.*] He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, captain, your servant. Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit.*]

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*]

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival; suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*]

Lyd. O Heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush! hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached.

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! [*Aside.*]

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—[*Embracing her.*] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [*Aside.*]

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*]

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.
Mrs. Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

[*Aside.*

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.
Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

[*Aside.*

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is to his face! [*Aside.*

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

[*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. [*Aside.*] Ay, poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—[*Coming forward.*] Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all's safe, I find.—[*Aloud.*] I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Mal. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heavens! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see you again, soon, captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev—

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally;* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE kissing his hand to LYDIA—MRS. MALAPROP stopping her from speaking.

SCENE AS BEFORE.

MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] She little thinks whom she is praising!—[*Aloud.*] So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—

“Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—
 An eye, like March, to threaten at command!—
 A station, like Harry Mercury, new—”

Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*

[*Enter SERVANT.*

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Show them up here.—[*Exit SERVANT.*] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution!—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

[*Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss

Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—[*Aside to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*] Now, Jack, speak to her.

Abs. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do!—[*Aside to SIR ANTHONY.*] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Seems to expostulate with his father.*]

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Turn round, Lydia: I blush for you!

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—[*Aside to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*] Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak!

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has.—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—[*Aside to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*] Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak?

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[*Attempts to speak, then returns to SIR ANTHONY.*] Faith! sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[*CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE makes signs to MRS. MALAPROP to leave them together.*]

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to LYDIA.*] Ah! you stubborn little vixen!

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*] What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

Abs. [*Aside.*] Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Draws near LYDIA, and speaks in a low hoarse tone.*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not—

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow?

Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and—my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[*MRS. MALAPROP seems to chide LYDIA.*]

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. [*Aside.*] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too?—[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil!—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turned by reading.

Mrs. Mal. O my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abs. [*Aside.*] Ye powers of impudence, befriend me!—[*Aloud.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son, and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested

love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! captain, did you write the letters then?—What—am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of an old weather-beaten she-dragon—hey!—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Ab. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past!—so mind, young people—our retrospection will be all to the future.

From the Rivals, a Comedy.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when our welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school or college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven on earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[Thomas Gray, born in Cornhill, London, 26th December, 1716; died 30th July, 1771. Educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1757 he declined the office of poet-laureate, which had become vacant by the death of Cibber. He resided in Cambridge during the greater part of his life, and in 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history in the University there. His most popular poems are the odes *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *To Spring*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and *The Elegy*. Of the latter Beattie wrote:—"It is a poem which is universally understood and admired, not only for its poetical beauties, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for its expressing sentiments in which every man thinks himself interested, and which at certain times are familiar to all men." Byron said: "Gray's elegy pleased instantly and eternally." The MS. of this poem was sold in 1845 for £100.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built
shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,—
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fin'd;

Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw
him borne:—

Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPIGRAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BEGGAR'S MARRIAGE GIFT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. KIND.

Otto von D—, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to reduce the principal debt with which his property had been improvidently burdened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combating its toils. He had left Adelaide, the youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z—, an interesting girl of fourteen; on his return he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He therefore embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments; and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country people in some parts of Germany still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white, with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry, preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering of a cradle and fine baby linen, spun by themselves; the lads presented a handsome plough and harness; the maidens a snow-white lamb; and the children doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in the name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and fiddle

and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented linden-trees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for wear, made his appearance on the dancing place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered from the broken German of the orator (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue), that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccupped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers; no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him." So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway, where they soon perceived a small wax-cloth-covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose woebegone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z—'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out. Thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the Linden-

place he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party: the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced by their solicitations to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, heat length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which was engraved, "*Present de nocés du Gueux.*"

"Jaques!" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets, set in brilliants of the purest water and newest fashion: the words, "*a la belle épouse de mon ami,*" were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded, by his bride and the other guests, to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's

name—is my dearest friend; is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause:

"During my residence in Paris I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of "old Jaques." Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became at length so habitual to me that whenever I approached his station I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me now and then against the dangers of the town; in short, in the course of half-a-year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and I may flatter myself not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small, and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed: but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *soi-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills meanwhile be-

came due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him; his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood. At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expenses. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learned for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of prison in a foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless, till at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. *I would not see him.*

"'One word, sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of the skirt of my coat. 'Leave me, old man,' said I, with forced composure; 'to-day I have given *all* away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should.

"'By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'What is that to thee?' I replied; 'thou canst not help me.'

"'Who knows? only speak, sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'Why, only a paltry thousand louis!' said I, with a shrug.

"'And *is* that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'You, Jaques! Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly.'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firm-

ness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small but extremely clean apartment, plain but neatly furnished; he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'Consider all that you see here as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent suffices for my own and my housekeeper's wants.'

"'Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought from underneath a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my astonishment when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces.

"'Help yourself, sir,' said he, smiling; 'here are about twelve hundred louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash, but I soon can procure more.'

"'Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques, 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and if worthy of such a leader, let this testify: a cross of St. Louis lay on the heap of gold. 'In my twentieth year a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the world destitute and hopeless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which by little and little amounted to a considerable

sum. Out of this I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated till his sixteenth year, when a councillor was pleased with the lad, and took him into his service. This very boy—O François, François, how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of *me*, who at that moment was begging to make him independent. ‘He heeds me not,’ said I, and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. ‘Thou all-powerful Being! give me then another son.’ Scarcely had I uttered the prayer when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat.”

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

“‘You will not be ashamed of me,’ continued Jaques. ‘You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.’

“‘You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. The wonderful intervention of Providence to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say the heavenly look of the good old man; but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

“‘I allowed him to count out one thousand louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. ‘Take,’ said he, ‘as much as you require: and if you die,’ added he, ‘you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. You are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no; and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.’

“‘Yes, father! preserver and father,’ cried I, falling on his bosom. ‘Nature gave me one, and when I lost him Heaven replaced him in you.’

“‘I did not leave Jaques’ cottage till a late hour, when I returned home with a lightened

heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

“‘Early on the following day I paid off every creditor, had another *tête-à-tête* with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me at parting not to think of this till after the end of a year, at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union.”

“‘And he shall be *my* father also,” said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, “Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John von Z—and Jaques the beggar.”

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, “What a fuss about a beggar!”

“‘Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!” cried Otto angrily, and going up to the Frenchman with the determination of making him quit the apartment.

“‘Mon ami, ah, mon fils!” replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing at the same time the bandage from his left eye, “now indeed I am satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate.” He was now in his turn overcome; all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses, and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day of his life.

“‘Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you,” added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. “There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burden to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent, and all I request is a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end.”

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY.¹

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
 For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light:
 But, oh! she dances such a way!
 No sun upon the Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone);
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 (The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin—
 Some bee had stung it newly.
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

THE HOROLOGE.

Once, by the dusk light of an ancient hall,
 I saw a Horologe. Its minutes fell
 Upon the roused ear, with a drowsy knell,
 That he who pass'd attended to the call.
 I look'd: and lo! five Antics over all.
 One moved, and four were motionless. The one
 Wasscyth'd and bald-head Time; and hemow'd on,
 Sweep after sweep—and each a minute's fall.
 —The four were kings. Sceptres they bore and
 globes
 And ermined crowns. Before that old man dim
 They stood, but not in joy. At sight of Time,
 They had stiffen'd into statues in their robes;
 Fear-petrified. Let no man envy him
 Who smiles at that grave Homily sublime!

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

¹ From *A Ballad upon a Wedding*.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Daffydowndilly was so called, because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labour of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch-rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behind-hand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor

Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighbouring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a labourer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little further when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clap-boards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand all in a fright,

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he.

"There he is again."

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger, and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed

to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly: "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little further, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward, march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulettes on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch-rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he is a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly,

"but if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road-side where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little further," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the corn-fields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlour; if they peeped into the kitchen he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had laid down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"O, take me back—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be
fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands
again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the
tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning now to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's nought now frae ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalty
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The great now are gane a' who ventured to save—
The green grass is growing aboon their bloody grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,—
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LEARNED WOMEN.

Once on a time, a nightingale
To changes prone;
Unconstant, fickle, whimsical
(A female one),
Who sung like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught linnet's airs,
Had other matters in her mind,
To imitate him she prepares.

Her fancy straight was on the wing:
"I fly," quoth she,
"As well as he;
I don't know why
I should not try
As well as he to sing."

From that day forth she changed her note,
She spoiled her voice, she strained her throat:
She did, as learned women do,
Till earthly things
That heard her sing,
Would run away from her—as I from you.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

MARIA, NUN OF SANTA CLARA.

Reader, if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go, for my sake, to the nunnery of Santa Clara. It is at the western end of Funchal, and you may buy there the prettiest flowers for your sweetheart's hair, and the most ingenious toys in wax that are in the world. The nuns sell them very cheap, and all they get from you goes in real charity to themselves or their pensioners. Perhaps, also, you may see poor Maria, if she is not dead; if she comes, speak to her very kindly, and give my love to her; but you do not know me, or poor Maria either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, and were labouring under some embarrassment, from the unfavourable termination of an important lawsuit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth I know not, but Maria was disliked by her father and mother from the first years of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her, in obedience to their parents; and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Funchal and the neighbourhood loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age; which the little maiden laughed at, and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad, the more was she persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no chance of a fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions to two of his daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child Maria. At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this nunnery; at nineteen she took the veil, and renounced the world for ever. At this time she was the most beautiful girl in the island; and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a fair complexion, with a brilliant colour, blue eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this the constitutional government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to order the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the church and some to see the nuns. Amongst others, a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and fell in love with Maria: he was a handsome youth, of a good family, and

Maria returned his love with an earnestness which perhaps had as much a desire of liberty as female passion in it. A nun is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding-day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physicians enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was fatally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, his faithful majesty had dissolved his parliament, and fearful lest Heaven should lose one more of its daughters, had revoked the law of the Cortes, and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria rose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary; her lengthening ringlets were again mercilessly shorn; the mob cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown, were laid before her; and some old Egyptians, who could not better themselves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world.

On the 5th January, a few hours before we sailed from Madeira, I walked with a handsome and very agreeable Englishwoman to visit Santa Clara. I was very anxious to see Maria, whose story I knew. After a little hesitation on the part of two or three venerable ladies, who first presented themselves at the great door of the house, Maria was summoned. She came to us with a smiling countenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly. Her colour was gone, but she was still beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of her neck, and the nobleness of her forehead, were visible under the disadvantages of a dress as ungraceful as was ever invented for the purpose of mortifying female vanity. She spoke her language with that pretty lisp which, I believe, the critics of Lisbon pronounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the natives of Madeira, but also with a correctness and an energy that indicated a powerful and ingenuous mind. I took half of a large bunch of violets which I had in my hand, and gave them to my friend to present to her. Flowers are a dialect of the Portuguese which is soon learned. She took them, curtsied very low, opened the folds of a muslin neckerchief, and dropped them loose on her snowy bosom.

The vesper-bell sounded, the door was closed between the nun and the world, but she beckoned us to go into their church. We did so; it is one of the finest in the island, and very curiously lined with a sort of porcelain; attached to its western end is the chapel of the nuns, and a double iron grating to enable them

to hear and participate in the service of the mass. Maria came with some flowers in her hand, which she had been gathering in the garden. She took four of them from the rest, and gave them to me through the bars. "How old are you?" "Twenty-one." "And your name is—" "Maria." "And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in bygone days." I leaned as close as I could, and spoke a few words in a low tone, which she did not seem to understand. "She does not understand," said I. "Yes, yes, I understand well; speak." "Are you happy, lady?" The abbess, who was engaged with my companion, turned her head, and Maria answered with an air of gaiety, "O yes, very happy." I shook my head as in doubt. A minute elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring on her little finger, and then, pressing my hand closely, said, in an accent I still hear, "No, no; I have the heart-ache."

The service began; the old nuns croaked like frogs, and the young ones paced up and down, and round about, in strange and fanciful figures, chanting as sweetly as caged canary-birds. I gazed at them for a long time with feelings that cannot be told, and when it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and made her a slight but earnest bow. She dropped a curtsey, which seemed a genuflection to her neighbour, raised a violet behind her service-book to her mouth, held it, looked at it, and kissed it in token of an eternal farewell.

THE NUN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,

Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!"

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!"

"As torrents in summer,
Half-dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it,
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!"

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The life of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!"

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!"

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

THE OPIUM-EATER.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.¹

The late Duke of — used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by-the-by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici*² of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value,

¹See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 49.

²I have not the book at this moment to consult, but I think the passage begins—"And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion, &c."

inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct, out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them! Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c., of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus, in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This

pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was, and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathizing with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And, taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion

upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terre incognitæ*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus, I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them.—I was, indeed, like

a person, who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

OPIUM DREAMS.

I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity

to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrots, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Sreeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was com-

pelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open the

garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited, but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement),

had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrysings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content.

And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develope not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love to pore over old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic paradises—studded with pretty temples, holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry drudges, of their wives. You may read the women's for-

tune in their tea-cups. In nine cases of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is pencilling the mortal arches and curving the crossbows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent; but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Gray-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthen-ware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

THE FAINT-HEARTED LOVER.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1638).

REVERSES.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current; and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of “Judy O’Flannigan;”—the whistling of the wind and the pattering of the rain only served to enhance, in my estimation, the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate if they will, in good published sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady’s countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless

be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him,—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish “my unbounded, free condition.” Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel’s happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by-the-by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pampadour-coloured ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—“There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she’s detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blessed in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don’t believe there’s anything in the world he would not do for me. I’m sure there’s no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except perhaps his old uncle Simon, and his black mare.”

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug as it digested—“And you too, my old Neptune, aren’t you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?”

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

“Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too.”

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand and then to the left.

“And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?”

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

“That dog’s a philosopher,” I said. “He never says a word more than is necessary. Then, again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old lumbering house of my father’s, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down on the very day the bargain was concluded. By-the-by, though, I had forgot: I may as well write to Messrs. Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts’s,—mighty honest people and all that; but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It’s a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people’s hands—in anybody’s hands—and I’ll write about it at once.”

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax and Drayton to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutts’s; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling “past twelve o’clock,” beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned in procession from St. James’s; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity

of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bedside, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax and Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000 and £500 of his partner's.

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposited.

"Oh, Mr. Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say? The house of Drax and Drayton! Such a long-established, such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appro-

priated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir—sir—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event. But, Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation——"

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me! Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St. Ann's, Soho:—of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Nonsense! Don't stop me! I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed! So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! a complete failure! Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure. And so now the attorney-man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you for life by his successful speculations in hops."

The Pat of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immediately as a "professed Exclusive" ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun;—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible unless they contain a pun. Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them. "It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself; and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron, to answer the summons.

"Is Mr. Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr. Fraser at home? No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone to?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way? No, sir, the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him? Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go? Why, in a postchay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking! Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master come home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square!—what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what happened; says he, 'My master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his

money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr. Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'"

"Merciful God! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone!—my friend has deserted me!—but Maria, thou, dearest, still remainst to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited; but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. "Had the post-boy gone by?" "Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental;—but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth; I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonish-

ment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend—my love—with my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!" I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, "Perhaps I may want them."

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I at length found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. "Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell," said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry; "it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward." But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded in angry silence to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the

inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. "Fool!—idiot that I was to trust them! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk, impoverished, despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost—and, in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master than

he sprang forward to my rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once rescued there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to imagine that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit Street.

On arriving at my apartments the first object that presented itself to my eye was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet before I was near enough to distinguish the handwriting. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read—

“Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are

established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's—which, by-the-by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter, and therefore a *happier* home than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

“MARIA.”

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, Heavens! how much was I to blame! How severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly-approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, “Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses too, or we should never have beat him.”

“What do you mean? Beat whom?”

“The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?”

“No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*.”

“Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life.”

“And—and—the money?”

“Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe.”

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, "By-and-by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true, the friends all faithful, and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake."

"I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at."

"You will presently," I replied; and in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

Blackwood's Mag.

SONG.

FROM THE SLAVONIAN.

O, if mine own beloved one
Would visit me, his maid, at even,
'Twould be as bright as if the sun
And moon were both at once in heaven.

But not so sweet, and not so soon,
Comes joy to me; for tell me whether
You ever saw the sun and moon
Bright shining in the heavens together?

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

Thou and the earth, twin sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashioned in one day;
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy lovely ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow
Each year; but thee no husband dares to tame;
Thy wild will is thine own—
Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise,
While the round vault above
In vast and silent love
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting the weary minutes all alone;
Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie
Deep blue, ere yet the sun
His day work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over a hundred hills: quaint shadows flee
Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie
Storn mists of infant cloud,
With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the gray blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast;
Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
Cloaked figures, dim and gray
Through the thick mist of spray,
Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

—Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim;
He tells old tales again—
He wearies of long pain,—
Thou art as at the first—thou journey'dst not with him.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY A. B. PICKEN.

The parents of my grandfather were stout Hanoverians. Their professions of loyalty and Protestantism were not merely lip-deep matters. They were loyal and Protestant to the backbone—to the core of the heart—to—wherever else the recess is where integrity (or rather falsehood) is supposed to lurk. They drank the health of King George and the Protestant ascendancy in endless bumpers of stern March beer; they propagated their principles among their friends; they whipped them into their children; they taught them to their servants. Little tottering urchins, a foot high, who were learning their "duty to their neighbour," learned, at the same time, to hate a Jacobite with all their heart and with all their strength. Their first lesson, when they got into three syllables, was to cry, "Destruction to the house of Stuart!" In other respects their education was not conducted on a strict plan. In regard to my grandfather, who was in his later years (I am so sorry to say) an occasional swearer—he always traced his infirmity to his having been encouraged at three years old to bawl forth, "Curse the Pretender!" He derived this small accomplishment from the stable-boy, and it was considered dangerous to attempt to extinguish it by reproof. "We may pull up the flower and the weed together," said his father;—so my grandfather remained a swearer.

In the year 1746 his parents dwelt, and had dwelt for some years, at the small town of Calne, in Wiltshire. At that day politics ran high, and in Calne they ran higher than in other places. The tailor, the butcher, the baker, were afflicted with the epidemic. The less people had to do with the matter, the more furious they became. A leash of tailors and a brace of bakers (stitched and kneaded up together, and called "The Club,") determined to settle the question in favour of the house of Hanover. A bunch of gardeners opposed them on the Stuart side. Each man was for "the right," and for that reason they all neglected their business, and in twelve months were supported at the expense of the parish. This they called suffering for their country. They suffered on both sides for their country, which was odd enough. Yet their country never knew it till this moment, when I (unwillingly) proclaim its ingratitude. However, there were some more efficient adherents to the houses of

Stuart and Hanover, as will be supposed. Among these was a Mr. Campbell, a Scotsman by birth, a lawyer by education (he had retired from the bar on a small fortune), and as completely cased in Jacobitism as the King of Denmark was in steel, namely, "from top to toe."

It is a little singular that this gentleman should have become the intimate friend of a loyal Protestant, but so it was. Matters of opinion, to be sure, interfered occasionally with this intimacy, and political jars sometimes even threatened to shake the foundations of their friendship; but, on the whole, they went on pretty smoothly, and had a most sincere respect for each other.

As Mr. Stephen Bethel, the Hanoverian, had a son (my grandfather), who was heir of his acres; so Mr. Campbell, the Jacobite, had a daughter, as fair as Eve, and the sole stay and solace of his home. What was to be expected in such a case? My grandfather fell over head and ears in love. He was at the mature age of sixteen; so he declared himself, and was—refused! If the river Marden had been deep enough, the line of Bethel had perhaps been extinct. Fortunately, it is only a little rippling stream, and being (thereabouts) not more than four feet deep, was insufficient for the purposes of the most desperate of lovers. My grandfather probably felt this; for, after a week's deliberation, he postponed his intended suicide to an indefinite period, or, as the parliamentary reporters say, "*sine die*." In the interim he set seriously to study, and after two years of unflinching reading, he was sent abroad to travel, and remained in foreign countries two years more. Some time after his departure, Mr. Campbell was also called suddenly to Scotland upon some private business, relating, as he intimated, to a small patrimony which he possessed in that country.

It was about this time (viz. in 1745) that the Chevalier, Charles Edward, made his unsuccessful attempt upon the crown of England. I am not about to fatigue you with the particulars of this expedition; they are known to every one now, since the publication of the memoirs of Mr. Fergus Mac Ivor, and the celebrated Baron of Bradwardine. I must tell you, however, that among the adherents of the house of Hanover, there was not one so indignant at this invasion of the country as the father of Mr. Walter Bethel. He strapped his sword (a huge Toledo) round his loins; furnished up a horrible, wide-mouthed blunderbuss; stuck a brace of huge brass-mounted

pistols in his belt, and swore frightfully, both by St. George and the Dragon, that he would cut off the ears of the first rebel who dared to violate the sanctity of the county of Wilts. Had he lived farther northward, there must have been bloody noses between Mr. Stephen Bethel and the Jacobites. As it was, his anger exhausted itself in words; a fortunate event for the heroes in philibegs and tartans, and not altogether unlucky, perhaps, for my great-grandfather.

During the absence of Campbell his daughter lived in the house of Mr. Bethel. My grandfather being at that time absent on his travels, there was no objection to this arrangement on her part; and the young lady being a Protestant (the religion of her deceased mother), Mr. Bethel felt no apprehension that his sober family could be tainted by the scarlet principles of the woman of Babylon.

When Mary Campbell rejected the hand of my grandfather, he was, as I have said, some sixteen years of age, and she herself being as old within six months, looked down, naturally enough, upon the pretensions of so young a lover. Two years, however, spent in studying books at home (during which time he forbore to see her), and more than two years devoted to the study of man abroad, converted Mr. Walter Bethel into a promising cavalier, and made wonderful alterations in the opinions of the lady. At the time of my grandfather's return, Mary Campbell was a resident in his father's house; and when the old gentleman, after embracing his son, led him up to his fair guest, with "You remember my son Walter, my dear Miss Campbell?" Miss Campbell was ready to sink with confusion. A little time, however, sufficed for her recovery, and she received my grandfather's courtesies as gracefully as anybody could be expected to do who had "never seen the Louvre." Walter Bethel felt this. He saw a distinction—a shade, indeed, between his former favourite and the pretty Madame la Comtesse de Frontac and la belle Marquise de Vaudrecour; but, on the whole, he was well satisfied, and, it must be added, not a little surprised also. For time, which had been so busy in lavishing accomplishments on the head of Mr. Walter Bethel, having had a little time to spare from that agreeable occupation, had employed it very advantageously in improving the mind and person of Mary Campbell. Perhaps this might be for the purpose of once more entrapping her lover's heart. Perhaps—but it is not easy to speak as to this. The result of her improvement, however, was very speedily seen. My

grandfather fell over head and ears again in love, and *this* time he was destined to be a conqueror.

He had not been four-and-twenty hours at home before his "Miss Campbell" expanded into "My dear Miss Campbell." This, in a week, dwindled into "Mary," which in its turn blossomed out into half-a-dozen little tender titles (such as are to be found in any page of Cupid's calendar), with very expressive epithets appended to them. I have heard him tell the story of his offering his hand and heart to my grandmother, while the good old lady sat with smiling, shining eyes at his side, listening to his rhapsodies, as pleased, I verily believe, as she could have been when the offer was actually made to her forty or fifty years before.

My grandfather had been returned about three months from his travels, and was absolutely basking in the sunshine of Mary's eyes, when Campbell, who had been long absent, returned suddenly and unexpectedly from Scotland. He had formerly been a tall, ruddy, athletic man; but he came back worn to the bone, pale, attenuated, and drooping. He had never given up the idea that one day or other the house of Stuart would be restored to what he called "its rights;" and when the invasion of the Pretender, which had excited such mad expectations, ended in the utter discomfiture of himself and his adherents, Campbell could scarcely bear up against his disappointment. It was asserted, and not contradicted, that his journey to Scotland had been a mere pretext; that he had been actually in the thick of the fights of Falkirk and Preston, and had been forced to flee for his life, and to hide in caves, and brakes, and desert places, from the insatiable fury of the English troopers.

He escaped at last, however, and arrived at Calne; not free from molestation, indeed, for within four-and-twenty hours of his return, news also arrived of the approach of a detachment, sent, as it was said, to scour the country of rebels, and charged with particular instructions to seize upon our unhappy Jacobite.

"Well, Walter, my boy," said Mr. Stephen Bethel, "what *is* to be done?"

"I think," replied Walter, "we had better send him off to my aunt's, at Hilmarton. If he were well covered with one of your wigs, sir—"

"Eh? what? zounds!" exclaimed the other. "do you think *I'll* be accessory—do you think that I, a *Bethel*! will help to conceal one of King George's rascally enemies? Do you think

——?" Mr. Stephen Bethel was lashing himself up with words as the lion does with his tail; and there was no knowing how long he would have gone on with his "do you think?" or, in fact, whether he ever would have stopped, had not my grandfather very naturally, and at the same time a little ingeniously, exclaimed, "Poor Mary! what will she not suffer?"

Mr. Stephen Bethel was calm in a moment. We have heard how a cannon-ball will suddenly put an end to the most violent discussion; how the ducking-stool will at once quell the else untamable tongue of the scold; but "Poor Mary!"—it was oil upon the ocean of his wrath. He was conquered and quiet in an instant.

"To be sure," said he, faltering, "poor Mary!—poor girl!" added he, "'tis a pity that such a creature should suffer for the errors of her father. As to *him*—a foolish, obstinate, headstrong Jacobite! But King George is at his heels—King George or King George's men; and now we shall hear whether he'll sing *The Cammels are coming*; or cry, *King James and Proud Preston* again!"

And so the old gentleman veered about from pity to wrath, from loyalty to friendship, and back again. Friendship, however, got the better at last, and he set about helping Campbell in good earnest. Walter was allowed to convey to Campbell an intimation of his danger; not that the father desired this in so many words, but as he did not absolutely prohibit it, his son interpreted his silence to his own purposes, and proceeded to the house of the unlucky Jacobite.

The first object that struck his sight on entering Campbell's house was Mary herself, evidently in deep distress. "My dearest Mary!" said he, putting his arm gently round her waist.

"Oh, Walter!" replied she, sobbing—"my father! my poor father! That unfortunate expedition of the prince——"

"Of the Pretender?" said Walter inquiringly.

"Do not carp at words," replied she; "what matter whether he be prince or pretender, now that the soldiers are coming for my dear father? Oh! he will be taken! he will be taken!" continued she, weeping and wringing her hands.

"I came to save him," said Walter. "Be comforted. Where is he? Is he within?"

"He is gone," answered she. "He received the news from a friend, and had just time to escape."

"Tell me where?" said my grandfather hastily.

"I cannot—I must not!" said she. "He charged me to keep his secret, and I must do so—even from you."

"He will be found," replied Walter in distress. "He will be hunted by these rascals, and found. Let him trust himself to me. I know a place where he may hide for a time, and our well-known principles will assure his final safety. If the storm be once blown over, my father and uncle shall exert their interest with the duke, and all will be well. So take heart, my dearest, and tell me, without more ado, where your father is. Tell me, as you value his life."

And she told; and she did well to tell; for, besides that Campbell's hiding-place was speedily searched, and that nothing short of the character of the Bethels would have been sufficient to ward off the strict inquiries that were elsewhere made, it was well that the honesty of love should not be rewarded with distrust. Mary Campbell confided in her lover—not only her heart, but her father's life; and well was the confidence repaid.

I must now give up the task of historian, and let my grandfather tell you the rest of the story himself. It was one of his thousand and one anecdotes, and it was in these words that he was accustomed to tell it:—

"The day," he used to begin, "on which the soldiers came on their man-hunt to Calne was memorable for many a year. Both men and the elements seemed quarrelling with each other. The scornful loyalist, the desperate Jacobite, stood front to front, in flaming open defiance. The thunder muttered, the wind went raving about, and the rains, which had been falling heavily all night and glittering in the lightning, now came tumbling down in cataracts and sheets of water. The little runnels had grown into brooks; the brooks were formidable rivers. The Marden itself, usually so unimportant, had swollen and panted long in its narrow bounds, till at last it burst over its banks, and went flooding the country round. Notwithstanding all this, the hunters prepared to pursue their prey.

"It is a fearful thing to chase even a beast that flies for its life, but to hunt the great animal, man, must surely thrill and strike an alarm into the heart of his pursuer. What!—he whom we have smiled upon, whose hand we have clutched, whose cheer we have enjoyed! Shall we—if he do a desperate deed which some law forbid—strip our hearts at once of all sympathy, and track him from spot to spot,

through woods, and lanes, and hollows, and lonely places, till he fall into the toil? and then go home and be content with the abstract principle of justice, and forget that we have lost a friend for ever!

"I had got the start of the red-coats by almost a quarter of an hour; but I found that I had to encounter impediments that I had not foreseen. I had set off with scarcely any determined idea but that of saving Campbell at all events. I took the ordinary road to the brake, where I knew that he lay concealed; striding onwards at my best pace, sometimes running, sometimes toiling up slippery ascents, sometimes plunging along the plashy meadows, till my breath grew short and painful from excess of exertion. I still kept on my course, however, and had contrived to attain a lofty ridge of land, not very distant from the place of refuge, when all at once my eyes fell upon a broad waste of water, a vast turbid stream running at random over the country, and above which nothing appeared but an occasional tree, and the long narrow slip of wood and copse which crowned the elevated land, and in which, as I concluded, my friend was hid.

"If ever I felt real despair it was at that moment. I stopped for an instant (a dreadful instant) to think—I could not be said strictly to deliberate. I thought quickly, intensely, with a pain piercing the very centre of my heart. In three or four seconds of time I had, with the rapidity which fear produced, considered half-a-dozen methods of passing the water. At last I recollected a sheep-path, traversing a narrow neck of high land, on the opposite of the inundation, which, although apparently quite covered by the floods, might nevertheless still enable me to reach the wood; but to arrive at this path it was necessary to retrace three parts of the space which I had already travelled. I turned my steps backward instantly, and with great efforts arrived at the bridge, on the skirts of the town, just in time to hear the roll of the drum hard by, which called the soldiers to duty. I fancied that I could almost hear the click of their firelocks as they examined them, previously to their setting out in pursuit of Campbell. 'Twas then I forgot everything. My legs were no longer cramped; my breath, pent up and labouring in my breast, seemed suddenly relieved, and I ran forwards with increased speed for almost a mile, when the footsteps of a person, about the size of Campbell, which had made deep impressions on a piece of soft soil, arrested my attention. I saw from the direction that this person must have

left the highroad at that spot, and taken to the fields. I erased the marks as well as I could. Thrusting the spike of my leaping-pole into the gravel of the road, I cleared the hedge at a bound, without leaving a single trace of my course, and took my way across the fields in pursuit of Campbell.

"For some time no steps were discernible, for my route lay over grass on which the rain was still incessantly falling. At last indications of a footmark encouraged me, and I continued to track it, sometimes readily, sometimes with difficulty, for it frequently disappeared, until it led me to the very edge of the flood. The man, whoever he was, must have plunged right through the waters. Perhaps he had been carried away. But there was no time for guessing; so feeling my way with my pole, I took to the water myself. To my surprise it was shallow enough for awhile, scarcely reaching above my knees. I got on, therefore, readily enough till I had arrived within a few yards of the wood, the object of my labours, when the land suddenly dipped, and I found myself in upwards of four feet water. A few more steps would, I knew, place me on dry ground: so I strained onwards across the current, which now ran with considerable force, and after a struggle or two reached the skirts of the wood in safety.

"I had just caught hold of some long grass to secure my footing, when my attention was arrested by a noise at some distance. I threw myself on the bank for a single minute's rest, and heard distinctly the withered leaves and brambles crackling under a heavy tread, and the hoarse thick breathing of some creature apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. The horrid guttural sounds which it gave out in its pain (I heard them at the distance of a hundred yards) ring in my ears to this moment. I remembered to have heard that in Indian or African hunts the enormous beasts which they pursue will sometimes thus breathe out their distress before they stand at bay and die. But no such creature could be here—so I determined to follow. After a few steps I called out, 'Who goes?' All was still in an instant.

"My way now lay across the middle of the wood to the dingle, where I hoped to find my friend. In my course I had to pass by a deep hollow, which was usually filled with water, and which was the haunt of the water-rat, the lizard, and the frog, who kept their court among the flags and rushes there. I had reached this place, and was passing on, when a slight noise induced me to turn my head. The sound was like the cocking of a pistol; so

I made haste to proclaim myself. 'It is I—'tis Walter Bethel!' called I out lustily. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when uprose, from amidst the rushes and the green stagnant water, a phantom more hideous than Triton or Nereus in his most terrible mood. Covered to the chin with the green mantle of the pool, his clothes soaked and saturated with water, arose—with a cocked pistol in each hand, and a mouth wide open and gasping for breath—my father-in-law, Campbell! He stared like a man bewildered.

"Well?" said he at last: 'twas all he could say.

"I am come to save you," replied I; 'the soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Come along with me.'

"No," replied the other: 'I'll go no farther. I can go no farther. I may as well die here.'

"By Heaven!" said I, 'you shall *not* die. Rebel or not, you are Mary Campbell's father, and while I have a sinew left, you shall not be taken.'

"With that I took him upon my back (for I was a lusty fellow then), and carried him—I know not how, but by several efforts I believe—to the extreme side of the wood. I was just congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly I heard the measured tramp of soldiers coming along a lane which wound round the skirts of the copse. I had mistaken the way. I stopped immediately, and heard the word 'Halt!' uttered in a tone that struck to my heart.

"They are upon us," whispered Campbell, 'and the only thing is to die boldly! Go, therefore, my dear Walter; and may God bless you! Tell poor Mary—,' but here his voice faltered, and he could only sigh out deeply, 'God bless my dear child!'

"There was no time for talking, as you will imagine. I therefore motioned him to silence, and drew him, with the least possible noise, away from the point of danger. He was now able to walk slowly; and that was fortunately sufficient, for the soldiers had stopped to deliberate. We kept on at a steady quiet pace along a sharp angle of the wood, which terminated at a point near the Bath road. Behind us, the voices of the soldiers were occasionally heard; and once the report of a musket-shot a little disturbed our tranquillity. We succeeded, however, in attaining the extreme point of the wood, and were just about to emerge into the road, when a heavy plunge was heard near us, like that of a person jumping from an eminence, and the whistle of a pistol-bullet through the

leaves, which quickly followed, reduced us to instant silence. Without uttering a syllable I pulled Campbell down beside me, amongst the fern and rank grass that grew all about, and there lay for two or three dreadful minutes, till our enemy had passed onwards. I had flung Campbell so completely prostrate that, he averred, he was obliged to make no inconsiderable meal of fern and dock leaves before he could breathe with comfort. However this was, we soon rose up, as soon as prudently we could do so—contrived to drop a fragment of Campbell's dress on the Chippenham road, and after seeing our pursuers take the bait and proceed southwards, we turned our backs upon danger and the detachment, and reached Hilmarion in safety."

To take up the conclusion of the tale, the latter part of which has been told in the words of Walter Bethel.

Campbell was saved. A little time sufficed, as my grandfather had predicted, to put an end to the hanging of the Jacobites. General Bethel, a firm and loyal friend of the existing government, was won over, after some entreaty, to petition for the pardon of Campbell; for he was one who had been excepted out of the list of those forgiven.

"He is a flaming, furious Jacobite," said General Bethel to his favourite, Walter, in reply to his request; "a troublesome fellow is he, Walter, and deserves to suffer."

"He is Mary's father, my dear uncle," said my grandfather, insinuatingly.

"You are a fool, Walter," replied the general tartly. "At *your* age you ought to be marching at the head of a file of grenadiers, instead of toying and making love, and—Pshaw! I am ashamed of you."

"But, my dear uncle—," Walter was proceeding in extenuation.

"Why don't you come up to town, sir?" inquired the general, with some sternness; "I have no doubt but that I can get you a commission in a couple of months, and a company—before you deserve one."

"My dear general," said his nephew once more, calmly, "I thank you for the interest that you take in me; but *my* ambition is for the toga—the gown! I am for civil, while you are for military fame. In the former, perhaps, I may become the first of my house; but in the latter I must for ever remain eclipsed by *your* greater reputation."

"You are a goose, Walter," replied his uncle, laughing, and pinched his ear;—and Walter laughed merrily too, for by that compliment Campbell obtained his pardon.

KILMENY.

[James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," born in Ettrick Forest, 25th January, 1773 (the date given in his autobiography); died at Altrive, on the Yarrow, 21st November, 1835. He was the son of a shepherd, and his early years were spent in farm-service. Some of his songs having attracted the attention of Scott and others, he was encouraged to study and to write. His first important publication was *The Mountain Bard*, and about the same time he issued *An Essay on Sheep*. The profits derived from the two works enabled him to rent a farm; but he did not thrive in it, and he resigned his lease. He now determined to support himself entirely by his pen, and he started a weekly journal called *The Spy*; but it did not succeed. Soon afterwards he published *The Queen's Wake*, a legendary poem, which made and maintains his fame as a poet. By the kindness of the Buccleugh family, he was granted a farm at a nominal rent; but he was again unfortunate in his agricultural speculations. His nature was too enthusiastic and too generous to be guided by prudence, and although favoured by many circumstances, and always working hard, he ended his days almost as poor in worldly wealth as when he began, but rich in the affection of all who knew him. Twenty years after his death, government granted a pension to his widow. Blackie & Son publish a complete edition of his works, of which—besides those mentioned above—the most notable are: *Pilgrims of the Sun*; *The Hunting of Badlewe*; *The Poetic Mirror*—imitations of the most popular bards then living; *The Jacobite Relics of Scotland*—many of the songs in this collection are original; *Miscellaneous Poems*; *The Brownie of Bodbeek*, and other Tales; *The Three Perils of Man*; *The Three Perils of Woman*; *The Shepherd's Calendar*; &c. &c. Professor Wilson in the *Noctes*, with which Hogg is intimately identified as "The Shepherd," said: "The *Queen's Wake* is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. . . . Some of the ballads are very beautiful; one or two even splendid; most of them spirited. . . . 'Kilmeny' alone places our (*ay, our*) Shepherd among the Undying Ones." Lord Jeffrey felt justified by "Kilmeny" in assuring the author that he was "a poet in the highest acceptance of the name."]

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yortin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be,
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame!

When many lang day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung:

Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?—
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kenn'd not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure and clondless beam;
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a walk,
And in that walk there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maikie,
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kenn'd nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She woke on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang hae I ranged the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.

Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Where'er blooms feminitee;
And sunless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I name.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snow.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie:
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kiss'd her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:—
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many lang year through the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By illy bower, and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time maun come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!"

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep these holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitee!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air
The mind that kythes as the body fair!"

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,
O tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emergent fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;

And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:—
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sneaks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have fled away;
When the sinner has gaen to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
A moment seen, in a moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard;
And note the changes the spirits wrought,
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light:
And radiant beings went and came
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had lakes and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles.
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,

Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky, and the clondlet gray;
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,
On every shore they seemed to be hung:
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times, and a thousand again;
In winding lake, and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;—
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk;
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover-leaf,
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at Heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people, fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows wailed, and the red blood ran,
And she threatened an end to the race of man:

She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;—
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her ain countrie,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame.
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raikie the lauley glen,
And keep afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung

In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
 O, then the glen was all in motion!
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bounds and fluids the tame,
 And gazed around, charmed and amazed;
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
 And murmured and looked with anxious pain
 For something the mystery to explain.
 The buzzard came with the thistle-cock;
 The corby left her holt in the rock;
 The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;
 The bird came tripping o'er the dew;
 The wolf and the kid their raikes began,
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:—
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
 There laid her down on the leaves sue green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
 Were words of wonder and words of truth!
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the land of thought again.

FRANK KENNEDY.

[William Hamilton Maxwell, born in Ireland, 1794; died 1850. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin; accompanied the army in the Peninsula, and afterwards became rector of Ballagh in Connaught. His chief works are: *Stories of Waterloo*—from which we quote the following sketch—*Wild Sports of the West*; *Captain Blake*; *The Dark Lady of Doona*; *The Biscuac*, or *Stories of the Peninsular War*; *Life of the Duke of Wellington*; *Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune*; *Hector O'Halloran*; *Bryan O'Lynn*, &c. A critic in the *Dublin University Magazine* says: "He it was who first suggested what may be called the military novel. His *Stories of Waterloo* opened that path which subsequently he treaded with such success, while a host of imitators have followed in his rear."]]

My father left the carabineers some years before the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight. Like greater warriors, the crop of laurels he collected in that celebrated corps was but a short one. It is true he had seen service: his sword, like Butler's knight's, of "passing worth," had been unsheathed in executing "warrants and exigents;" and more than once he had stormed a private distillery, under the leading of a desperate gauger.

He was, however, a stout slashing-looking

fellow, and found favour in my mother's sight. She had reached the wrong side of thirty; consequently she made but a short resistance, and bestowed her hand and fortune on the bold dragoon. My mother was an heiress, but the estate of Killnacoppal owed "a trifle of money;" now a *trifle* in Connaught is sometimes a sweeping sum; and you cannot safely calculate on rents in Connemara being paid exactly to the day.

I never exhibited precocity of intellect; but before I was sixteen I discovered that our establishment occasionally suffered from a scarcity of specie. At these times my father was sure to be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, and never left the house; and I suppose, for fear of disturbing him, the hall door was but seldom opened, and then only to a particular friend; while an ill-favoured tradesman or suspicious-looking stranger received their commands in the briefest manner from an upper window.

What was to be done with me had cruelly puzzled both my parents: and whether I should ornament the church, or benefit the revenue, was for a long time under consideration. The law, however, held out more promising prospects than either; and it was decided that I should be bound to an attorney.

Duncan Davidson of Dorset Street, Dublin, was married to my father's sister. He was of Scotch descent, and like that "thinking people" from whom he sprung, he held "a hard grip of the main chance." Duncan was wealthy and childless, and if he could be induced to bring me up at his feet, God knows what might be the consequence. My father accordingly made the application, and the gracious Duncan consented to receive me for a time *on trial*.

What a bustle there was in Killnacoppal when my uncle's letter arrived! due preparations were made for my departure; and as the term of my absence was computed at seven years, I had to take a formal and affectionate leave of my relatives to the fifteenth degree of consanguinity. My aunt Macan, whose cat's leg I had unfortunately dislocated, and who had not spoken to me since Candlemas, was induced to relent on the occasion, and favoured me with her blessing and a one-pound note, although she had often declared she never could banish the idea from her mind, but that I should travel at the public expense, if my career were not finished in a more summary manner.

I arrived safely in Dublin—and awful were my feelings when first ushered into the presence of my uncle Duncan. He was a short fat man,

in a brown coat and flax-coloured scratch-wig, perched upon a high office stool. Considering his dimensions, I used to marvel much how he managed to get there. Holding out his forefinger, which I dutifully grasped, he told me to be steady and attentive, and that my aunt would be happy to see me upstairs. On leaving the room, I heard him softly remark to the head clerk, that he did not much like my appearance, for that I had "a wild eye in my head."

I was duly put to the desk, and the course of trial was not flattering to me, or satisfactory to my intended master. It was allowed on all hands that my writing was abominable; and my spelling, being untrammelled by rules, was found in many material points to differ from modern orthographers. Nor was I more successful in comparing deeds—my desk and stool were unluckily placed beside a window which looked into a narrow court, and a straw-bonnet maker occupied the opposite apartment. She was pretty, and I was naturally polite—and who with a rosy cheek before him would waste a look upon a tawny skin of parchment? I mentally consigned the *deed* to the devil, and let the copy loose upon the world "with all its imperfections on its head."

The first trial was nearly conclusive—for never before had such a lame and lamentable document issued from the office of the punctilious Duncan. I had there omitted setting forth "one hundred dove-cots," and, for ought I know, left out "one hundred castles," to keep them company. My uncle almost dropped from his perch at the discovery; and Counsellor Roundabout was heard to remark, that a man's life was not safe in the hands of such a delinquent. I was on the point of getting my *congé*, and free permission to return to the place from whence I came; but my aunt—good easy woman, interfered—and Duncan consented to give me a farther trial, and employ me to transport his bag to the courts and his briefs to the lawyer.

Any drudgery for me but the desk. With suitable instructions the bag was confided to me, and for three days it came back safely. On the fourth evening I was returning; the bag was unusually full, and so had been my uncle's admonitions for its security. I had got half-way down Capel Street, when, whom should I see on the other side of the way but Slasher Mac Tighe? The Slasher was five akin to my mother, and allowed to be the greatest buck at the last fair of Ballinasloe—and would he acknowledge me, loaded as I was like a Jew clothesman? What was to be done? I slipped the accursed bag to a ragged boy—promised

him some halfpence for his trouble—prudently assured him that his cargo was invaluable—told him to wait for me at the corner, and next moment was across the street, with a fast hold of the Slasher's right hand.

The Slasher—peace to his ashes! for he was shot *stone dead* in the Phoenix Park—we never well understood the quarrel in Connemara, and it was said there that the poor man himself was not thoroughly informed on the subject—appeared determined to support his justly-acquired reputation at the late fair of Ballinasloe. Not an eye in Capel Street but was turned on him as he swaggered past. His jockey boots—I must begin below—were in the newest style; the top sprang from the ankle-bone, and was met midleg by short tights of tea-coloured leather; three smoothing-iron seals, and a chain that would manacle a deserter dangled from the fob; his vest was of amber kerseymere, gracefully sprinkled with stars and shamrocks; his coat sky-blue, with basket buttons, relieved judiciously with a purple neckcloth, and doeskin gloves; while a conical hat with a leaf full seven inches broad topped all. A feeble imitation of the latter article may still be seen by the curious, in a hatter's window, No. 71 in the Strand, with a label affixed thereto, denominating it "*Neck or Nothing.*"

Lord, how proud I felt when the Slasher tucked me under his arm! We had already taken two turns—the admiration of a crowded thoroughfare, when I looked round for my bag-holder; but he was not visible. I left my kinsman hastily, ran up and down the street, looked round the corners, peered into all the public-houses; but neither bag nor boy was there. I recollected my uncle's name and address were written on it, and the urchin might have mistaken his instructions and carried the bag home. Off I ran, tumbled an apple basket in Bolton Street, and spite of threats and curses, held on my desperate course, until I found myself, breathless, in my uncle's presence.

He sternly reproached me for being dilatory. "What had detained me? Here had been Counsellor Leatherhead's servant waiting this half-hour for his papers;—bring in the bag." I gaped at him, and stuttered that I supposed it had been already here; but it would certainly arrive shortly. Question and answer followed rapidly, and the fatal truth came out—the *bag was lost!*—for the cad, advertised of the value of his charge, had retreated the moment I turned my back; and although, on investigation he must have felt much dis-

appointed at the result of his industry, yet, to do him justice, he lost no time in transferring the papers to the tobaccoist and pocketing the produce of the same.

For some moments Duncan's rage prevented him from speaking. At last he found utterance:—"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "was there ever such a villain? He was ruined:—all the Kilgobbin title-deeds—Lady Splashboard's draft of separation—papers of satisfaction for sixteen mortgages of Sir Phelim O'Boyl!—What was to be done?" I muttered that I supposed I should be obliged to give Sir Phelim satisfaction myself. "O! curse your satisfaction," said my uncle: "these are your Connaught notions, you desperate do-no-good. What an infernal business to let any one from that barbarous country into my house! Never had but two clients in my life on the other side of the Shannon. I divorced a wife for one; and he died insolvent the very day the decree was pronounced, and costs and money advanced went along with him to the devil. The other quarrelled with me for not taking a bad bill for my demand, and giving a large balance over my claim, in ready cash. I threatened law, and he threatened flagellation. I took courage and sent down a writ; and the sheriff returned a *non est inventus*, although he was hunting with him for a fortnight. I ran him to execution and got *nulla bona* on my return. As a last resource I sent a man specially from Dublin: they tossed him in a blanket, and forced him to eat the *original*; and he came back, half dead, with a civil intimation that if I ever crossed the bridge of Athlone, the defendant would drive as many slugs through my body as there were hoops on a wine-pipe!"

I could not help smiling at the simile: the client was a wag; for my uncle in his personal proportions bore a striking resemblance to a quarter-cask.

"But, run every soul of you," he continued, "and try to get some clue by which we may trace the papers." Away clerk and apprentice started; but their researches were unsuccessful; many a delicate cut of cheese was already encased in my Lady Splashboard's separation bill: and the Kilgobbin title-deeds had issued in subdivisions from the snuff shop, and were making a rapid circle of the metropolis.

My aunt's influence was not sufficient to obtain my pardon, and mollify the attorney; and I was despatched, per mail, to that *refugium peccatorum*, as Duncan styled Connemara.

The gentle auditor may anticipate that on my return no fatted calf was killed; nor was there "joy in Aztlan," as the poet-laureate

has it. I re-entered Killnacoppal without beat of drum—and indeed my demeanour on this occasion was so modest, that I had been in undisturbed possession of the front attic for two whole days, before my worthy parents were advertised that I had retired from the study of the law, with no future intention to "stick to the woollack."

To communicate the abrupt termination of my forensic pursuits to my aunt Macan was an affair of nice and delicate management. When acquainted with the unhappy incident which had drawn down the wrath of my uncle Duncan, she particularly inquired "if there had been any money in the lost bag," and requested to see the last "Hue and Cry."

God knows whether I should have been enabled to weather the gale of family displeasure, as my aunt had again resumed the mantle of prophecy, when, luckily for me, the representation of the county of Galway became vacant by the sudden decease of Sir Barnabas Bodkin; the honest gentleman being smothered in a hackney-coach returning *comfortable* from a corporation dinner at Morrison's.

On this distressing event being known, Mr. Denis Darcey of Carrig-a-howley Castle *declared himself*. He was strongly supported by Mr. Richard Martin, the other member; and his address, from the pen of the latter gentleman, was circulated without delay. In it he set forth his family and pretensions: pledged himself to support Catholic emancipation and the repeal of still fines;—humanely recommended his opponent to provide himself with a coffin previous to the opening of the poll;—professed strong attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the church by law established; and promised to use his utmost exertions to purify the penal code, by making accidents in duelling amount to justifiable homicide; and abduction of heiresses and dogs, felony without benefit of clergy.

A person of Denis Darcey's constitutional principles was a man after my father's own heart: the Killnacoppal interest was accordingly given him, and I was despatched at the head of sixscore freeholders, "good men and true," untrammelled with tight shoes or tender consciences, to give our "most sweet voices," in the ancient town of Galway.

But I was not intrusted with this important command without receiving full instructions for my conduct on the occasion. My father, no doubt, would have led the Killnacoppal legion to the hustings in person, had it not happened that the sheriff was on the other side; and, therefore, his public appearance within

the bailiwick of that redoubted personage would have been a dangerous experiment. "Frank," said my father, "don't overdo the thing: poll your men *twice*! and more cannot be expected; but mind the *outwork*, for it's there the *tinints* will shine."

I obeyed him to the letter; and without personal vanity, I ascribe the happy return of my esteemed friend Denis Darcey to the unwearied exertions of the freeholders of Killnacopall. What between pelting the military, smashing the booths, and scattering the tallies, we managed to keep up such confusion, that our adversaries could hardly bring forward a man. If dispersed by a charge of cavalry here, we were rallied in a few minutes in the next street, cracking heads and crashing windows: if routed by the riot act and a row of bayonets, before the sheriff was well round the corner we had a house pulled down to the tune of "Hurrah for Killnacopall!" At last, all human means being found unavailable by our opponents to bring in a freeholder, the booths were closed, and Mr. Denis Darcey declared duly elected.

After such feats, how could it be wondered at that I was

"courted and caressed,
High placed in halls a welcome guest;"

seated within seven of the chairman at the election dinner, drank wine with the new member, toasted by the old one, I mean Dick Martin—and embraced by Blakes, Brownes, and Bodkins in endless variety?—Nor did the reward of "high desert" end here; for in the next gazette I was appointed to a lieutenancy in the South Mayo militia.

With very different feelings I now returned to my paternal mansion—I, who had left the little lawyer in Dorset Street in disgrace, and been happy to effect a sort of felonious re-entry of the premises at Killnacopall—I now came home a conqueror; an hundred blackthorns rattled above my head; an hundred voices yelled "*Kinnidy* for ivir!"—a keg of poteen was broached before the door; a stack of turf was blazing in the village; and all was triumph and exultation. We had brought back, of course, the usual assortment of broken bones, left some half-score damaged skulls to be repaired at the expense of the county, and carried back one gentleman totally defunct, who had been suffocated by tumbling dead drunk into a bog-hole. My fame had travelled before me, and my aunt Macan had taken to her bed not from vanity, but "vexation of spirit."

My leave of absence expired, and I set out to join my regiment. My mother consulted

the Army List, and discovered she had divers relatives in my corps; for there was scarcely a family from Loughrea to Belmullet with whom she was not in some way connected. Some of her relations in the South Mayo she mentioned as being rather remote; but there was Captain Rattigan: his father, Luke Rattigan of Rawnacreeva, married Peter Fogarty's third daughter; and Peter Fogarty and my aunt Macan were cousins-german. No doubt the gallant captain would know and acknowledge the relationship, and take that lively interest in my welfare which was natural; but, for fear of mistakes, she wrote a letter of introduction with me, having very fortunately danced fifteen years before with the said Mr. Rattigan, at a fair ball at Ballinasloe.

For the second time I left my father's house. The head-quarters of the regiment were in Naas, and there I arrived in safety; was recognized by Captain Rattigan; presented by him in due form to the colonel; introduced to the corps; paid plate and band-fund fees; dined at the mess; got drunk there as became a soldier of promise, and was carried home to my inn by a file of the guard, after having overheard the fat major remark to my kinsman—"Rat, that boy of yours will be a credit to the regiment; for as I'm a true Catholic, he has taken off three bottles of Page's port, and no doubt he'll improve."

A year passed over—I conducted myself creditably in all regimental matters, touching drill duty and drinking, when an orders suddenly came for a detachment to march to Ballybunnion; in the neighbourhood of which town the pleasant part of the population were amusing themselves nightly in carding middlemen, and feathering tithe proctors. Captain Rattigan's company (in which I was an unworthy lieutenant) was selected for this important service.

The morning I left Naas for Ballybunnion will be a memorable day in the calendar of my life. My cousin Rattigan frequently boasted, after dinner, that "he was under fifty, and above five feet three;" but there were persons in the corps who alleged that he was above the former and under the latter:—but let that pass—he is now, honest man, quietly resting in Craughane churchyard, with half a ton weight of Connemara marble over him, on which his virtues and his years are recorded.

Now, without stopping to ascertain minutely the age and height of the departed, I shall describe him as a thick square-shouldered undersized man, having a short neck, and snub-nose—the latter organ fully attesting that Page's port was a sound and well-bodied liquor. The

captain, on his pial pony, rode gallantly on at the head of "his charge." I modestly followed on foot—and late in the evening we marched in full array down the main street of Ballybunnion, our life and drum playing to the best of their ability the captain's favourite quick step, "*I'm over young to marry yet.*"

My kinsman and I were peaceably settled over our wine, when the waiter announced that a gentleman had called upon us. He was shown up in proper form; and having managed by depressing his person, which was fully six feet four inches, to enter the apartment he announced himself as Mr. Christopher Clinch; and in a handsome speech, declared himself to be an ambassador from the stewards of the Ballybunnion coterie; which coterie being to be holden that evening, he was deputed to solicit the honour of our company on this occasion. Captain Rattigan returned our acknowledgments duly; and he and the ambassador having discussed a cooper of port within a marvellous short period, separated with many squeezes of the hand, and ardent hopes of a future acquaintance.

There was a subject my kinsman invariably dwelt upon whenever he had transgressed the third bottle—it was a bitter lamentation over the numerous opportunities he had suffered to escape of making himself comfortable for life, by matrimony. As we dressed together, for we were cantoned in a double-bedded room, Rat was unusually eloquent on the grand mistake of his earlier days, and declared his determination of even yet endeavouring to amend his youthful error, and retrieve lost time.

The commander's advice was not lost upon me. I took unusual pains in arraying myself for conquest, and in good time found myself in the ball-room, with thirty couples on the floor all dancing "for the bare life," that admired tune of "*Blue bonnets over the border.*"

The attention evinced in his visit to the inn by Mr. Christopher Clinch was not confined to a formal invitation; for he assured us on our arrival, that two ladies had been expressly kept disengaged for us. Captain Rattigan declined dancing, alleging that exercise flurried him, and he could not abide a red face, it looked so very like dissipation. I, whose countenance was fortunately not so inflammable as my kinsman's, was marshalled by Mr. Clinch to the head of the room. "He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Jemima O'Brien—lady of first connections—large fortune when some persons at present in possession dropped off—fine woman—much followed—sprightly—off-handed—fond of military men. Miss

O'Brien, Captain Kennedy." I bowed—she ducked—seized my offered hand, and in a few minutes we were going down the middle like two-year-olds for "the Kirwans." Nor had Captain Rattigan been neglected by the master of the ceremonies: he was snugly seated in a quiet corner at cribbage, a game the commander delighted in, with an elderly gentlewoman, whom my partner informed me was her aunt.

Miss O'Brien was what Rattigan called a *spanker*. She was dressed in a blue silk lute-string gown, with a plume of ostrich feathers, flesh-coloured stockings, and red satin shoes. She had the usual assortment of beads and curls, with an ivory fan, and a well-scented handkerchief.

She was evidently a fine-tempered girl; for, observing my eye rest on an immense stain upon her blue lute-string, she remarked with a smile, "that her aunt's footman had spilled some coffee on her dress, and to save him from a scolding, she had assured the dear old lady that the injury was trifling, and that it would be quite unnecessary to detain her while she should change her gown: it was quite clear she never could wear it again; but her maid and the milliner would be the gainers. Amiable creature!—the accident did not annoy her for a second.

The first dance had concluded, when the long gentleman whispered softly over my shoulder, how I liked "the heiress?" *The heiress!*—I felt a faint hope rising in my breast which made my cheek colour like a peony. Rattigan's remorse for neglected opportunities rushed to my mind. Had my lucky hour come? And had I actually an heiress by the hand for nine-and-twenty couples? We were again at the head of the room, and away we went—she cutting and I capering, until we danced to the very bottom, "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"

I had placed Miss O'Brien with great formality on a bench, when Rattigan took me aside:—"Frank, you're a fortunate fellow, or it's your own fault—found out all from the old one—lovely creature—great catch—who knows?—strike while the iron is hot," &c. &c. &c.

Fortune indeed appeared to smile upon me. By some propitious accident all the men had been provided with partners, and I had *the heiress* to myself. "She was, she confessed, romantic—she had quite a literary turn; spoke of Lady Morgan's *Wild Irish Girl*; she loved it—doted upon it;—and why should she not? for Lieutenant-colonel Cassidy had repeatedly sworn that Glorvina was written for herself;"—and she raised her fan

"The conscious blush to hide."

Walter Scott succeeded—I had read in the *Galwey Advertiser* a quotation from that poet, which the newspaper had put in the mouth of a travelling priest, and alleged to have been spoken by him in a charity sermon, which I now fortunately recollected and repeated. Miss O'Brien responded directly with that inflammatory passage,—

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed."

"And could she love?"—I whispered with a look of tender inquietude. "She could; she had a heart, she feared, too warm for her happiness; she was a creature of imagination—all soul—all sympathy. She could wander with the man of her heart from

"Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost."

There was no standing this. I mustered all my resolution—poured out an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—life gratefully devoted—permission to fall at her feet—hand—heart—fortune!

She sighed deeply—kept her fan to her face for some moments—and, in a voice of peculiar softness, murmured something about "short acquaintance," with a gentle supplication to be allowed time for ten minutes to consult her heart. Rat again rushed to my mind; procrastination had ruined him; I was obdurate—pressed—rayed—rantèd—till she sighed, in a timid whisper, that she was mine for ever!

Heavens!—was I awake?—did my ears deceive me? The room turned topsy-turvy—the candles danced a reel—my brain grew giddy—it was true—absolutely true; *Jemima O'Brien* had consented to become *Mrs. Kennedy*!

Up came Captain Rattigan, as my partner left me for an instant to speak to her aunt. Rat was thunderstruck—cursed his fate, and complimented mine. "But, zounds! Frank, you must stick to her. Would she run away with you? These d—— lawyers will be tying up the property, so that you cannot touch a guinea but the half-year's rent—may be inquiring about settlements, and ripping up the cursed mortgages of Killnacoppal. At her, man—they are all on the move. I'll manage the old one:—mighty lucky, by-the-by, at cribbage. Try and get the heiress to be off—to-morrow, if possible—early hour. Oh! murder—how I lost my time!"

All was done as the commander directed. Rat kept the aunt in play while I pressed the heiress hard—and so desperately did I portray my misery, that, to save my life, she humanely consented to elope with me at twelve o'clock next day.

Rattigan was enraptured. What a chance

for a poor lieutenant—as he shrewdly observed, from the very unpretending appearance of Mrs. Cogan's mansion, that "my aunt's" purse must be a long one. We settled ourselves joyfully at the inn fire—ordered two bottles of mulled port—arranged all for the elopement—clubbed purses—sum total not burdensome—and went to bed drunk and happy.

Next morning—the morning of that day which was to bless me with fortune and a wife, Captain Rattigan and I were sitting at an early breakfast, when, who should unexpectedly arrive but Cornet Bircham, who was in command of a small party of dragoons in Ballybunnion, and an old acquaintance of my kinsman. "How lucky!" whispered Rat; "he has been quartered here for three months, and we shall hear the particulars of the O'Briens from him."

While he spoke the trooper entered. "Ah! Ratty, old boy, how wags the world?—Just heard you had been sent here to exterminate carders—cursed scoundrels!—obliged me to leave a delightful party at Lord Tara's; but, Rat, we'll make them smoke for it."

"Mr. Bircham, my cousin Kennedy. Come, cornet, off with the scimitar and attack the congo. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing but a flying report that you had determined on sobriety and forsworn a drop beyond the third bottle;—but that shake in your claw gives a lie direct to the tale. And you were dancing, Rat, last night. How did the carnival or coterie go off? Any wigs lost or gowns tattered? Any catastrophe?"

"Why, no—pleasant thing enough—some fine women there."

"Were there, faith? Why, Rat, you're a discoverer; for such a crew as figured at the last one, mortal eye never looked upon."

"I only particularly noticed one—by Jove, a fine woman!—a Miss O'Brien."

"Miss *Jemmy* O'Brien, as the men call her. Why, Rat, what iniquity of yours has delivered you into the hands of the most detestable harpy that ever infested country quarters?"

"Detestable harpy!"—Rat and I looked cursedly foolish. "Bircham—hem!—are you sure you know the lady?"

"Know the lady! to be sure I do. Why, she did me out of an ivory fan one unlucky wet day that the devil tempted me to enter Mrs. Cogan's den. Phoo! I'll give you what the beadle calls 'marks and tokens.' Let me see.—Yes—I have it—blue dress, cursedly splashed with beer—she says coffee; soiled feathers, and tricked out like a travelling actress."

I groaned audibly—it was Jemima to a T:—Captain Rattigan looked queer.

“My dear Bircham—hem!—you know among military men—hem!—honourable confidence may be reposed—hem! My young friend here danced with her—represented as an heiress to him——”

“By a cursed hag who cheats at cribbage, and carries off negus by the quart.”

“True bill, by——!” ejaculated the Captain. “Complained eternally of thirst and the heat of the room, and did me regularly out of thirty shillings.”

“Ha! ha! ha!—Rat, Rat, and wert thou so soft, my old one?”

“But, Birchy,” said the Captain, “the devil of it is, my young friend—little too much wine—thought himself in honourable hands, and promised her——”

“A new silk gown—ah, my young friend, little didst thou know the Jezebel. But it was a promise obtained under false pretences—she told you a cock-and-bull story about Lady Morgan—sporting Scott—dealt out Tom Moore by the yard—all false pretences. See her damned before I would buy her a yard of riband. What a pirate the woman is!”

Rat jumped off his chair, drew his breath in, and gulped out—“A gown! Zounds, man, he promised to marry her!”

Up jumped Bircham.—“To marry her! Are you mad, or are you hoaxing?”

“Serious, by St. Patrick,” said Rat.

“Why then it’s no longer a joke. You are in a nice scrape. I beg to tell you that Jemmy O’Brien is as notorious as Captain Rock. She has laid several fools under contribution, and has just returned from Dublin, after taking an action against a little drunken one-eyed Welsh major, whom her aunt got, when intoxicated, to sign some paper or promise of marriage. The major, like a true gentleman, retrieved his error by suspending himself in his lodgings the day before the trial; and it is likely that *Jem* and her aunt will be in jail for the law expenses.”

Rat and I were overwhelmed, and looked for some minutes in silence at each other. At last I told Bircham the whole affair. The dragoon was convulsed with laughter—“So,” said he, “at twelve o’clock the gentle *Jemmy* is to be spirited away. But come, there’s no time to lose—sit down, Rat, get a pen in thy fist, and I’ll dictate and thou inscribe.”

“MADAM,—Having unfortunately, at the request of his afflicted family, undertaken the case of Lieutenant Kennedy of the South Mayo regiment, I beg to apprise you that the unhappy gentleman is subject to occasional fits of in-

sanity. Fearing from his mental malady, that he may have misconducted himself to your amiable niece last night at the coterie, I beg on the part of my poor friend (who is tolerably collected this morning), to say that he is heartily sorry for what has occurred, and requests the lady will consider anything he might have said only as the wanderings of a confirmed lunatic! —“I am, Madam, &c., your obedient Servant, TERENCE RATTIGAN, Capt. S— Militia.

“To Mrs. Cogan, &c.”

How very flattering this apology was to me I submit to the indulgent auditor. I was indubitably proven to have been an ass overnight, and I must pass as a lunatic in the morning. We had barely time to speculate on the success of Bircham’s curious epistle, when my aunt Cogan’s answer arrived with due promptitude. The cornet separated the wet wafer with a “Faugh!” and holding the billet at arm’s-length, as if it exhibited a plague-spot, he favoured us with the contents, which were literally as follows:—

“CAPTAIN RATTIGAN,

“SIR,—I have red your paltrey appolloguey for your nephew’s breach of promise. I beg to tell you, that a lady of the family of Clinch will not submit to be insulted with impunity. My neece is packed and redde; and if your friend does not appear according to appointment, he will shortly here as will not please him, from yours to command,

“HONOR COGAN, otherwise CLINCH.

“Hawthorn Cottage, Friday morning.”

Twelve o’clock passed—and we waited the result of Mrs. Cogan’s threats, when the waiter showed up a visitor, and Mr. Christopher Clinch, the prime cause of all our misfortunes, presented himself. He persisted in standing, or more properly stooping—for the ceiling was not quite six feet from the floor—coughed—hoped his interference might adjust the mistake, as he presumed it must be on the part of Lieutenant Kennedy, and begged to inform him that Miss Jemima O’Brien was ready to accompany the said Mr. Kennedy, as last night arranged. Captain Rattigan took the liberty to remark, that he, the captain, had been very explicit with Mrs. Cogan, and requested to refer to his letter, in which Mr. Kennedy’s sentiments were fully conveyed, and, on his part, to decline the very flattering proposal of Miss Jemima O’Brien. Mr. Clinch stated that an immediate change of sentiment on the part of Mr. Kennedy was imperative, or that Mr. K. would be expected to favour him, Mr. C., with an interview in the Priest’s Meadow.

Captain Rattigan acknowledged the request of Mr. Clinch to be a very reasonable alternative, and covenanted that Mr. Kennedy should appear at the time and place mentioned; and Mr. Clinch was then very ceremoniously conducted down stairs by the polite commander.

Through motives of delicacy, I had at the commencement of the interview retired to the next apartment; and as the rooms were only separated by a boarded partition, I overheard through a convenient chink with desperate alarm, Captain Rattigan giving every facility to my being shot at in half-an-hour in the Priest's Meadow. No wonder then Rat found me pale as a spectre, when bursting into the room he seized me by the hand, and told me he had brought this unlucky business to a happy termination. He, the captain, dreaded that Jemima would have been looking for legal redress; but, thank God, it would only end in a duel.

I hinted at the chance of my being shot.

"Shot!" exclaimed my comforter, "why, what the deuce does that signify? If indeed you had been under the necessity of hanging yourself, like the one-eyed major, it would have been a hardship. No funeral honours—no decent wake—but smuggled into the earth like a half-bale of contraband tobacco;—but, in your case, certain of respectable treatment—reversed arms—dead march—and Christian burial:—vow to God, quite a comfort to be shot under such flattering circumstances! Frank, you have all the luck of the Rattigans about you!"—and, opening the door, he hallooed—"Myke—Myke Boyle, bring down the *pace-makers* to the parlour."

In a few seconds I heard the captain and his man busily at work, and by a number of villainous clicks, which jarred through my system like electricity, I found these worthies were arranging the commander's *pace-makers* for my use in the Priest's Meadow.

At the appointed hour I reached the ground, which was but a short distance from the inn. Rattigan and Bircham accompanied me, and Myke Boyle followed with the *tools*. Mr. Christopher Clinch and his friends were waiting for us; and a cadaverous-looking being was peeping through the hedge, whom I afterwards discovered to be the village apothecary, allured thither by the hope of an accident, as birds of prey are said to be collected by a chance of carrion.

The customary bows were formally interchanged between the respective belligerents—the ground correctly measured—pistols squibbed, loaded, and delivered to the principals.

I felt very queer on finding myself opposite a truculent fellow of enormous height, with a pair of projecting whiskers upon which a man might hang his hat, and a pistol two feet long clutched in his bony grasp. Rattigan, as he adjusted my weapon, whispered—"Frank, jewel, remember the hip-bone; or, as the fellow's a ——— of a length, you may level a trifle higher;" and, stepping aside, his coadjutor pronounced in an audible voice—One!—two!!—three!!!

Off went the pistols. I felt Mr. Clinch's bullet whistle past my ear, and saw Captain Rattigan next moment run up to my antagonist, and inquire "if he was much hurt." Heaven's!—how delightful! I had brought the engagement to a glorious issue by neatly removing Mr. Clinch's trigger-finger, and thereby spoiling his shooting for life.

With a few parting bows we retired from the Priest's Meadow, leaving Christopher Clinch a job for the vampire apothecary, and a fit subject for the assiduities of Mrs. Cogan and the gentle Jemima.

If Captain Rattigan had registered a rash vow against port wine, it is to be lamented; for never were three gentlemen of the sword more completely done up at an early hour of the evening than we.

Next day we were informed that Clinch was tolerably well, and that their attorney had been closeted with the ladies of Hawthorn Cottage. We held a council of war, and while debating on the expediency of my retiring on leave to Connemara, where I might set *Jemmy* and her lawyer at defiance, the post brought us intelligence that "a turn-out for the line was wanted;" and if I could muster the necessary number, I should be exchanged into a regular regiment. Off Rat and I started for Naas, and with little difficulty succeeded in making up the quota; and the first intimation the prototype of Glorvina received of our movements was being seduced to the window by the drums, as I marched past Hawthorn Cottage, with as choice a sample of "food for gunpowder" as ever left Ballybunnion. I saluted the once-intended Mrs. Kennedy with great respect; the fifers struck up "*Fare you well, Killeavey*;" and Captain Rattigan, who accompanied me the first day's march, ejaculated, as he looked askance at this second Ariadne, "May the devil smother you, Jemima O'Brien!"

And now, my dear friends, having brought my autobiography to that interesting period when I left the militia for the line, I shall pause in the narrative to direct your attention to the moral of the tale. It is quite evident

that a young attorney should never compare deeds within duelling distance of an accomplished bonnet-maker, nor an elderly one divorce a sickly gentleman's wife without securing his costs before he announces his instructions to proceed. No bilious bailiff should cross the Shannon, for it is not every stomach which will digest a stripe of parchment; and exercise, a good thing enough in its own way, may, if taken on a tense blanket, be very inconvenient to persons of sedentary habits.

I have a mighty affection for the army, and, therefore, I supplicate young soldiers never to propose for a lady in a public ball-room the first night they arrive in country quarters, and to shun, as they would the *chorea ritti*, that seductive tune, called "*The wind that shakes the barley!*"—and, finally, to give no credence whatever to any apology offered for a soiled silk unless they have perpetrated the offence in person, or have seen it committed in their own actual presence.

FAIR HELEN.

PART FIRST.¹

O! sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I loved thee.

Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

¹ Lord Macaulay regarded this as the finest piece of ballad poetry extant. The legend upon which it is founded is briefly this:—Helen Irving, daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfriesshire, celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen. The favoured lover was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; the other is supposed to have been a Bell of Blacket House. The latter's suit was favoured by the friends of the lady; consequently, the lovers were obliged to meet in secret, and by night in the Kirconnell churchyard, a picturesque spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these meetings the despised suitor suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream and fired a carbine at his rival. But Helen, throwing herself before her lover, received the bullet intended for him, and died in his arms. Fleming fought the murderer and cut him to pieces. Other accounts state that Fleming pursued his foe to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid. The first part of the ballad—suspected to be modern—consists of an address to the lady, either by Fleming or his rival; the second part—by far the more beautiful—forms the lament of Fleming over Helen's grave. Several paraphrases of this ballad have been published; amongst them one by John Mayne, author of *The Siller Gun*, &c.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The dearest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot.
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Old Ballad.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

The comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, although rarely now performed on the stage, was regarded by Warton as "the most complete specimen of Shakspeare's comic powers;" and Johnson said: "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play." The ludicrous misfortunes of Falstaff, into which he is betrayed by the "merry wives," Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, form the principal action of the comedy; of the under-plot, "Sweet Anne Page," a bright, merry-eyed lass, is the centre. Her mother has decided that she shall marry the wealthy French Doctor Caius, who is in favour at court; her father has decided that she shall marry Slender, the cousin of Justice Shallow; whilst Anne herself has decided that she shall marry Fenton, a gallant cavalier, who finds favour with neither father nor mother. Slender "hath but a little wee face; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head." He is urged to the match by pompous Justice Shallow, but he is most awkward in his wooing. He means to show his affection by his indifference to dinner, and remains outside Page's house when all his friends are seated at table. Anne is sent to desire him to join the party:—

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir: I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [*Exeunt.*]

The contrast between Fenton's wooing and Slender's floundering attempts is comically revealed in the following scene. Fenton and Anne are together:—

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;

And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then—hark you hither!

[They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly;
my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid,
'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care
not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would
speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. *[Aside]* This is my
father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming: to her, coz. O boy,
thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my
uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you,
uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my
father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any
woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentle-
woman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-
tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and
fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo
for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank
you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz:
I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'od's heartlings, that's a
pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet,
I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly crea-
ture, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would
you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would
little or nothing with you. Your father and
my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck,
so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can
tell you how things go better than I can: you
may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him,
daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my
house:

I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not
to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master
Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shal. and Slen.]

Fenton's appeal to the mother is equally un-
successful; but the lovers triumph at length.
To frighten and torment Falstaff for his atten-
tions to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, it is
arranged to beguile the knight to the oak of
Herne the Hunter in the forest, where all the
conspirators will appear in the disguise of fairies
and goblins, and play such pranks upon him as
will make him glad to escape alive. On the
occasion of this frolic Mistress Page has arranged
that Anne is to be dressed in green, and to elope
with Dr. Caius; Page has arranged that Anne is
to be dressed in white, and is to escape with
Slender to Eton, where they are to be married.
Caius and Slender respectively carry out their
parts of the programme, but when in the church
each discovers that the companion of his flight
is a great lubberly boy. Slender cries:—

I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know
on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry
Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly
boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would
have swung him, or he should have swung
me. If I did not think it had been Anne
Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a
postmaster's boy!

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the
wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that! I
think so, when I took a boy for a girl.

Dr. Caius is quite as wrathful; and the truth is
soon revealed by the appearance of Fenton and
Anne as man and wife. Whilst Slender and
Caius had been away on their fool's errand, the
lovers had been quietly married. Whereupon
mother and father philosophically submit to the
superior wit of the young folk, and are satisfied
that

"In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate."

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—St.
Matthew vi. 28.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paus'd and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.

VOL. IV.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless."
—*The Christian Year.*

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysell a drop of dew,
Down on that red rose I would fa'.
O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny;
O my love's bonny, and fair to see;
Whene'er I look on her weel-far'd face,
She looks and smiles again to me.

O gin my love were a pickle of wheat,
And growing upon yon lily lee,
And I mysell a bonny wee bird,
Awa' wi' that pickle o' wheat I wad flee.

O gin my love were a coffer o' gowd,
And I the keeper of the key,
I wad open the kist whene'er I list,
And in that coffer I wad be.¹

—*Old Song.*¹ The following is another version of the burden:—

O my love's bonny, bonny, bonny,
O my love's bonny and fair to see;
Sweet is the bud and sweet the blossom,—
Bonny's the blink o' my love's ee.

Burns, in Thomson's Collection, added two verses:—

O were my love yon lilac flower,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How I would mourn gin it were torn
By Autumn wild or Winter rude;
But I would sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

CUPID GREYBEARD.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

[Tom Hood, born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, 19th January, 1835; died at Peckham Rye, 20th November, 1874; son of the humourist, Thomas Hood. He was educated at University College School, and at Pembroke College, Oxford. His first work, *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, was published in 1854, and was followed by *Quips and Cranks*; *The Daughters of King Daher*, and other Poems; *The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep*; *Vere Verecker's Vengeance—a Sensation*; *Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks*; *Rules of Rhyme, a Guide to Versification*, &c. His most popular novels are: *A Disputed Inheritance*; *Captain Master's Children*; *A Golden Heart*; *The Lost Link*; *Love and Valour*; and *Money's Worth*. In 1865 he became editor of *Fun*, and retained that post until his death. He also for several years edited *Hood's Annual*, one of the best of the Christmas publications. Honoured by the inheritance of a name prominent in literature, Hood earned reputation by his own merits as a poet,¹ novelist, and humourist. A granite monument was erected over his grave at Nunhead by his friends and admirers.]

Upon a gray peak, overlooking the town of Verzenach, on the Rhine, stands a lonely tower, known to the traveller as The Young Tower. It owes its name to the luxuriant growth of the ivy, which clothes it completely from base to battlements with never-fading verdure. Viewed from the river it appears fully to merit its title, standing like a living green monument among the barren gray rocks, whose loftiest crags rise behind it against the sky, cold, unpeopled, inaccessible.

But upon a nearer approach it is easy to see, in spite of the bright green ivy which veils it, that the tower is a very ancient and a very ruinous structure. Roof and floors are gone, and the stone stairs have fallen, and lie, a confused heap of masonry, in the basement. The windows are blank as the eye-sockets of a skull, and the doorways yawn over their moss-grown untrodden thresholds with a terrible suggestion of desolation. The very ivy, which gives it such a delusive appearance of youth, can no longer deceive the eye. Its gnarled and twisted branches cling about the ruin with a strange resemblance to the withered and shrunken arms of old age.

Bats and owls are the only tenants of the tower, and their occupation is left undisputed, for the good folk of Verzenach are superstitious, and such strange legends are told about the ruin that it is seldom visited by day, and never approached after nightfall.

I first made the acquaintance of The Young

Tower while on a sketching tour in the beautiful autumn of 184—. I was a stranger to Verzenach, and had therefore heard nothing of the reputation which the tower possessed of being haunted. Had I heard it, it is very improbable that I should have paid any attention to the traditions of the superstitious. It was towards sunset when I saw it, and the glory of the declining day lent its aid to the fresh greenery of the ivy, and made the tower look young indeed, in spite of the signs of age which were visible from the point of view I had taken. The rosy light of the sinking sun, reflected from the glossy leaves of the ivy, bathed the tower with a strange warm glow, but could not give life and colour to the dull gray barrier of mountain behind it, which threw out the building in strong relief. Sunset effects are so fleeting that an experienced artist loses no time in noting down their salient points. In less time than it takes to write this I had pitched my camp-stool, opened colour-box and sketch-book, and set about making a hasty memorandum of the scene.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the page on which I was working. I looked up, and saw a grave elderly gentleman, leaning on a crutch-handled stick, and watching my operations with eager and all-absorbing attention. He made a hurried movement with his hand, as if to urge me not to lose time, which impressed me with the notion that he himself was a painter and knew the necessity for speed.

I obeyed his gesture. But there is a certain awkwardness in such a silence as ensued, and I was compelled to speak.

"Can you tell me the name of the ruin?" I asked him, without looking up.

He drew a long breath like a sigh of extreme relief, and answered me in a feeble and hollow voice,

"It has ever been called The Young Tower. Young!"—here he gave a dreary ghost of a laugh—"Young! Such a youth as that deceives no eyes! It is old—old—centuries old!"

"It has all the picturesqueness of age," I said.

"How can age be picturesque? Decay is never beautiful, truly. How can the young admire age? There is no charm in death, and age is but living death."

I thought it would be kind to divert his reflections from a channel so melancholy as this. With that intention I inquired if there were, as usual, a number of legends connected with the ruin.

¹ See *Casquet*, vol. i. p. 330.

He gave another long sigh of relief, and immediately, and without invitation, commenced the following narrative, which I regret they were quaint, forcible, and vivid.

The latest occupant of The Young Tower was Eberhardt Mulhaus, a studious and retiring man, considerably past middle age. His life was so simple, and his wants were so few, that he lived there quite alone, unattended, and unaccompanied, save by his books. Of books he had an enormous number, and was accounted a great scholar by the townsfolk. He was indeed an indefatigable student, and had read everything—except the human heart. How little had he learned, therefore, in all his long years of study and research!

The years had passed him by almost unnoticed. He seemed to be aware that his hair had grown whiter and whiter, and that the hand that turned the page trembled more and more, and wasted away. His eyes grew dim, but that is the fate of the student.

While he had been tracing figures in the sand the tide of his life had crept slowly up to the full of manhood's prime, and was sinking slowly to the extreme ebb of old age.

He was solitary, for he made no acquaintances among the people of Verzenach. They used to see his lamp in his window burning all night long as he pored over his books, and they felt a secret awe of him, and dreamed of breaking in upon his solitude.

There was one bright spot in the past, not so bright in itself as it was by contrast with the dark monotony of all other memories, which had never quite died out of his mind, daybreak. He recalled it sometimes with a dreamy sort of wonder, and whenever he did so his sympathies for his fellow-creatures seemed to be stirred, and he looked down from his lone watch-tower upon the sleeping town that lay beneath with an unusual interest.

This was the story of the bright remembrance.

He had been a feeble and delicate child, and had therefore few, if any, playfellows among the boys of the town. His one constant companion was a little girl, Gretchen by name, a gentle, kind-hearted little soul.

Between these two quiet thoughtful children there sprang up an attachment which was in truth love, but seemed to their innocent youth only friendship. One day, as they stood hand in hand on the little footbridge over a tiny brook that brawled down to the Rhine from the

mountains behind the town, they beheld themselves reflected in the water. They were exactly of the same height.

"You will never grow taller than me, will you, Eberhardt?" asked little Gretchen. "I should not like you to be up there above me, so that I should have to look up, you would seem farther away."

He did not answer, but he clasped her hand closely.

"We shall always walk side by side, hand in hand, for ever, and ever, and ever, shall we not?" continued little Gretchen.

"For ever, and ever, and ever!" said he, and then he turned and put his arms round her neck and kissed her. At this moment a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Father Gerome. Father Gerome was his pastor, confessor, and teacher, for Eberhardt was intended for the priesthood. The father was a stern man, ascetic, severe, unrelenting.

"My son," he said, sternly, "the servants of Heaven have nought to do with folly such as this. The rebellious spirit must be chastised. Come with me."

Eberhardt never saw Gretchen again. Father Gerome set him a heavy penance, and took him away at once to the seminary, where he remained many years—until, indeed, it was seen that he was not fitted for holy orders, and was too fond of earthly wisdom and secular philosophy. But the seclusion of the seminary had wrought upon him; and when he left its quiet walls he could not face the stir of life, and was fain to retire to his tower and dwell in solitude and seclusion.

The recollection of Gretchen was the faint gleam that lit up the past of that lonely student as he sat among his learned books, and grew more gray and feeble, and bowed his head lower and lower as Time laid his heavy hand upon him.

It was one night at the end of the year, as he sat by his lofty window gazing out at the cold white stars, and thinking over all that the astronomers and wise men of old times had said about them, when he heard a clear, sweet, childish voice singing under his window.

He flung open the lattice to listen, for there was a something strangely touching in the sound, so unusual as it was too. He leaned his head out in order to hear the words. It was a hymn that the child was singing—such a hymn as the gray-headed student had sung as a child standing beside his mother after he had risen from his knees before her at bedtime. It was a simple hymn enough, prais-

ing in child-like language the love of the Saviour, and its surpassing power and beauty.

"What can the poor little thing be doing up here at such an hour on a wintry night?" asked the student of himself. He could think of no solution, and it vexed him, so he closed the lattice, and turned to his books again.

But the sweet silvery voice was not to be shut out. It soared to the window, and beat its wings against the pane, asking for admittance. It stirred the long quiescent sympathies in the old student's breast, and filled his eyes with the dimness of unshed tears. The words of the tome he endeavoured to read in order to distract his attention seemed to adapt themselves to the melody.

The night was cold, with a keen breeze from the mountains blowing steadily. Those mountains were white with the first snows of the year. Every morning earth was clad in the white shroud of rime, and seemed like a fair maiden dead on her bier, until the sun rose to show that the shroud was really a diamond-besprinkled veil.

Still the sweet beseeching voice fluttered at the window, as it fluttered at the student's heart too, craving for admittance.

He lit a lamp, and descended the winding stair, and opened the tower-door. There stood a tiny child, with a mass of golden curls that looked like a glory, and with soft confiding blue eyes. The poor little face was white and thin, and the poor little feet were bare. Scant and worn were the garments of the child-singer, who still warbled on the simple hymn.

The old man's heart yearned towards the child, and grew so tender, that the small bright speck in memory's dark waste seemed to burn brighter, fed with unaccustomed warmth. Or was there something in the song that touched some vibrating chord of recollection?

"Come hither, little one," said the student, with a tremulous voice.

The child came forward with an innocent confidence, and placed her tiny cold hand in his as he held it forth to her. He drew her inside the tower, and closed the door. Then he lifted her in his arms and bore her up the winding stair to his chamber.

The fire had burned low, so he hastened to replenish it with logs, and then drawing an easy chair to the fireside, he placed the child in it, and wrapped her in his furred gown.

"How came you out at such an hour on such a night, pretty one?" he asked at last, after he had made the little thing comfortable, and sat chafing its cold hands between his withered palms. "How came your parents to

let this little bird wander so far from the nest? Where dwell your father and mother?"

Her soft blue eyes filled in a moment with big tears as the child pointed upwards. Her heart was too full to speak, but the gesture was eloquent.

"An orphan, my poor babe? Where is your home?"

"I have none now," answered the child.

"Tell me how that is," said the student.

"When they came to bury my mother this morning I followed them at a distance, and sat by her grave all day. When the evening came I went back to the room in which we used to live, but strangers had come to live there."

The old man looked at the child's thin face, and read the story of her young life.

"Your mother was poor, I fear, child."

"Yes, she was very poor. She used to sit at her needlework all day—and long, long into the night, for when sometimes I woke from the cold I could see her still at work. And a few mornings ago she did not come to dress me as she always used to do; and then I felt lonely and frightened, and at last I stole out of bed into the next room, and she was sitting by the table with her work in her lap, and her head bent down on her arm, and the candle had burned into the socket. I would not wake her, for she must have been terribly weary. But by-and-by the landlord came for his rent, and he spoke to her loudly; but she did not wake, and he shook her angrily, and then he found she would never wake again."

"Have you no friends, my poor darling?" asked the old man, passing his thin hand caressingly over her curls.

"Only you," was the guileless answer; "except our Father and the beautiful angels in heaven."

"I will be your friend, poor babe. But how came you to wander up here?"

"Because you were the only friend I had."

The student gazed wonderingly at the girl at these words. There was a simple good faith in the way she spoke that made it impossible to doubt her. But what could she mean by speaking of him as her only friend?

"Tell me," he said at last, "what made you think I was your friend?"

"Oh! I forgot I hadn't told you that; I thought you would know it. When first my dear mother taught me to pray I used to kneel down beside her, and she would tell me all about the good God, and the Saviour's love, and all the beautiful things of heaven, and she used to point up to it through the window. And as you looked up from our window you

could see this tower, with the light always shining in the casement. And it was long ago, when I was a wee, wee thing—and somehow I came to fancy that mother meant that this was heaven when she pointed up, it seemed so very high above us, and the light was so steady and so bright, and never grew dark. I thought this for a long time, till I got a big girl, and then my mother found out what I thought. And then she said to me, 'Ah, darling, you think what your mother thought once: that seemed to be heaven to me, long—long ago!' And then she burst into tears; and afterwards she explained where heaven really was. But I always thought, in my heart of hearts, that this tower was heaven."

"It shall be your home henceforth, little one. But tell me one thing," said the old man, in an eager voice—"what is your name?"

"Gretchen," said the child.

"They called you after your mother?" he gasped out.

"Yes, when I was a little baby."

The gray-headed student fell on his knees beside the child, and kissed her tenderly. And the sealed fountain of tears was opened in his heart, and he wept and was comforted.

And from that day the child dwelt with him in his lonely tower.

He thought little of his books now; his only study was how to make the child happy in his gloomy home. He watched over her with infinite affection and patience, and would scarcely suffer her out of his sight for a moment.

Years rolled on, and the child grew to be a comely maiden, and the student had grown more gray, and was more than ever bent with the burden of his age.

But his heart was young. It seemed as though it had been torpid until the love for the child warmed it into life, and that now it was fifty years younger than he. It was a young man's heart in an old man's body. The embers of love that had smouldered in his breast for so long had been fanned into flame.

How fair was the girl now! Fair and straight as a young poplar, graceful as a fawn, with a voice like the first songs of the birds in spring. She was the very embodiment of life and sunshine. Her presence filled the old tower with warmth and sweetness.

The old man loved her—loved her passionately. The fatherly affection which he bestowed on her as a child ripened into the ardent devotion of a lover as he beheld her maturing into a beautiful woman. He had hoarded the passions of youth in his heart, and, though the

casket was old and worn, the passions, like true gold, were immortal, and possessed eternal youth.

It was not long ere the old man discovered what was the real nature of his regard for Gretchen. It was revealed to him by jealousy.

It was impossible, closely as she kept to the old tower, and few as were her acquaintances,—still it was impossible for a girl of her beauty to fail to have lovers and admirers. All the youths of Verzenach were enamoured of her beauty and her goodness.

Among them was one on whom Gretchen looked with secret favour. He was the son of the chancellor of Verzenach, a handsome and gallant youth. When two people love each other, it is impossible that they can be long before they discover the sweet secret. It was so with Gretchen and Max. Gretchen, like a discreet maiden, at once told her "adopted" father, as she called the old student, to his bitter vexation and inward grief.

Then, for the first time, the old man's eyes were opened to the real nature of his love for her—to the hopelessness of his passion—its folly, its anguish. At the thought of her becoming another's his cup of misery overflowed, and his grief was so intense, that the lovely Gretchen, who did not suspect the real cause, was so touched by his sorrow that she determined never to leave him while he lived. She told him so; and he groaned inwardly to think that it was gratitude, not such love as he thirsted for, which prompted her. But he accepted the sacrifice. His devouring passion made him selfish, and it was a consolation to think, that if she could not be his, she would never be another's.

Ah, the bitterness of the parting between Gretchen and Max! It is not to be described. Mad with despair, the poor young man rushed away to the wars, and perished gloriously as the leader of a forlorn hope—the victim of a hope yet more forlorn. Half of Gretchen's life perished with him. A premature old age fell upon her, and people wondered to see how she was changed. Hers was a beauty, they said—and especially the women—that fades rapidly. They did not know that a broken heart ages beauty. But the old man saw no change in her.

His life was a long torture. "Oh, my youth, my lost youth!" he sighed all day long. And all the night he pored over books of dark lore and forbidden arts, in the hope of discovering the secret whereby age can repurchase the vanished years, and renew its youth.

He essayed over and over again, to summon

the Evil One, who had endowed Faust with a second springtime of life, but in vain.

At length one night he was aware of the presence of a stranger in his chamber, although doors and windows were bolted and barred. Terror mingled with joy as he watched a tall figure coming towards him from the darkness of the farther end of the room.

His mysterious visitant was clad in the dress of a notary. Obedient to the old man's gesture, he sat himself beside the fire, the warmth of which he seemed to enjoy excessively. Stooping over it, and rubbing his hands together, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at the student.

It seemed to the old man that neither of them spoke aloud, but that their conversation was carried on by unuttered thoughts.

"You would be young again?" was the mysterious stranger's first communication.

The old man bowed his head.

"You need not trouble to do that," came from the stranger's brain to his, "I can read your thoughts. The thing you require is no light matter. The cost is great."

The old man shuddered.

"There be cheaper means," the stranger conveyed to him. "We can work your purpose by a charm. For that charm I shall require the head of a woman—of a woman who loves you. Oh! I see you will not have that mode of procedure. Well, I will bestow renewed youth on you at the price specified in this document," here he laid a parchment before the old man. "In three months from this time your youth shall be renewed if you sign that. You object to the delay? I cannot manage the affair in less time. You agree! Then in three months be it!"

How slowly those three months stole on! How feverish and anxious did the student become! How pale and weary grew the maiden, who was dying of the wound that killed her lover!

"Gretchen," the old man would say, "do you not think I grow younger? Does there not seem to be much less difference between our ages than there used to be?"

And Gretchen, who was sadly conscious that she was growing a year older every day, sighed and said, "Yes, it was so. He spoke truth!"

As the end of the three months drew near he could not rise from his couch. But he persuaded himself that he was but passing like a butterfly through a torpid stage before coming out in all the freshness of renewed youth.

He had counted the days carefully. At

length the dawn of the last day of the three months came. He called Gretchen to him, that she might be a witness of the glorious transformation.

"Sit beside me, heart's delight!" he said to her in a faint whisper.

She looked into his face and, behold, there was a change there. She started!

"Ha! you see it then? Oh joy, joy!"

She clasped his hand, and said softly "I see it!" and wept.

"It comes at last, then! Oh, youth! regretted, wasted, longed-for youth, do you return to me at last? Welcome, welcome, long-absent! Yes, it is here—it is here! This, *this* is renewed youth!"

With those words he sprang from the pillow, flung up his arms in ecstasy, and fell back—dead!

The change which Gretchen had seen and recognized was the change that comes before death!

What was there for her to live for now? She flung herself on the student's body, and with one long sob breathed her last.

While the old man was telling me this strange legend, I had not attempted to begin my sketch, for I was too much interested.

The sun was still sinking slowly, flinging lengthening shadows toward the east. The shadow of my companion fell, as I told you, upon my note-book—with the decline of the sun it had lengthened, until it stretched along the sward before me towards the ruined tower.

All at once the shadow vanished. I looked round to see what the old man was doing. There was not cover enough within a hundred yards to conceal a rabbit. But he had vanished!

I have never made a sketch of The Young Tower.

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leasing:

Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1602).

GONDOLIEDS.

I.

YESTERDAY.

Dear Yesterday, glide not so fast;
 Oh, let me cling
 To thy white garments floating past:
 Even to shadows which they cast
 I cling, I cling.
 Show me thy face
 Just once, once more. A single night
 Cannot have brought a loss or blight
 Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear,
 Robed for the grave;
 See what a smile their red lips wear:
 To lay them living wilt thou dare
 Into a grave?
 I know, I know,
 I left thee first. Now I repent;
 I listen now; I never meant
 To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me that word
 Thou hadst for me.
 Alas! although my heart was stirred,
 I never fully knew or heard
 It was for me.
 O Yesterday,
 My Yesterday, thy sorest pain
 Were joy, couldst thou but come again,
 Sweet Yesterday.

II.

TO-MORROW.

All red with joy the waiting west;
 O little swallow,
 Canst thou tell me which road is best?
 Cleaving high air, with thy soft breast
 For keel, O swallow,
 Thou must o'erlook
 My seas, and know if I mistake:
 I would not the same harbour make
 Which Yesterday forsook.

I hear the swift blades dip and plash
 Of unseen rowers;
 On unknown lands the waters dash:
 Who knows how it be wise or rash
 To meet the rowers?
 "Premi! Premi!"¹
 Venetia's boatmen lean and cry;
 With voiceless lips, I drift and lie
 Upon the twilight sea.

¹ The cry of the gondoliers in Venice whenever they approach a corner of the canals.

The swallow sleeps. Her last low call
 Had sound of warning.
 Sweet little one, whate'er befall,
 Thou wilt not know that it was all
 In vain, thy warning.
 I may not borrow
 A hope, a help. I close my eyes;
 Cold wind blows from the Bridge of Sighs;
 Kneeling, I wait To-morrow.

H. H.

VENICE, May 30, 1869.

THE BOROUGH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM.²

"They ate and slept, good folks—what then?
 Why then they ate and slept again." PRIOR.

In one of those small towns, situated no matter where, which, by some fortunate circumstance in past times, have been elevated from the rank of village to that of Royal Borough, I passed some of my early years.

The place might be about a mile in length, and consisted of one street, which meandered away through some low grounds, until its progress was somewhat abruptly stopped by the sea.

The houses, which were low, were built with their gables facing the street, and exhibited many other infallible symptoms of antiquity, both without and within; but some venerable old ruins, like chronicles of departed grandeur, gave an interest and an air of solemnity to the Borough.

The streets, which were extremely narrow, sloped down at each side in such wise as to render it expedient for the pedestrian to keep the "crown of the causey." They had no regular pavements, and lucky it was that they had not, for the few flags which here and there lay along the dwellings of the aristocracy seldom failed to resent the insult of being trodden upon, by squirting up a quantity of black venomous-looking matter into the face of the unwary intruder.

This sort of salutation they seemed to have a particular pleasure in bestowing upon such ladies and gentlemen as were proceeding in full decoration to the scenes of "feast and song;" and many a poor wight to whom fortune, in her capricious dealings, had assigned

² He gained some reputation as a poet by the publication of *The Buccaneer*, *Scenes of War*, and other poems. His *Tales of Field and Flood*, with *Sketches of Life at Home*—from which we quote—were received with much favour.

only one cress-suit, and that often none of the best, have they sent back, even from the very threshold of the ball-room, affording a striking proof "that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

In walking along the streets the olfactory nerves were continually regaled with the most pungent odours, calling up, by the power of association, images of the most varied kinds. In illustration of this effect, I need only remind my poetical readers of the many sweet recollections of gardens and summer-glories, lapped up, as it were, in the perfume of a rose; and, in like manner, the effluvia arising from the heads of stale fish (the predominant smell in the streets of the Borough), presented to the susceptible imagination a vision of its dinner-tables and civic feasts, at which, by the way, fish were never relished until they were in the above-mentioned state.

It must doubtless have been highly gratifying to the stranger who visited the Borough, to find himself, perhaps for the first time in his life, the object of universal interest; and while progressing along the streets, to see doors and windows flying open at his approach, and heads popping out,—some with their hair in papers, others with no hair at all,—some covered with Welsh wigs, and still more with Kilmarnock nightcaps.

Such marks of attention, however, were only preparatory to others of a more substantial nature; for the inhabitants of the Borough were remarkable for their hospitality to strangers; respecting whom their conjectures were often but too favourable, since it frequently happened that the unknown persons, whom it was their pleasure to entertain and honour with all the attentions due to gentlemen of family and fortune, turned out after all to be mere *canaille*.

Their liability to deceptions of this kind was the more surprising, as they professed to have an intimate acquaintance with high life, and it was a common saying among them, that no person could reside for any length of time in the Borough, even though he were a native of the west end of London, without acquiring a greater elegance of manner and a more polished address.

Family pride, as it exists in society, seems to involve an absurdity, inasmuch as the honour of being descended from a great man increases exactly as the degree of consanguinity to him diminishes; for his immediate descendants are as mere upstarts compared to such of his remote posterity as can trace their origin to their great progenitor, back through a period

of five hundred years; so that the honour increases with the distance from the fountain thereof. But the pride of ancestry with which the inhabitants of the borough were infected was more than usually absurd, having no foundation whatever whereon to rest, and, like the world, "hanging upon nothing;" the fathers being of a lower grade in society than the sons, and the grandfathers lower still, until an obscurity, deep as that which involves the origin of nations, in mercy spread out an impene-trable pall.

The magistrates (Heaven bless them if still alive, and rest their souls if dead!) bore a strong family likeness to their brethren in other royal boroughs; having the same corpulence as a corporation, the same sleek solemnity, and the same pomposity arising from "pride of place."

Methinks, even now, I see the venerable guardians of the city marching in heavy procession to church, heralded by their guard of honour—the town-officers, arrayed in long light-blue broad-bottomed coats, faced with yellow, and having triangular cocked hats perched upon one side of the head, which gave additional effect to the martial frown with which, in all the "insolence of office," they strutted along the church-aisle, and finally took post behind the great easy-chairs where the civic body reposed during divine service, in all the dozing dignity of lethargy and fat, immediately opposite to the pulpit.

The pulpit was a fine specimen of the antique, illustrative of the taste of the times in which it was made. Carved on its wooden canopy, over the head of the preacher, like so many cupids with outspread wings, hovered a whole flock of angels, to whose infantine and chubby faces a chastening solemnity was imparted by the overshadowing dignity of large full-bottomed wigs, such as decorate the Lords of Session while on the bench.

The clergyman was a judicious and benevolent person; but, not dealing in that terrific sort of eloquence and violent gesticulation which, with certain classes, have ever been considered the tests of orthodoxy, was rather undervalued by some of his flock, one of whom, a member of the kirk-session, gave him the definition of a good preacher, in the following panegyric on his predecessor:—

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed the elder, in the tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was the poorfu' preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the Word amang us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the guts out o' five Bibles!"

The magistrates, however, were well enough

satisfied with their pastor, the quiet tenor of whose discourses did not disturb their Sabbath slumbers. They were, indeed, a wise and philosophic body of men, who showed by their practice, if they did not avow it in words, their belief that eating, drinking, and sleeping comprehended the whole duty of man, and the great business of life, of which they were at once the means and the end,—an opinion, the blessed effects of which were visible in the florid cheek, and the full, fixed, and satisfied eye, which have ever distinguished the philosophers of this persuasion.

The only public amusements of the Borough were its assemblies, where youth indulged in the folly of dancing, and old age in that of cards; and where the *great men* of the place would occasionally honour the company, and create a delightful surprise, by popping in about the eleventh hour in top-boots and scarlet vests, and lead to the head of the country-dance the blushing modesty of seventeen, almost overpowered by the honour conferred.

But it most frequently happened that the dance was opened by some lady of *ton*, who had lately returned from Edinburgh, and whose very soul sickened at the old hackneyed figures, and delighted and luxuriated in those of whose complicated evolutions she had acquired a knowledge in the metropolis.

But, alas! we are not all equally gifted—"great heights are hazardous for the weak head"—errors generally ensued among the uninitiated in the newly-imported mystery, one blunder produced another, till the performers, reeling about, and jostling against each other, were making what billiard-players denominate "the cannon," and it seemed as "Chaos had come again."

Hitherto the good people of the Borough had never been molested by a foreign foe, their only wars being *civil* ones; but at length their latent energies were called into action by a most alarming and unexpected event.

During a severe snow-storm a French frigate, having on board a considerable number of troops, was wrecked upon the coast at no great distance from the Borough; and there being no military force of any description in the county, the citizens made a general turn-out; and a stirring sight it was to see them mustering upon the "Broad Street," in order to be drilled by an old gentleman, who, in his hot youth, had served his country at home, in a corps of Fencibles, which had marched in triumph from one end of the kingdom to the other, most gallantly scaling the hills, deploying into the valleys, taking possession of

the best quarters in the towns, and carrying female hearts by storm.

Upon this alarming occasion patriotism seemed to have inspired every heart, and all distinctions of rank and wealth were for the time forgotten:

"Groom stood by noble, squire by knight;"

the highest with the humblest. The young hopeful, the heir-apparent of heather and seaweed, forsook the sport of the hill and the shore, and left the grouse and the wild duck for nobler game; the doctor threw his "physic to the dogs," and resigned the lancet for the lance; the lawyer gave up the cause of his clients for that of his country; for that, too, the shoemaker resigned his *awl*; and even the tailor, fancying himself a man, instead of a mere fraction thereof, left his *goose and cabbage*, and joined the glorious band who had assembled for the defence of their country.

Yet, notwithstanding all this promptitude of purpose, and chivalrous feeling, the appearance of the recruits would, I fear, have been far more appalling to a drill-sergeant than to an enemy. Drew up in line—

"A horrid front they form."

"Shoulder arms!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder; but the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous, and one man, it was observed, was still "standing at ease." Upon being challenged by the captain, and asked why he had not "shouldered" along with the rest, "What the deil's a' the haste," quoth he, "canna ye wait till a body tak' a snuff?"

This single circumstance will enable the reader to form a tolerably correct estimate of the attainment of the citizens in the art of war.

Fortunately for themselves and their country their services were not required, in consequence of the arrival of a detachment of Volunteers from a neighbouring county, which had been sent for on the first alarm, to whom the poor Frenchmen, already half-dead with cold and hunger, surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion; and thus the cloud passed away, and the borough was restored to its usual state of tranquillity.

At the time of which I speak there existed, and, for aught I know to the contrary, there may still exist, a more than usual proportion of elderly unmarried ladies. The cause of this melancholy fact I cannot pretend to explain, for many of them I have heard were great beauties in their youth. Taken as a body they were as free from the peculiarities incident to single blessedness as any other class of society;

yet true it is, that a few of the sisterhood took such a warm interest in the characters and concerns of their fellow-citizens as had on several occasions well nigh set the town on fire; and such was their unquenchable hatred of scandal, that they would not for one moment allow it to sleep, or even to die in peace.

At the head of this Suppression-of-vice Society was Miss Tabitha Primrose, a lady of a *certain* age, which, according to Byron, is of all ages the most *uncertain*. She had long made a dead halt at that of thirty, beyond which stage in the journey of life nothing could induce her to budge a single step.

One of the slowest movements in nature is the approximation of the nose and chin, these neighbours requiring the greater part of a century to effect a meeting, by travelling over the short space which divides them in youth; and in Tabby's case they had gone over fully half the distance, pointing like the index of a clock to a pretty late hour—but all in vain. Suns and seasons might roll away—moons wax and wane—sands might run and shadows sail, till dials grew green and tresses gray—but amidst this moving scene Tabby remained immovable, in protracted youth, with a bloom of that blessed kind which never fades, and a *wig* that bade defiance to the “snows of time.”

Tabitha had been a great beauty in her youth, the evidence of which (as few people could speak of that period from their own recollection) rested on the best of all authority—her own, but having, it seems, had a tendency to corpulency, she had indulged rather too freely in the use of vinegar, to which ought probably to be ascribed a certain expression of sourness about the corners of her mouth, which she still retained. In common with all other fair ladies, she had been “beseeched and besieged” by a host of admirers; but, being remarkably fastidious, and perhaps not finding among her swains a perfect Sir Charles Grandison, and, moreover, the age of chivalry being past and gone, when men sighed seven years for a lady's smile, it somehow or other happened that Tabitha was left to

“Waste her sweetness on the desert air.”

We have all heard of those wise ancients who wept when a child was born; but Tabby went a step beyond them, and, with a more prophetic philosophy of feeling, actually shed tears whenever she heard of a marriage; and, in the midst of her sorrow and pity for the unhappy bride, thanked Heaven for having preserved herself from such a fate.

She was such a determined enemy to every

kind of youthful levity, that the very frisking of lambs seemed to displease her. Pure as new-fallen snow—severe as justice—and unerring as mathematical sequences—she stood alone—a woman without a weakness, and a very personification of *prim* propriety.

“But who can stand envy?” or when did ever such superhuman excellence escape the breath of calumny?—against that even Tabitha's virtue was no protection; and there were not wanting ill-disposed persons who called her severe reprobation of derelictions from virtue downright scandal, and by whom the tears which she shed for young brides were shrewdly suspected to flow from the regret she felt at not being one herself. But to return.

The evening entertainments were of that kind denominated “Tea and Turn-out,”—a mode of treating one's friends, having the show of hospitality, but denying the power thereof. Tea and Turn-out!—gentle readers, only think of such a hoax—my blood yet runs cold at the thought—Tea and Turn-out!

Early in the forenoon a maid-servant, all smiles and roses, would enter and present a gilt paper card, whereon the eye caught the words, “Compliments—company at tea—spend the evening,” &c.—the last words seeming to insinuate a delicate hint of supper: but thus it is that our feelings are cruelly sported with, and hopes are excited which are never intended to be realized. In consequence of such *promissory notes*, how often have I risen from a comfortable fireside at home, have adjourned to a cold room above stairs, and dressed for supper, when, alas! supper was not dressed for me!

The festivities of the evening commenced about six or seven o'clock, according to the rank of our entertainers; and as it seldom happened that any waiters were in attendance to hand about the tea, an excellent opportunity was afforded to our Lotharios of showing their attention to the ladies in that way; but in doing the thing with an air the consequence frequently was, that the fair ones received into their laps instead of their hands the elegant china vases, together with their scalding contents. Next were presented various kinds of rich sweet-bread, pleasant indeed to the eye, but, upon a nearer acquaintance, betraying an air of antiquity not altogether agreeable.

As soon as the refreshments of the evening were over, the conversation became general, and occasionally *particular*: our absent friends were not forgotten, nor were their most private and delicate concerns overlooked.

About nine o'clock a general *rising* took place, which, not being resisted on the part

of our entertainers, we read our fate in each other's eyes, and made a simultaneous movement towards the door; whence, with ill-suppressed chagrin, we descended into the street and made the best of our way home.

Such was the nature of our evening pastime in the Borough at the time I first resided there; but returning after an absence of long years,

"I looked and saw the face of things quite changed;" many old friends and old fashions had died, and among the rest "Tea and Turn-out" had given up the ghost, and better things, of which it was only the type and shadow, reigned in its place. Instead of that meagre mockery, the supper table, plethoric even to apoplexy, exhibited in beatific vision such varieties as the following:—A large round of boiled beef smothered among cabbage, through whose silvery canopy of mist appeared a smoked goose, a large mutton ham, a roast of pork, a dish of dogfish, and of welsh-rabbits melted in their own fat. The light meal was diluted by copious draughts of strong home-brewed ale, and the whole etheralized by several large bowls of rum-punch; after which the happy guests retired to rest, to enjoy those pleasant dreams which are the never-failing reward of such good living.

In this way they managed matters at the time of my last visit to the Borough; but, alas! there is nothing permanent on earth except change; for I have lately been informed that "Supper and Turn-in" hath gone the way of "Tea and Turn-out." A great and goodly conversion hath taken place at their evening parties, where controversial divinity is the standing dish. Mutton hams, smoked geese, and welsh-rabbits, are superseded by knotty points of faith, still harder of digestion, and punch has given place to prayers.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW (1635).

THE ADVENTURES OF PARSON SCHMOLKE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER BAKEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUSTUS F. LANGBEIN.

"Where are we now? See nought appears
But cattle on the hill;
I told you oft to shun the left,
But you would have your will.
You've brought us here;—now save us both
From rock, and pit, and rill."

"*'Hic hæret aqua,'* honoured sir,
Trust now no more to me;
But mark! I tremble not although
We thieves and wolves may see.
Says Horace,—*'Purus sceleris
Non eget Mauri jaculis.'*"

"Oh that you and your Latin were
In Styx, and I—in bed.
Is this a time to laugh and jest
With my mistress and dread?
But see! low in the valley gleams
A light; O let us seek its beams!"

"*'Cur non, mi Domine,'* for there
A mortal must abide;
In such a place the cloven feet
And tail would ne'er reside.
On, quickly on! for now I think
How sweet their potent ale will drink."

Then, reeling, for the light they steer,
These heroes of my strain;
But whence they came, I, with your leave,
In one word may explain—
They staggered from a bridal feast
With all they could contain.

The hut is reach'd; a man appears
All clad in sullied brown,
Who eyes our two benighted friends
With dark suspicious frown.
They begg'd for beds, till rising day
Should dawn to light them on their way.

"Indeed, to tell your honours true,
Of beds I've none to spare,
But solace such as straw may yield
You're welcome here to share.
If that can please you, soon you'll find
A truss and chamber to your mind."

Most piteously upon his paunch
The parson cast his eye;
"How now, thou fat rotundity,
On straw couch wilt thou lie?"—
"*'Sub sole nil perfectum est,'*"
Said Bakel—"here I'll take my rest."

He said, and soon was fast asleep.
The parson look'd around
For peg to hang his wig upon,
But no one could be found:
Himself upon the straw he cast,
His wig upon the ground.

Between the guests and host alone
A thin partition stood;
They heard him sing an evening hymn,
Then pray for faith and food;
And now the godly service done,
Unto his spouse he thus began—

"My dear, as soon as morning dawns,
The *black ones* I shall slay,
They will be, when I think again,
Much fatter than I say.
Oh how that bullet-round one will—
He makes my very chops distil!"

"Ah, Bakel! do you sleep? or hear
These cannibals declare,
That, when the morning sun ascends,
On us they mean to fare?
Oh from this horrid murderous den
Were I but out alive again!"

"*Proh dolor,* sir; but still there's hope,
We're not in Charon's barge;
Still may some good *Convivia*
Your little paunch enlarge.
Nay ope your eyes,—look here and see
A window; from it leap with me."

"Yes! such a goose-quill thing as you
May leap, and dread no harm;
But, were I such a leap to take,
I'd die with pure alarm;
This ponderous body would but drop
Into Death's open arm."

Now Bakel used his eloquence
To urge his friend to fly;
He painted dangers great and dread
If they should longer lie;
Till he took courage from despair,
The unknown dreadful leap to dare.

But still there was a point to fix,
Which first the leap should try;
Each urged the other, and again
Replied, "Oh no, not I."
At last our friend the pedagogue
Down like a bird did fly.

He lighted, *salva venia*,
Upon a hill of dung,
And bounding from the dirt unhurt
Like dunghill cock he sprung:
But like a cliff from mountain cast,
Fell the fat parson, and stuck fast!

He sunk up to the waist, nor could
Move on a single hair;
While Bakel cursed and scampered round,
In impotent despair:
Meantime the roof poured torrents down
On the poor parson's naked crown.

Now Bakel found all efforts vain
To ope the dunghill's side;
And though his friend there still had lain,
No help could he provide.
At last a powerful lever's found;
With it he heaves him from the ground.

But ah, how adverse still their fate!
For now they found a court,
Whose towering walls and barred gate
Cut further egress short.
Thus fruitless all these dangers run
The dreadful cannibals to shun!

Now they prepare their hearts to sing
A "*valet*" ere they die,
And only seek a sheltering roof,
Till then to keep them dry.
Experience tells we best may claim
Success, if *humble* be our aim.

So found the candidates for death
A shelter in their need;
It was a hovel near a shade
Where cattle used to feed.
It chanced that in that hole, his swine
Our host, while feeding, did confine.

But *they* had burst their little door,
And so had stole away,
And in the garden with their snouts
Did hold their merry play;
While in their place our pious friends
Most fervently did pray.

"Oh think, dear Bakel, that the grave
Is but the gate of life;
There beggars equal mighty kings;
There ends all mortal strife;
The injured slave feels not the thong,
Nor drags his weary chain along."

"Ah yes, how truly says the bard,
Si hora mortis ruit
Is fit Irus subito
Qui modo Cræsus fuit."
Thus spent they all the hours of night
Till dawn the little court did light.

Now hideously the door did creak,
From which came out the man,
Whose eye beam'd murder; and he straight
To whet his knife began;
And mutter'd as he rubb'd away,
"Ye *black ones*, ye shall die to-day!"

The host a *Flesher* was by trade,
And spoke still of his swine.
While all these dreadful thoughts beset
The teacher and divine;
Who fell into the odd mistake,
That he their lives design'd to take.

So forth he stretch'd his hand to draw
The swine from out their hole:—
The first thing that he seized upon
Was Bakel's thickened sole:
He cried in terror and affright,
"The Devil! oh ye powers of light!"

Now was their foolish blunder clear;
They show'd themselves in day;
And soon the *Flesher's* deadly fears
And dread were chased away.
A hearty breakfast crown'd the board
And laughter loudly at it roar'd.

At parting all swore solemnly
The blunder to conceal,
But lately when I made a feast
Of venison and veal,
The parson in a merry mood
The whole truth did reveal.

Edinburgh Mag.

THE EVENING OF A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

While our shrub walks darken,
And the stars get bright aloft,
Sit we still and hearken
To the music low and soft.
By the old oak yonder
Where we watched the setting sun,
Listening to the far-off thunder
Of the multitude as one.

Sit, my best beloved,
In the waning light;
Yield thy spirit to the teaching
Of each sound and sight,
While those sounds are flowing
To their silent rest;
While the parting wake of sunlight
Broods along the west:

Sweeter 'tis to hearken
Than to bear a part;
Better to look on happiness
Than carry a light heart.
Sweeter to walk on cloudy hills
With a sunny plain below,
Than to weary of the brightness
Where the floods of sunshine flow.

Souls that love each other,
Join both joys in one;
Blest by others' happiness,
And nourished by their own.
So with quick reflection,
Each its opposite
Still gives back, and multiplies
To infinite delight.

S.W. AND BY W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.

[Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., C.B., born in London, 10th July, 1792; died in Norfolk, 2d August, 1848. As a naval officer, "he was brave, zealous, intelligent, and even thoughtful, yet active in the performance of his duties," was the verdict of the late Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane). As the inventor of the code of signals for the merchant vessels of all nations Captain Marryat has earned the gratitude of all seafarers; but it is as a novelist that he is most distinguished. He was thirty-seven when his first work appeared—*Frank Mildmay*, and twenty-four others followed in rapid succession. It will suffice to mention *The King's Own*; *Newton Forster*; *Midshipman Easy*; *Jacob Faithful*; *Perceival Keene*; *Snarly Yow*; *The Phantom Ship*; *Joseph Rustbrook*; or *the Poacher*; *Valerie*; *Diary in America*; *The Settlers in Canada*; *The Pacha of Many Tales*, &c. "His stories of the sea are unquestionably the first in their peculiar line."—*Dublin University Magazine*. Christopher North said "he would have stood in the first class of sea-scribes had he written nothing but *Peter Simple*." Various editions of his works are issued by Routledge and Sons, by whose permission the following tale is quoted from *Olla Podrida*. The biography of Captain Marryat, edited by his daughter Florence Marryat—herself a novelist—was published in 1872.]

Jack Littlebrain was, physically considered, as fine grown, and moreover as handsome a boy as ever was seen, but it must be acknowledged that he was not very clever. Nature is, in most instances, very impartial; she has given plumage to the peacock, but, as every one knows, not the slightest ear for music. Throughout the feathered race it is almost invariably the same; the homeliest clad are the finest songsters. Among animals the elephant is certainly the most intelligent, but, at the same time, he cannot be considered as a beauty. Acting upon this well-ascertained principle, nature imagined that she had done quite enough for Jack when she endowed him with such personal perfection; and did not consider it was at all necessary that he should be very clever; indeed, it must be admitted, not only that he was not very clever, but (as the truth must be told) remarkably dull and stupid. However, the Littlebrains have been for a long while a well-known, numerous, and influential

family, so that, if it were possible that Jack could have been taught anything, the means were forthcoming: he was sent to every school in the country; but it was in vain. At every following vacation he was handed over from the one pedagogue to the other, of those whose names were renowned for the Busbian system of teaching by stimulating both ends: he was horsed every day and still remained an ass, and at the end of six months, if he did not run away before that period was over, he was invariably sent back to his parents as incorrigible and unteachable. What was to be done with him? The Littlebrains had always got on in the world, somehow or another, by their interest and connections; but here was one who might be said to have no brains at all. After many pros and cons, and after a variety of consulting letters had passed between the various members of his family, it was decided, that as his maternal uncle, Sir Theophilus Blazers, G.C.B., was at that time second in command in the Mediterranean, he should be sent to sea under his command; the admiral having, in reply to a letter on the subject, answered that it was hard indeed if he did not lick him into some shape or another; and that, at all events, he'd warrant that Jack should be able to box the compass before he had been three months nibbling the ship's biscuit; further, that it was very easy to get over the examination necessary to qualify him for lieutenant, as a turkey and a dozen of brown-stout sent in the boat with him on the passing day, as a present to each of the passing captains, would pass him, even if he were as incompetent as a camel (or, as they say at sea, a cable) to pass through the eye of a needle; that having once passed, he would soon have him in command of a fine frigate, with a good nursing first lieutenant; and that if he did not behave himself properly, he would make his signal to come on board of the flag-ship, take him into the cabin, and give him a sound horse-whipping, as other admirals have been known to inflict upon their own sons under similar circumstances. The reader must be aware that, from the tenor of Sir Theophilus' letter, the circumstances which we are narrating must have occurred some fifty years ago.

When Jack was informed that he was to be a midshipman, he looked up in the most innocent way in the world (and innocent he was, sure enough), turned on his heels, and whistled as he went for want of thought. For the last three months he had been at home, and his chief employment was kissing and romping with the maids, who declared him to

be the handsomest Littlebrain that the country had ever produced. Our hero viewed the preparations made for his departure with perfect indifference, and wished everybody good-by with the utmost composure. He was a happy, good-tempered fellow, who never calculated, because he could not; never decided, for he had not wit enough to choose; never foresaw, although he could look straight before him; and never remembered, because he had no memory. The line, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was certainly made especially for Jack; nevertheless he was not totally deficient: he knew what was good to eat or drink, for his taste was perfect, his eyes were very sharp, and he could discover in a moment if a peach was ripe on the wall; his hearing was quick, for he was the first in the school to detect the footsteps of his pedagogue; and he could smell anything savoury nearly a mile off, if the wind lay the right way. Moreover, he knew that if he put his fingers in the fire that he would burn himself; that knives cut severely; that birch tickled, and several other little axioms of this sort which are generally ascertained by children at an early age, but which Jack's capacity had not received until at a much later date. Such as he was, our hero went to sea; his stock in his sea-chest being very abundant, while his stock of ideas was proportionably small.

We will pass over all the trans-shipments of Jack until he was eventually shipped on board the *Mendacious*, then lying at Malta, with the flag of Sir Theophilus Blazers at the fore—a splendid ship, carrying 120 guns, and nearly 120 midshipmen of different calibres. (I pass over captain, lieutenant, and ship's company, having made mention of her most valuable qualifications.) Jack was received with a hearty welcome by his uncle, for he came in pudding-time, and was invited to dinner; and the admiral made the important discovery, that if his nephew was a fool in other points, he was certainly no fool at his knife and fork. In a short time his messmates found out that he was no fool at his fists, and his knock-down arguments ended much disputation. Indeed, as the French would say, Jack was perfection in the *physique*, although so very deficient in the *morale*.

But if Pandora's box proved a plague to the whole world, Jack had his individual portion of it, when he was summoned to *box* the compass by his worthy uncle Sir Theophilus Blazers; who, in the course of six months, discovered that he could not make his nephew box it in the three, which he had warranted in his letter;

every day our hero's ears were boxed, but the compass never. It required all the cardinal virtues to teach him the cardinal points during the forenoon, and he made a point of forgetting them before the sun went down. Whenever they attempted it (and various were the teachers employed to drive the compass into Jack's head), his head drove round the compass; and try all he could, Jack never could compass it. It appeared, as some people are said only to have one idea, as if Jack could only have one point in his head at a time, and to that point he would stand like a well-broken pointer. With him the wind never changed till the next day. His uncle pronounced him to be a fool, but that did not hurt his nephew's feelings; he had been told so too often already.

I have said that Jack had a great respect for good eating and drinking, and, moreover, was blessed with a good appetite: every person has his peculiar fancies, and if there was anything which more titillated the palate and olfactory nerves of our hero, it was a roast goose with sage and onions. Now it so happened, that having been about seven months on board of the *Mendacious*, Jack had one day received a summons to dine with the admiral, for the steward had ordered a roast goose for dinner, and knew not only that Jack was partial to it, but also that Jack was the admiral's nephew, which always goes for something on board of a flag-ship. Just before they were sitting down to table, the admiral wishing to know how the wind was, and having been not a little vexed with the slow progress of his nephew's nautical acquirements, said, "Now, Mr. Littlebrain, go up and bring me down word how the wind is; and mark me, as, when you are sent, nine times out of ten you make a mistake, I shall now bet you five guineas against your dinner, that you make a mistake this time: so now be off and we will soon ascertain whether you lose your dinner or I lose my money. Sit down, gentlemen, we will not wait for Mr. Littlebrain."

Jack did not much admire this bet on the part of his uncle, but still less did he like the want of good manners in not waiting for him. He had just time to see the covers removed, to scent a whiff of the goose, and was off.

"The admiral wants to know how the wind is, sir," said Jack to the officer of the watch.

The officer of the watch went to the binnacle, and setting the wind as nearly as he could, replied, "Tell Sir Theophilus that it is S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W."

"That's one of those confounded long points that I never can remember," cried Jack, in despair.

"Then you'll 'get goose,' as the saying is," observed one of the midshipmen.

"No; I'm afraid that I sha'n't get any," replied Jack, despondingly. "What did he say, S.W. and by N. $\frac{3}{4}$ E.?"

"Not exactly," replied his messmate, who was a good-natured lad, and laughed heartily at Jack's version. "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W."

"I never can remember it," cried Jack. "I'm to have five guineas if I do, and no dinner if I don't; and if I stay here much longer, I shall get no dinner at all events, for they are all terribly peckish, and there will be none left."

"Well, if you'll give me one of the guineas, I'll show you how to manage it," said the midshipman.

"I'll give you two, if you'll only be quick and the goose a'n't all gone," replied Jack.

The midshipman wrote down the point from which the wind blew, at full length, upon a bit of paper, and pinned it to the rim of Jack's hat. "Now," said he, "when you go into the cabin, you can hold your hat so as to read it without their perceiving you."

"Well, so I can; I never should have thought of that," said Jack.

"You hav'n't wit enough," replied the midshipman.

"Well, I see no wit in the compass," replied Jack.

"Nevertheless, it's full of point," replied the midshipman: "now be quick."

Our hero's eyes served him well if his memory was treacherous; and as he entered the cabin door he bowed over his hat very politely, and said, as he read it off, "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," and then he added, without reading at all, "if you please, Sir Theophilus."

"Steward," said the admiral, "tell the officer of the watch to step down."

"How's the wind, Mr. Growler?"

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," replied the officer.

"Then, Mr. Littlebrain, you have won your five guineas, and may now sit down and enjoy your dinner."

Our hero was not slow in obeying the order, and ventured, upon the strength of his success, to send his plate twice for goose. Having eaten their dinner, drunk their wine, and taken their coffee, the officers, at the same time, took the hint which invariably accompanies the latter beverage, made their bows and retreated. As Jack was following his seniors out of the cabin, the admiral put the sum which he had staked into his hands, observing, that "it was an ill wind that blew nobody good."

So thought Jack, who, having faithfully paid the midshipman the two guineas for his assistance, was now on the poop keeping his watch, as midshipmen usually do; that is, stretched out on the signal lockers and composing himself to sleep after the most approved fashion, answering the winks of the stars by blinks of his eyes, until at last he shut them to keep them warm. But, before he had quite composed himself, he thought of the goose and the five guineas. The wind was from the same quarter, blowing soft and mild; Jack lay in a sort of reverie, as it fanned his cheek, for the weather was close and sultry.

"Well," muttered Jack to himself, "I do love that point of the compass, at all events, and I think that I never shall forget S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. No I never—never liked one before, though —"

"Is that true?" whispered a gentle voice in his ear; "do you love 'S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.,' and will you, as you say, never forget her?"

"Why, what's that?" said Jack, opening his eyes and turning half round on his side.

"It's me — 'S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.,' that you say you love."

Littlebrain raised himself and looked round; —there was no one on the poop except himself and two or three of the after-guard, who were lying down between the guns.

"Why, who was it that spoke?" said Jack, much astonished.

"It was the wind you love and who has long loved you," replied the same voice; "do you wish to see me?"

"See you—see the wind?—I've been already sent on that message by the midshipmen," thought Jack.

"Do you love me as you say, and as I love you?" continued the voice.

"Well, I like you better than any other point of the compass, and I'm sure I never thought I should like one of them," replied Jack.

"That will not do for me; will you love only me?"

"I'm not likely to love the others," replied Jack, shutting his eyes again; "*I hate them all.*"

"And love me?"

"Well, I do love you, that's a fact," replied Jack, as he thought of the goose and the five guineas.

"Then look round and you shall see me," said the soft voice.

Jack, who hardly knew whether he was asleep or awake, did at this summons once more take the trouble to open his eyes, and beheld a fairy female figure, pellucid as water,

yet apparently possessing substance; her features were beautifully soft and mild, and her outline trembled and shifted as it were, waving gently to and fro. It smiled sweetly, hung over him, played with his chestnut curls, softly touched his lips with her own, passed her trembling fingers over his cheeks, and its warm breath appeared as if it melted into his. Then it grew more bold,—embraced his person, searched into his neck and collar, as if curious to examine him.

Jack felt a pleasure and gratification which he could not well comprehend: once more the charmer's lips trembled upon his own, now remaining for a moment, now withdrawing, again returning to kiss and kiss again, and once more did the soft voice put the question,—

"Do you love me?"

"Better than goose," replied Jack.

"I don't know who goose may be," replied the fairy form, as she tossed about Jack's waving locks; "you must love only me, promise me that before I am relieved."

"What, have you got the first watch, as well as me?" replied Jack.

"I am on duty just now, but I shall not be so long. We southerly winds are never kept long in one place; some of my sisters will probably be sent here soon."

"I don't understand what you talk about," replied Jack. "Suppose you tell me who you are, and what you are, and I'll do all I can to keep awake; I don't know how it is, but I've felt more inclined to go to sleep since you have been fanning me about, than I did before."

"Then I will remain by your side while you listen to me. I am, as I told you, a wind —"

"That's puzzling," said Jack, interrupting her.

"My name is 'S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.'"

"Yes, and a very long name it is. If you wish me to remember you, you should have had a shorter one."

This ruffled the wind a little, and she blew rather sharp into the corner of Jack's eye,—however she proceeded,—

"You are a sailor, and of course you know all the winds on the compass by name."

"I wish I did; but I don't," replied Littlebrain; "I can recollect you, and not one other."

Again the wind trembled with delight on his lips, and she proceeded:—"You know that there are thirty-two points on the compass, and these points are divided into quarters; so that there are, in fact, 128 different winds."

"There are more than I could ever remember; I know that," said Jack.

"Well, we are in all 128. All the winds which have northerly in them are coarse and ugly; all the southern winds are pretty."

"You don't say so?" replied our hero.

"We are summoned to blow, as required, but the hardest duty generally falls to the northerly winds, as it should do, for they are the strongest; although we southerly winds can blow hard enough when we choose. Our characters are somewhat different. The most unhappy in disposition, and I may say the most malevolent, are the north and easterly winds; the N.W. winds are powerful, but not unkind; the S.E. winds vary, but, at all events, we of the S.W. are considered the mildest and most beneficent. Do you understand me?"

"Not altogether. You're going right round the compass, and I never could make it out, that's a fact. I hear what you say, but I cannot promise to recollect it; I can only recollect S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W."

"I care only for your recollecting me; if you do that, you may forget all the rest. Now you see we South Wests are summer winds, and are seldom required but in this season; I have often blown over your ship these last three months, and I always have lingered near you, for I loved you."

"Thank you—now go on, for seven bells have struck some time, and I shall be going to turn in. Is your watch out?"

"No, I shall blow for some hours longer. Why will you leave me—why won't you stay on deck with me?"

"What, stay on deck after my watch is out? No, if I do, blow me! We midshipmen never do that—but I say, why can't you come down with me, and turn in my hammock; it's close to the hatchway, and you can easily do it."

"Well, I will, upon one promise. You say that you love me, now I'm very jealous, for we winds are always supplanting one another. Promise me that you will never mention any other wind in the compass but me, for if you do, they may come to you, and if I hear of it I'll blow the masts out of your ship, that I will."

"You don't say so?" replied Jack, surveying her fragile, trembling form.

"Yes, I will, and on a lee-shore too; so that the ship shall go to pieces on the rocks, and the admiral and every soul on board her be drowned."

"No, you wouldn't, would you?" said our hero, astonished.

"Not if you promise me. Then I'll come to you and pour down your windsails, and dry your washed clothes as they hang on the rig-

ging, and just ripple the waves as you glide along, and hang upon the lips of my dear love, and press him in my arms. Promise me, then, on no account ever to recollect or mention any other wind but me."

"Well, I think I may promise that," replied Jack, "I'm very clever at forgetting; and then you'll come to my hammock, won't you, and sleep with me? You'll be a nice cool bedfellow these warm nights."

"I can't sleep on my watch as midshipmen do; but I'll watch you while you sleep, and I'll fan your cheeks, and keep you cool and comfortable, till I'm relieved."

"And when you go, when will you come again?"

"That I cannot tell—when I'm summoned; and I shall wait with impatience, that you may be sure of."

"There's eight bells," said Jack, starting up; "I must go down and call the officer of the middle watch; but I'll soon turn in, for my relief is not so big as myself, and I can thrash him."

Littlebrain was as good as his word; he cut down his relief, and then thrashed him for venturing to expostulate. The consequence was, that in ten minutes he was in his hammock, and "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W." came gently down the hatchway and rested in his arms. Jack soon fell fast asleep, and when he was wakened up the next morning by the quarter-master, his bedfellow was no longer there. A mate inquiring how the wind was, was answered by the quarter-master that they had a fresh breeze from the N.N.W., by which Jack understood that his sweetheart was no longer on duty.

Our hero had passed such a happy night with his soft and kind companion, that he could think of nothing else; he longed for her to come again, and, to the surprise of everybody, was now perpetually making inquiries as to the wind which blew. He thought of her continually; and in fact was as much in love with "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W." as he possibly could be. She came again—once more did he enjoy her delightful company; again she slept with him in his hammock, and then, after a short stay, she was relieved by another.

We do not intend to accuse the wind of inconstancy, as that was not her fault; nor of treachery, for she loved dearly; nor of violence, for she was all softness and mildness; but we do say, that "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W." was the occasion of Jack being very often in a scrape, for our hero kept his word; he forgot all other winds, and with him there was no other ex-

cept his dear "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W." It must be admitted of Jack, that, at all events, he showed great perseverance, for he stuck to his point.

Our hero would argue with his messmates, for it is not those who are most capable of arguing who are most fond of it; and, like all arguers not very brilliant, he would flounder and diverge away right and left, just as the flaws of ideas came into his head.

"What nonsense it is your talking that way," would his opponent say; "why don't you come to the point?"

"And so I do," cried Jack.

"Well, then, what is your point?"

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," replied our hero.

Who could reply to this? But in every instance, and through every difficulty, our hero kept his promise, until his uncle, Sir Theophilus, was very undecided whether he should send him home to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, or bring him on in the service to the rank of post-captain. Upon mature consideration, however, as a man in Bedlam is a very useless member of society, and a teetotal non-productive, whereas a captain in the navy is a responsible agent, the admiral came to the conclusion that Littlebrain must follow up his destiny.

At last Jack was set down as the greatest fool in the ship, and was pointed out as such. The ladies observed that such might possibly be the case, but at all events he was the handsomest young man in the Mediterranean fleet. We believe that both parties were correct in their assertions.

Time flies—even a midshipman's time, which does not fly quite so fast as his money—and the time came for Mr. Littlebrain's examination. Sir Theophilus, who now commanded the whole fleet, was almost in despair. How was it possible that a man could navigate a ship with only one quarter point of the compass in his head?

Sir Theophilus scratched his wig; and the disposition of the Mediterranean fleet, so important to the country, was altered according to the dispositions of the captains who commanded the ships. In those days there were martinets in the service; officers who never overlooked an offence, or permitted the least deviation from strict duty; who were generally hated, but at the same time were most valuable to the service. As for his nephew passing his examination before any of those of the first or second, or even of the third degree, the admiral knew that it was impossible. The consequence was, that one was sent away on

a mission to Genoa about nothing; another to watch for vessels never expected, off Sardinia; two more to cruise after a French frigate which had never been built; and thus, by degrees, did the admiral arrange, so as to obtain a set of officers sufficiently pliant to allow his nephew to creep under the gate which barred his promotion, and which he never could have vaulted over. So the signal was made—our hero went on board—his uncle had not forgotten the propriety of a little *douceur* on the occasion; and, as the turkeys were all gone, three couple of geese were sent in the same boat, as a present to each of the three passing captains. Littlebrain's heart failed him as he pulled to the ship; even the geese hissed at him, as much as to say, "If you were not such a stupid ass, we might have been left alive in our coops." There was a great deal of truth in that remark, if they did say so.

Nothing could have been made more easy for Littlebrain than his examination. The questions had all been arranged beforehand; and some kind friend had given him all the answers written down. The passing captains apparently suffered from the heat of the weather, and each had his hand on his brow, looking down on the table at the time that Littlebrain gave his answers, so that of course they did not observe that he was reading them off. As soon as Littlebrain had given his answer, and had had sufficient time to drop his paper under the table, the captains felt better and looked up again.

There were but eight questions for our hero to answer. Seven had been satisfactorily got through; then came the eighth, a very simple one:—"What is your course and distance from Ushant to the Start?" This question having been duly put, the captains were again in deep meditation, shrouding their eyes with the palms of their hands.

Littlebrain had his answer—he looked at the paper. What could be more simple than to reply?—and then the captains would have all risen up, shaken him by the hand, complimented him upon the talent he had displayed, sent their compliments to the commander-in-chief, and their thanks for the geese. Jack was just answering, "North —"

"Recollect your promise!" cried a soft voice, which Jack well recollected.

Jack stammered—the captains were mute—and waited patiently.

"I must say it," muttered Jack.

"You shan't," replied the little Wind.

"Indeed I must," said Jack, "or I shall be turned back."

The captains, surprised at this delay and the muttering of Jack, looked up, and one of them gently inquired if Mr. Littlebrain had not dropped his handkerchief or something under the table? And then they again fixed their eyes upon the green cloth.

"If you dare, I'll never see you again," cried "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W."—"never come to your hammock—but I'll blow the ship on shore, every soul shall be lost, admiral and all; recollect your promise!"

"Then I shall never pass," replied Jack.

"Do you think that any other point in the compass shall pass you except me?—never! I am too jealous for that. Come now, dearest!" and the Wind again deliciously trembled upon the lips of our hero, who could no longer resist.

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," exclaimed Jack firmly.

"You have made a slight mistake, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains. "Look again—I meant to say, *think* again."

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," again repeated Jack.

"Dearest, how I love you!" whispered the soft Wind.

"Why, Mr. Littlebrain," said one of the captains—for Jack had actually laid the paper down on the table—"what's in the wind now?"

"She's obstinate," replied Jack.

"You appear to be so, at all events," replied the captain. "Pray, try once more."

"I have it!" thought Jack, who tore off the last answer from his paper. "I gained five guineas by that plan once before." He then handed the bit of paper to the passing captain: "I believe that's right, sir," said our hero.

"Yes, that is right; but could you not have said it instead of writing it, Mr. Littlebrain?"

Jack made no reply; his little sweetheart pouted a little, but said nothing; it was an evasion which she did not like. A few seconds of consultation then took place, as a matter of form. Each captain asked of the other if he was perfectly satisfied as to Mr. Littlebrain's capabilities, and the reply was in the affirmative; and they were perfectly satisfied that he was either a fool or a madman. However, as we have had both in the service by way of precedent, Jack was added to the list, and the next day was appointed lieutenant.

Our hero did his duty as lieutenant of the fore-castle; and as all the duty of that officer is, when hailed from the quarter-deck, to answer, "Ay, ay, sir," he got on without making many mistakes. And now he was very happy; no one dared to call him a fool except his

uncle; he had his own cabin, and many was the time that his dear little "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W." would come in by the scuttle and nestle by his side.

"You won't see so much of me soon, dearest," said she, one morning, gravely,

"Why not, my soft one?" replied Jack.

"Don't you recollect that the winter months are coming on?"

"So they are," replied Jack. "Well, I shall long for you back."

And Jack did long, and long very much, for he loved his dear wind and the fine weather which accompanied her. Winter came on, and heavy gales and rain, and thunder and lightning; nothing but double-reefed top-sails and wearing in succession; and our hero walked the fore-castle and thought of his favourite wind. The N.E. winds came down furiously, and the weather was bitter cold. The officers shook the rain and spray off their garments when their watch was over, and called for grog.

"Steward, a glass of grog," cried one; "and let it be strong."

"The same for me," said Jack; "only, I'll mix it myself."

Jack poured out the rum till the tumbler was half full.

"Why, Littlebrain," said his messmate, "that is a dose; that's what we call a regular *Nor-wester*."

"Is it?" replied Jack. "Well, then, Nor-westers suit me exactly, and I shall stick to them like cobblers' wax."

And during the whole of the winter months our hero showed a great predilection for Nor-westers.

It was in the latter end of February that there was a heavy gale; it had blown furiously from the northward for three days, and then it paused and panted as if out of breath—no wonder! And then the wind shifted and shifted again, with squalls and heavy rain, until it blew from every quarter of the compass.

Our hero's watch was over, and he came down and called for a "Nor-wester" as usual.

"How is the wind now?" asked the first lieutenant of the master, who came down dripping wet.

"S.S.W., but drawing now fast to the westward," said old Spunyarn.

And so it was; and it veered round until "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," with an angry gust, came down the skylight, and blowing strongly into our hero's ear, cried—

"Oh, you false one!"

"False!" exclaimed Jack. "What! you here, and so angry too? What's the matter?"

"What's the matter!—do you think I don't know? What have you been doing ever since I was away, comforting yourself during my absence with *Nor-westers*?"

"Why, you an't jealous of a *Nor-wester*, are you?" replied Littlebrain. "I confess I'm rather partial to them."

"What!—this to my face!—I'll never come again, without you promise me that you will have nothing to do with them, and never call for one again. Be quick—I cannot stay more than two minutes; for it is hard work now, and we relieve quick—say the word."

"Well, then," replied Littlebrain, "you've no objection to *half-and-half*?"

"None in the world; that's quite another thing, and has nothing to do with the wind."

"It has though," thought Jack, "for it gets a man in the wind; but I won't tell her so; and," continued he, "you don't mind a raw nip, do you?"

"No—I care for nothing except a *Nor-wester*."

"I'll never call for one again," replied Jack; "it is but making my grog a little stronger; in future it shall be *half-and-half*."

"That's a dear! Now I'm off—don't forget me;" and away went the wind in a great hurry.

It was about three months after this short visit, the fleet being off Corsica, that our hero was walking the deck, thinking that he soon should see the object of his affections, when a privateer brig was discovered at anchor a few miles from Bastia. The signal was made for the boats of the fleet to cut her out; and the admiral, wishing that his nephew should distinguish himself somehow, gave him the command of one of the finest boats. Now Jack was as brave as brave could be; he did not know what danger was; he hadn't wit enough to perceive it, and there was no doubt but he would distinguish himself. The boats went on the service. Jack was the very first on board, cheering his men as he darted into the closed ranks of his opponents. Whether it was that he did not think that his head was worth defending, or that he was too busy in breaking the heads of others to look after his own, this is certain, that a tomahawk descended upon it with such force as to bury itself in his skull (and his was a thick skull too). The privateer's men were overpowered by numbers, and then our hero was discovered, under a pile of bodies, still breathing heavily. He was hoisted on board and taken into his uncle's cabin: the surgeon shook his head when he had examined that of our hero.

"It must have been a most tremendous blow," said he to the admiral, "to have penetrated——"

"It must have been, indeed," replied the admiral, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he loved his nephew.

The surgeon having done all that his art would enable him to do, left the cabin to attend to the others who were hurt; the admiral also went on the quarter-deck, walking to and fro for an hour in a melancholy mood. He returned to the cabin and bent over his nephew; Jack opened his eyes.

"My dear fellow," said the admiral, "how's your head now?"

"*S. W. and by W. ¾ W.*," faintly exclaimed our hero, constant in death, as he turned a little on one side and expired.

It was three days afterwards, as the fleet were on a wind making for Malta, that the bell of the ship tolled, and a body, sewed up in a hammock and covered with the Union Jack, was carried to the gangway by the admiral's bargemen. It had been a dull, cloudy day, with little wind; the hands were turned up, the officers and men stood uncovered; the admiral in advance with his arms folded, as the chaplain read the funeral service over the body of our hero,—and as the service proceeded, the sails flapped, for the wind had shifted a little; a motion was made, by the hand of the officer of the watch, to the man at the helm to let the ship go off the wind, that the service might not be disturbed, and a mizzling soft rain descended. The wind had shifted to our hero's much-loved *point*, his fond mistress had come to mourn over the loss of her dearest, and the rain that descended were the tears which she shed at the death of her handsome but not over-gifted lover.

PROVERBS.

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn,
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
"In love there is no lack," thus I begin;
"Fair words make fools," replieth he again;
"Who spares to speak doth spare to speed," quoth I;
"As well," saith he, "too forward as too slow;"
"Fortune assists the boldest," I reply;
"A hasty man," quoth he, "ne'er wanted woe;"
"Labour is light where love," quoth I, "doth pay;"
Saith he, "Light burden's heavy, if far borne;"
Quoth I, "The main lost, cast the by away;"
"Y'have spun a fair thread," he replies in scorn.
And having thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

POOR JACK.

[Charles Dibdin, born in Southampton, 1745; died July, 1814. His name is still famous and popular as that of the writer of our most effective sea-songs. He was educated at Winchester, and intended for the church; but he adopted the stage as his profession. He became known as an actor, dramatist, and theatrical manager; but his reputation was made by his songs, of which he wrote nearly 1200. He also wrote forty-seven dramatic pieces and other works. An edition of the songs, illustrated by George Cruikshanks, was published in 1850.]

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
 And 'taint to a little I'll strike:
 Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
 tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll sound:
 Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
 Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below;
 And many fine things that proved clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow:
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye,
 Why, what a d—'d fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us
 all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you will ne'er hear of me more;
 What then, all's a hazard; come, don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's;
 And as for my life 'tis the king's:
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S
WOOING.BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.¹

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to

¹ From the *Spectator*, which was supposed to be produced by a "Society of Gentlemen;" and it is notable that Sir Roger de Coverley, who was the most popular of its creations, is the first mentioned in the number devoted to the portraits of the members of the club. Addison has obtained more credit for his share in the creation of this admirable specimen of a good old English gentleman than has been allowed to Steele; but it is worth remembering that it is Steele who introduces the knight; and Steele writes entirely of the man, whilst Addison writes much about his surroundings.

wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, had been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act. . . .

I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second

year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried like a captivated calf as I was,

"'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.'

"This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage.

"You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further conse-

quences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her.

"As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual, even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest.

"As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best phi-

losopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave.

"Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature, she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which

represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:—

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Navia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of *Navia*, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely *Navia*, ever thine.

THE LONG-AGO.

[Baron Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes, F.S.A., D.C.L., born 1808; died 1885. Poet, politician, and miscellaneous writer. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; elected M.P. for Pontefract, 1837, and raised to the peerage 1863. Whilst giving earnest attention to politics and to many social questions, Lord Houghton earned wider reputation as a poet and biographer. His chief works are, *Poems of Many Years*; *Poems Legendary and Historical*; *Palm Leaves*; *Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats*, &c. One of his critics says: "Delicate fancy, warm sympathy with human suffering, and keen observation of the human heart characterize his poetical works."]

Eyes which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear:
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy:
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wand'ring to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

—From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

CHANET.

[J. W. De Forest, a contributor to the principal American magazines, chiefly in prose, but occasionally in verse. He has written numerous short tales and sketches of adventure and travel. Amongst his more important works are, *History of the Indians of Connecticut from the earliest known Period to 1850*; *Oriental Acquaintance*, a series of letters from Asia Minor; *European Acquaintance*, sketches of people in Europe, &c.]

"What a singular odour!" soliloquized Miss Holcum, snuffing the air with a slight tremor of disgust about her nostrils.

She said *odour* instead of *smell*, because she was a teacher of several years' standing in one of the common schools of New York, and had learned in the exercise of her profession to express herself with an elegance of the Johnsonian species. She was accustomed to remark to her scholars, "Before you speak, always consider not only your thoughts, but also the language in which you propose to give them utterance."

She was at this moment ascending the third staircase of the cheap, plain, and even seedy lodging-house in which she had her parlour—bedroom—kitchen—or, in other words, her one room in which she studied, slept, and did such small cooking as was needed for her tea and breakfast. In this simple fashion she had lived for years, not merely because her earnings were small, and not at all because she was stingy, but mainly because she was a noble, unselfish woman, who had it at heart to educate a youthful orphan cousin.

"It is burning charcoal," she added, after an instant. "Can it be that some poor mortal is seeking his death?"

School-teaching alone had not given her the wisdom to reach this suspicion. She was a reader of novels; she had an imagination, and a native longing after the unusual; she was capable of conceiving a suicide, and of conceiving herself as saving him. Where a practical, common-sense man would merely have smelt fire, this fanciful, impulsive woman scented a tragedy of the heart. We shall see which of these two characters best suited the exigency that was now agonizing in this bare and musty old lodging-house. The wildest imagination is sometimes the truest common-sense.

"It may be that young foreigner," thought Janet Holcum. She ran up another flight of stairs, hurried along a musty, dusty passage, and stopped before a door marked by dirty fingers. Timorous and modest, she looked at it with hesitation as well as anxiety; but the

charcoal fumes were stronger here, and began to make her sick and faint; she felt that she could not hesitate long. After rapping and receiving no answer, she put her mouth to the keyhole and called, also without effect.

"Oh dear! what shall I do?" she groaned, confident now that a tragedy was passing within, and looking about her vainly for help. She had already learned that this fifth story was unoccupied except by the pale, slovenly, haggard young foreigner, whose step she had frequently heard pacing to and fro for hours over her head. As she remembered that he was a man, and that she had never been introduced to him, she thought of running downstairs and summoning some other man to save him. But the poisonous air demanded instant action; she tried the lock unavailingly, and then flung herself desperately against the door; the miserable bolt-catch gave way, and she was within. Unable to breathe in the mephitic atmosphere of the room, she rushed across it, opened a window, and thrust her head out. Looking back from this position she saw something which made her shudder.

There was a painter's easel; on the easel was a picture with its face turned from her; behind the easel, on the floor of one corner of the room, was a wretched bed, and on this, the chest and head concealed by the picture, lay the motionless form of a man. The moment Janet had drawn one long breath of the out-of-door air she hastened to this terrible corner. No time to look at the man—no leisure to query whether he were alive or dead—she lifted him by the shoulders, dragged him to the window, and seated him by it in a chair. Her only distinct consciousness as to his condition was that the temple which dropped against her cheek was not entirely cold.

But the appearance of the suicide, as she held him up in the chair, was alarming. His face ash-coloured, his lips blue and contracted, his head drooping helplessly on one shoulder, he seemed to be already in another world. She scarcely noticed that he did not look to be more than twenty-five years of age; that his long, curling, yellow hair, although neglected, was beautiful; that his wasted and ghastly features were classic in outline. Two or three times she called loudly for assistance—"Help! Murder!" But outside there was only a wilderness of roofs; inside, the musty old lodging-house seemed another desert. She was left alone with her awful question of *death or life*.

Presently her enigma responded. The response was only a sigh, but it came from this side of the tomb; it was the triumph of nature over

supernature, the hail of a soul returning from the shades. The man was already breathing, and it was not long before he opened his eyes. Into these eyes Janet sent her sweetest and most pitiful smile, seeking thereby to encourage the sick and sorrowful spirit within. Not a word was uttered, for the one was as yet too ill to speak, and the other felt that here was a misery too profound to be questioned. After a while, seeing that her patient could hold up his head, Janet hastened to the pan of charcoal, which was still burning, and deluging it with water from a pitcher, extinguished its poisonous embers. When she returned to the window the invalid looked in her face with so much intelligence that she ventured to address him.

"You will be better soon," she said. "The air of the room is becoming purified. It was that charcoal which made you ill."

"Yes, it was te sharcoal," replied the young man, with a marked German accent.

"I hope that you will be more careful about it in future," she continued, believing that she was talking to a would-be suicide, but not quite certain of it.

"I subbose so," was the weak-voiced, indifferent, non-committal answer.

She looked anxiously into the fine face which was now beginning to reassume somewhat of its natural colour and beauty.

"If you are suffering under any trouble," she said, "I trust and desire that you will tell me of it. Perhaps I can aid you."

"I haf but one drubble," he replied. "It is life."

Wicked as the sentiment seemed to her, the man who uttered it did not seem wicked, but only pitiable. In the quivering droop of his lip, and in the fixed but unseeing stare of his blue eyes, there was a profound anguish and a calm desperation which made her think of the unsounded, motionless waters of the Dead Sea covering ruined cities. She had never before seen such sorrow; at least she had never before seen sorrow expressed with such frankness; and the spectacle impressed her the more terribly because of its novelty.

The youth now rose, steadied himself with difficulty, rubbed his forehead and his eyes, struck his hand repeatedly on the back of his neck, obviously confused, dizzy, and in pain. Janet felt that feminine delicacy ordered her to leave him; but she did not dare, lest he should rekindle his charcoal. Turning away in order to gain time for reflection, she found herself near the easel, and she examined the picture. It was a landscape representing a scene

on the North River which she had visited and which she instantly recognized. Although unfinished, she was so little a judge of painting that she did not perceive that, and she thought it beautifully done. Of a sudden it occurred to her womanly wit and sensibility that here was something whereby she might gain a hold upon this victim of despair and draw him back to a willingness to live.

"Did you do this?" she asked. "Are you a painter?"

His face brightened the merest trifle as he caught her look of interest.

"Yes, I am a bainter," he answered. "Let me turn it to the light for you," he added, with a courtesy of manner strangely at variance with his coarse and even dirty clothing. "You see it is not vinished yet," he went on, looking kindly at her, as if he detected her ignorance of art and pitied her for it.

"I know the place," she said, forcing a smile of encouragement. "I have had the pleasure of visiting it. How well you have represented it!"

"So you haf been there?" he replied, with just the faintest possible smile of gratification.

"It is a pewtiful spot."

"Why don't you sell it?"

"What! sell it so? It is not vinished."

"Then why don't you finish it?" she added, trembling with anxiety to make him promise to do so.

"I haf not time," he said, his gloom returning.

"Oh, but you *have* time," she urged eagerly.

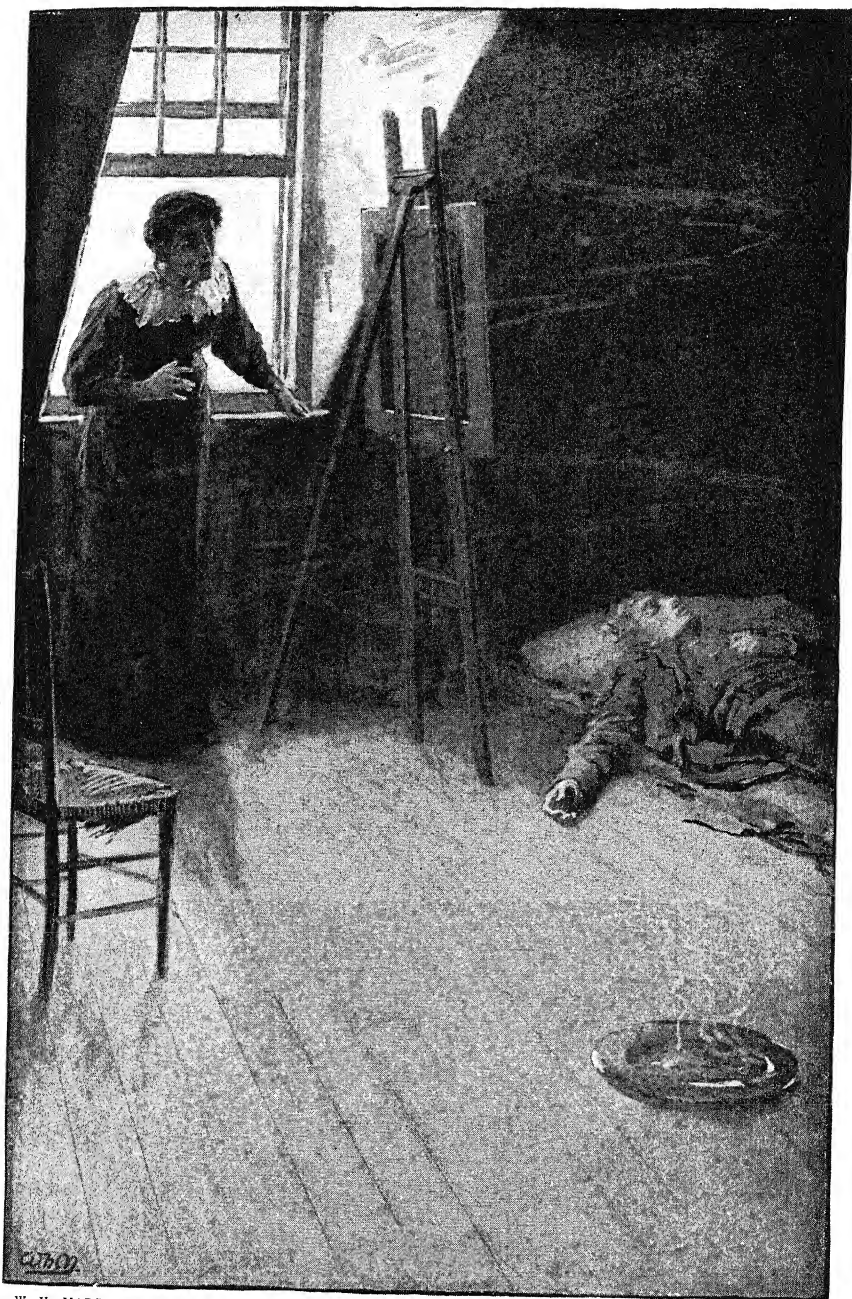
"You *shall* have time."

He eyed her meditatively, earnestly, and solemnly, as if querying whether he should tell her his miserable story. While he hesitated this excellent Janet Holcum was praying in her heart that Heaven would guide him toward goodness and safety.

"See here," he said at last, "I will dell you something. You haf saved my life. I will dell you why I wanted to die. I had no money. I could not get food. I could not bay for my room. I had haf drubbles pevore—over in Chermanny. Und now I had not a cent in my bocket. So at last I tires out, und I gives it up. I lights my sharcoal, und I lies down to sleep it out. That is my shtory."

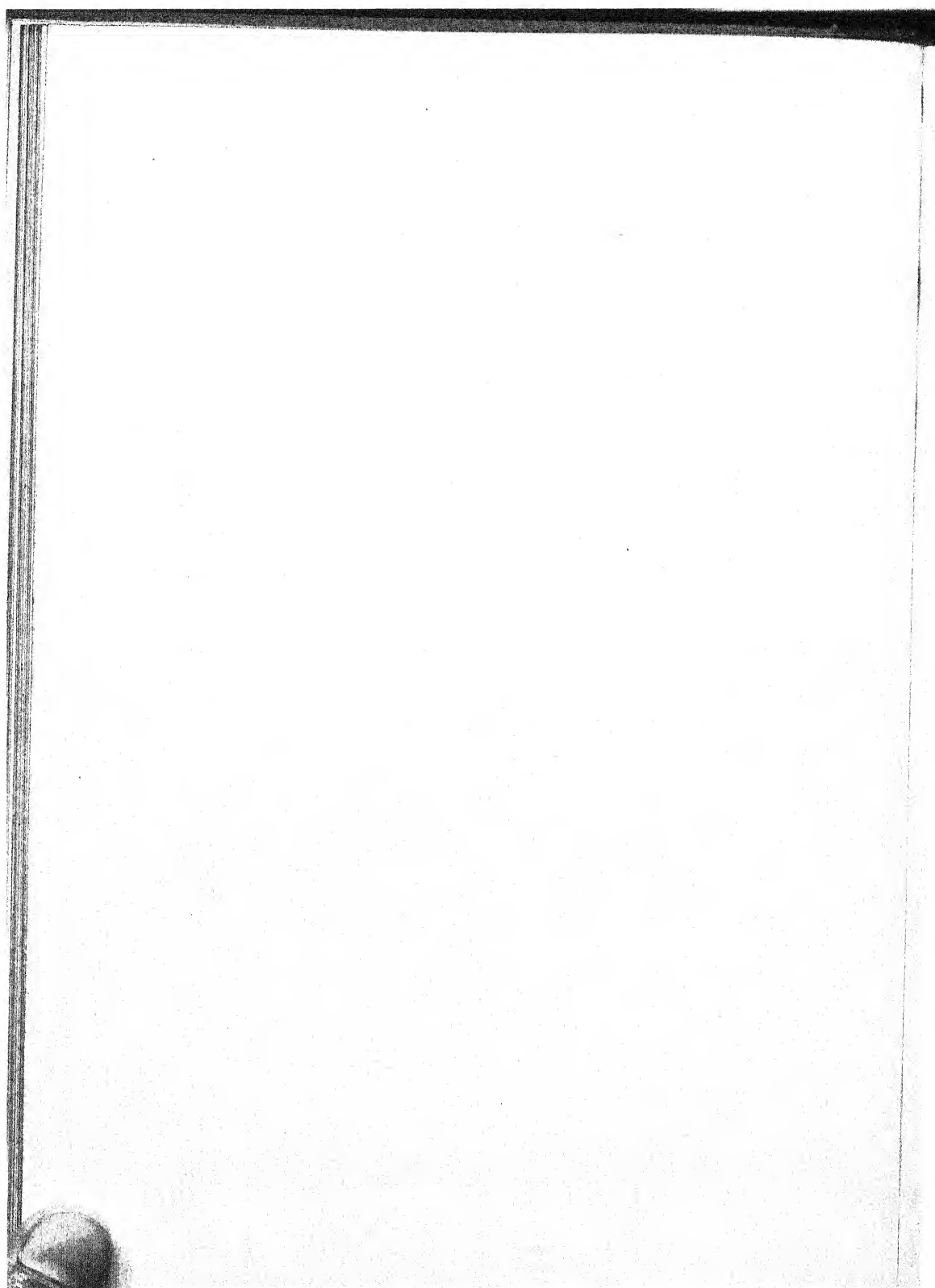
In spite of his strong German accent he was sublime, and terrible, and pitiable. The tears rushed into Janet's eyes, and stepping suddenly forward she caught both his hands, as if she would prevent him by force from again attempting his life.

"I t'ank you," was the simple response of a man whose sensibility and quickness enabled



W. H. MARGETSON.

"THERE WAS A PAINTER'S EASEL . . . AND THE MOTIONLESS
FORM OF A MAN."



him to understand sympathy which had not been uttered.

"You must not do this again," she urged as soon as she could speak. "I will see that you have friends. You shall have time to finish your picture. I will help you to sell it. Have you eaten to-day?"

"I haf not abbedide."

She understood that he had not eaten, and the tears shone in her eyes again.

"Come down to my room," she said. "You must. You can take some tea, at any rate. Come down and sit with me, at least, while I eat."

"I am opliged," he answered as he followed her. "But you must excuse my abbearence," he added, glancing at his ragged clothing, stained with grease and daubed with paint. "I am not fit for the gombany of a lady."

"I am only a poorschoolmistress," she smiled. "And in you I can respect the artist."

He bowed with a courteous grace, which gave him the air of a gentleman, in spite of his wretched raiment.

Arrived in her little parlour-bedroom with this strange companion, Janet Holcum's heart fluttered. It was the first time that a man had been with her there alone. If visitors should arrive what would they think? Of course it would be impossible to explain that here was a gentleman whom she had caught trying to commit suicide, and whom she had undertaken to cure of his self-destroying propensities by means of tea and sympathy. Moreover, what would this man himself think of her! She was squeamish about situations because—(and here we come to a fact which I have not hitherto dared to mention)—well, she was squeamish because she was an old maid.

It is curious, but it is none the less true, that a woman of thirty-eight is usually more fastidious about appearances, and even about realities, than a girl of eighteen. Enlightening meditations, perhaps some dangers avoided, perhaps some scandals innocently incurred, a habit of life which has become a governing motive, are the explanations of this singular phenomenon. Well, Janet Holcum, being thirty-eight years of age, blushed and was troubled at the thought of being alone with this handsome man of twenty-five, although he might be looked upon as little more than a ghost returned from beyond the grave. Presently her natural good sense, strengthened by a perfect uprightness of heart, came to her support.

"Pshaw!" she thought, "I am old enough

to be his aunt; besides, I am saving him from death. Let who will blame me, I am doing my duty."

Having had lunch that day, she had proposed to go without dinner, and consequently she had slight provision for a meal. She might have run out to make purchases, but she was afraid to leave her Tartar to himself for the present, and, moreover, haste seemed to be more important than plenty. She lighted her gas stove, got her tea ready, and set out a store of graham crackers, butter, and cheese. Then followed a moderate repast and a conversation which lasted well into the evening.

Drawn out by sympathy, the guest told his whole story. His name, he stated, was Ernst Rodolf Hartmann, and he was the youngest son of an official in the civil service of Prussia. Carried away by the liberal ideas so common among European students, he had attached himself, after leaving the university of Berlin, to a secret club of republicans, whose object was to substitute democracy for the Hohenzollerns. The club had been ferreted out by the police; Ernst and two or three other members had been condemned to a brief imprisonment: moreover, he had been disinherited and disowned by his father, a furious loyalist. Worst of all, a beautiful girl to whom he was betrothed had, during his confinement, been driven or coaxed into a marriage with some old baron. This last sorrow, which he related with childlike candour and simplicity, made Janet Holcum blush to her ears even while her heart throbbed with pity.

When he rose to return to his room he seemed to be at least temporarily reconciled to the struggle of life.

"I will dry it a leetle longer if you will gif me a hand," he said. "I will go to bainting again."

"Oh! how can you talk of it so coolly!" she exclaimed with heartfelt solemnity and even with horror. "Don't you know that what you have done to-day is very wicked? Forgive me," she added instantly, remembering how miserable he had been, and looking with pity at his wasted face. By the way, she talked very little of her Johnsonese to this man; for, in the first place, she supposed that he, being a foreigner, might not understand it; and secondly, she had to be so earnest with him that only the simplest words seemed suitable.

"What could I do?" he asked. "A gentleman may not be a peggarr. Pesides, I was not a bainter at home. Mein faders were to make of me a panker. Bainting was merely my fancy.

I had no hope of success in it. What could I do?"

"Will you promise to come to take breakfast with me?"

"I promise—upon my honour."

"Remember now—upon your honour. Good night."

He took her hand, and before she could guess what he meant to do he kissed it. Notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his manner, notwithstanding that the action was obviously a mere expression of civility and gratitude, Janet Holcum, who had never before had her hand kissed, blushed again until it seemed to her that her hair was turning scarlet. Without noticing her confusion, this ragged gentleman said sweetly "Good night," and bowed himself out of the room.

From this good-night forward Janet was burdened and blessed with another labour of love. She had a suicide to reform—a soul without hope to fill with hope—a man without work to provide with work—a lover of lager to satisfy with black tea—a brand to snatch from all sorts of burnings. It was not only a heavy load to carry, but a delicate one to handle. Her orphan, as she soon began to call him, must not eat in her room for fear of Mrs. Grundy. She must content herself with letting him go to cheap restaurants for his dinner, and with occasionally carrying him a cup of tea to wash down the dry bread which she knew was his only supper. As for converse, she firmly invited him to see her every Sunday evening; she sometimes dropped into his den to look at his work and cheer him on with it; oftener still, she took a walk with him in the hall or an evening promenade in the streets.

She was proud of herself, and yet ashamed of herself. It struck her as almost indelicate that she should support a man, especially a young and handsome one. Moreover, her labour of love was a fearful expense compared with her small income. She was soon obliged to draw on her savings-bank deposit, and that had always been kept in a consumptive state by the needs of her girl cousin. At first she thought of getting up a subscription for her painter, or of interesting some rich school committeeman in his behalf; but very shortly she took such a fancy to him that she did not want any one else to earn a claim to his gratitude; and so she went on paying out her savings for his necessities. When winter arrived and fuel must be had, she bought it for him, although he tried to do without. Next came an overcoat, and a pair of mittens, and some heavy underclothing, because she could not bear to

see him walking the streets with a red nose and fingers. It was in vain for him to refuse; she absolutely forced him to take.

Meantime small profits from his brush. The picture which she had thought perfect really had but five or six days' work upon it, and needed a month more. And when it was done it brought only twenty-five dollars. It was of no use for her to scold the picture-dealer for his sharpness, and to endeavour to move his pity by telling him the tale of the German's poverty. The man of art replied that it was not a known name; that paintings sold in the American market mainly by force of reputation; that he had his own living to make, and that she might take the money or leave it.

"If he can do a figure-picture, and do it first-rate," said this rational monster, "I can be more liberal with him. There are so many landscapes. Every American artist can make landscapes."

On this hint Ernst commenced a figure picture. It was his forte; he had simply tried a landscape because he had judged that to be the favourite genre in America; he had known that he could not hope to excel in it. A beautiful group was soon sketched, representing a scene from King Philip's war, the interior of a cabin lighted by its own flames, a beautiful girl in the grasp of Wampanoag warriors, a father and brother struggling manfully against her captors, and in the near back-ground, faintly seen through the shattered door, a coming relief of Puritan riders. Janet Holcum, the patriotic New Englander, was delighted with what she thought already a perfect success, and wanted to sell the group as it was.

"No," judged Ernst. "I cannot avow to waste first impressions. This is the most difficult part of the bainting, though the quickest. But it will need a long time to make it goot enough. It will need all winter," he concluded, with a piteously apologetical glance at Janet.

"Go on," she said, flushing with the noble heart-beat of self-sacrifice as she caught sight of this mute appeal. "This time I know you will triumph. We can live till it is done."

"Heaven bless you!" he replied, taking her hand and kissing it by force. "You are the noblest woman upon the earth."

The kiss and the praise brought a deeper blush than one often sees on such a pale, fallow face as that of Janet. For we must come now to a weighty secret; we must make an avowal which is almost tragic. Not content with dowering this poor stranger with her worldly wealth, Janet had already begun to give him

the treasures which she had received direct from Heaven. All the love which lies hidden in the heart of a good and pure old maid, all the vast abyss of sensibility which exists in a feminine nature that has found no natural outlet, had in her case been stirred to the profoundest depths by the penniless, friendless, handsome, clever youth whom she had saved from death. Useless to struggle against the infatuation; it had commenced too insidiously, as mere humanity; then it had crept on too slyly, in the guise of mere charity. Oh, how cunning it had been! All at once there was a flaming transformation, and she found herself the victim of a first passion, as much in love as if she were a young girl.

Resist? She tried in vain to do so. Run away? She could not give up her position, lest she should thereby fail to complete her cousin's education, and leave *him* to starve. Once more, self-sacrifice: though all her life had been self-sacrifice, she must go on with it; she must love and suffer and be silent. And so the mischief proceeded at a terrible rate, for every day added to its magnitude. What made things worse was that Ernst was nobly conscious of his obligations, and profuse in thanks, in praises, in the most delicate and charming attentions. If he met her on the street he took his hat entirely off his comely head, and saluted her as schoolma'ams are not always saluted. If he walked with her, he had the air of escorting a duchess. He would leave his beautiful labour at any moment to greet her return to the house with a smile, or to run on her errands. His whole deportment toward her was a continual burning of incense.

She had never before known such a finished gentleman: more than that, she had never met a sweeter and finer nature. She comprehended at last that even his attempted suicide was a proof of his high self-respect and sense of honour, inasmuch as it was an effort to escape from the degradation of living by incurring debts which he could not discharge. That stoical declaration, "If I could haf baid my room rent, I would haf gone on another month," seemed to her now something like a patent of nobility. Unaware of her own grandeur of character, she worshipped his grandeur of character. Finally, she worshipped his genius, which had begun to show her the universe of glory that there is in art, and which was able to seize ideas scarcely perceptible to her unpractised esthetic vision, and place them before her in the resurrection robes of drawing and colour.

Ah well! she was desperately in love with

him, and she could not help admitting it to her accusing conscience, and could not put aside the scornful finger of her sense of womanly shame. But did he know it? As yet she was sufficiently herself to hope that he did not. Although she could not meet him without feeling a blush run through her whole face, although his praises and the touch of his hand made her tremble from head to foot, she trusted that she was keeping her fiery secret. And so she was: a young man does not easily suspect that a woman thirteen years his senior has a passion for him; and if Ernst noticed her tremors and changes of colour, he imputed them to womanly delicacy and Puritan shyness. While Janet, locked in her own room, was looking in the glass at her pale face, high cheek-bones, square jaws, straight mouth, and incipient wrinkles, while she was wishing with both tears and shame that all that supportable plainness were beauty and youth, he, steadily at work, did not think of her at all, or only thought of her as his "goot vriend." His handsome countenance, now pink and white in colour as well as classic in outline, was not shadowed by the slightest cloud from the fires of love, unless indeed he remembered now and then his lost jungfrau in Faderland.

About the time that "The Rescue" (as Janet christened the scene from Philip's war) reached its finishing point, Ernst encountered an American artist named Stanley. Stanley was a portrait-painter in high fashion, who made six thousand dollars a year, and spent it all on himself and some poor relations. Too generous and soft-hearted to save money, he wanted to study in the galleries of Europe without ever having the first spare dollar for the voyage, and talked of launching into genre pictures or "high art" without ever being able to give up his pot-boiling labour in kit-kats. The result of this existence, acting upon this kindly spirit, was that while Stanley envied the chances of more famous artists, he honestly admired their productions.

Meeting Ernst at the Academy, he fell into chance conversation with him, liked his naïve and badly pronounced but judicious criticisms, went with him to his lodgings, and fell in love with "The Rescue." His florid face flushed crimson with enthusiasm as he exclaimed, "By Jove! you are on the road to fame. You needn't have apologized for your room. This picture furnishes it like a palace. I wish I was a poor devil. I wish I could live in this style and try to do something good. But I can't. I must dress in a certain way, and go to certain parties, and live in a certain quarter.

If I didn't, I should lose my run among certain people. And then," he added, as he thought of his mother and aunt, "then there would be trouble."

Thenceforward Stanley came often to Ernst's room to watch the progress of "The Rescue," and to tell him that it was sure of success. It was not long either before he gave the young German another startling piece of information.

"That old girl downstairs is in love with you," he said, through a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"What old curl?" asked Ernst, staring with the calm innocence of a child.

"Miss Holcum."

"I hope you are mistaken," replied the German gravely and almost solemnly, as if he already perceived an awful duty before him.

"I should think you might see it," grinned Stanley. "I saw it the first evening we called on her. It was plain enough to-day when she travelled up here to look at the picture. She can't come near you without colouring and shaking."

Ernst became still more solemn, and was evidently in profound thought.

"You must be careful and not trifle with her young affections," Stanley continued, with a rather hard-hearted smile, such as we accord to the heart-tribbles of old maids.

"I shall not dilly with them," replied Ernst, with a seriousness which silenced the American.

During Stanley's next visit Ernst said to him, "I have been seeing for myself, and I believe you are right."

"Right? Oh, about the shadow."

"No. About Miss Ch Janet Holcum. I believe she is in love with me."

"Well, what are you going to do?" laughed Stanley.

"I have but one thing to do. If she wishes to marry me, I must marry her. I owe her my life. I owe her this picture, which you say is good. I have lived on her money. As a man of honour, I must sacrifice myself to her; that is, if she wishes it. What else can I do?"

"Good Lord! don't be a fool," remonstrated Stanley. "You don't love her, of course?"

"I have the very highest respect for her. She is an admirable woman."

"Yes, I know. I suppose so. But this is carrying respect and gratitude a little too far. She is twelve or fifteen years older than you. You could not be happy with her. Come now! don't be hasty."

"I will not be hasty. It all depends on whether she loves me a great deal. We will see."

When Ernst, convinced that Janet "loved him a great deal," felt himself bound to declare an affection for her, and ask her to be his wife, the poor, lonely, hitherto unloved girl was fairly broken down by the revelation. She burst into tears, threw herself on her old, hard sofa, buried her face in the threadbare cushion, and sobbed out a spasm of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh! can this be true?" she finally burst forth, when she became conscious of his hand in hers. "Is it true?" she demanded, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "If it isn't, take it back. Don't tell it me any more. It would kill me—to find out that it isn't true—oh, it would kill me."

"It is entirely true, my dear Ch Janet," was the adorable falsehood of the chivalrous German. "I owe all to you. My life will not buy the debt. But I do not insist upon marriage except when you wish it. You must chide for yourself when it will be prudent."

At this moment Janet caught a view of herself in her mirror. Flushed with joy and love she looked almost handsome, and it seemed to her for a moment that she was young and desirable. The illusion helped her to believe what she could not help longing to believe. Drawn by Ernst's pitying embrace, she believed that it was the embrace of affection, and she let her head fall upon his shoulder, with the words, "Oh, my darling!"

Henceforward they were engaged, though when they would be married neither of them could say, not even the old and wise (only half wise) Janet. With her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful altogether of the hard past and careless often of the doubtful future. With him life was a point of honour and of duty, an obedience to self-respect and a rendering of obligations. His ways were naturally so caressing, and he was so conscientiously assiduous in his attentions to her, that he thoroughly deceived even the suspiciousness of her humble and shy nature. In the main she believed entirely in his affection, amazing as the acquisition seemed to her, and much as she doubted her worthiness of it. It is quite possible that there was not at that time in New York a happier woman than this almost penniless old maid, betrothed to a young artist who was encumbered with debts, and who did not love her. Such are the joys of this world: half of them, at least, delusions; the other half transitory.

At last "The Rescue" was sold. Stanley went with Ernst to the picture-dealer's; demanded, with much pomp of manner, a private

audience; exposed the canvas in the best light, and asked five hundred dollars for it.

"It is worth it," confessed Mr. Moineau. "Only there is no name. If you would put your name to it, Mr. Stanley?"

"Mine! I am only a portrait-painter."

"Yes, but you are known. It would sell the picture."

"Gif him the name," interposed Ernst, with the eagerness of a beggar grasping at alms.

"It's a downright swindle," said the generous American. "I couldn't do such a group to save my life. I won't take the credit of it."

"Both names?" suggested the dealer in genius.

It was agreed to; the picture went on the market as the joint production of Stanley and Hartmann. The latter, perfectly satisfied, and indeed overjoyed, pocketed the five hundred dollars; the former, in spite of his private disclaimers, pocketed something considerable in the way of glory.

At Ernst's request Janet Holcum had kept a strict account of her expenses in his behalf; and although he had used sharp economy, the balance against him amounted to four hundred and thirty dollars. On reaching home he went to her room, gave her a smile of child-like joy in response to her smile of anxiety, and tossed the sum of his earnings into her lap. Instead of hailing his good fortune with gladness, she seemed to shrink from the money, laid it coldly on a table, rose to her feet with a pale face, and said in a strange voice, "Well—you are free."

"No, my tear Chanet," he replied, "I am your slave."

"That is not what I want," she stammered, trembling visibly. "I cannot submit to any such understanding. Mr. Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you your liberty."

"My tarling Chanet, what does this mean?" asked Ernst, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him.

"My self-respect impels me to it," she said, beginning to cry. "I fear that you proposed to me out of a sense of obligation. The obligation is now cancelled. It was weak in me to accept you. I must make amends for it. Indeed, indeed, I must—you are free."

The gentlest caresses, the sweetest protestations answered her and overwhelmed her fainting resolution. After a minute, and a very little minute it was too, she could not help letting her head go on his shoulder and sobbing out, "Oh! can I believe you? You make me so perfectly happy that I must believe

you. Oh, you are my life, my all. I worship you."

For a week or more this sunshine of confidence and joy shone through an unclouded heart. She loved her man—her first man, remember—gathered late in her maying—with a sort of double affection—the love of a betrothed and of a mother. And because he returned it, or rather because she believed that he did, she felt that she owed him a life of gratitude, adoration, obedience, every sweet sentiment and every good work. She was amazingly influenced by him; one might almost say, revolutionized. A teetotaler, believing that the wine recommended by Paul to Timothy was not intoxicating, and that all drinkers of ale and cider deserved the names of tipplers and guzzlers, she found nothing hateful now in the smell of lager. A hater of tobacco, she filled Ernst's pipe. An admirer of Johnsonian diction, she talked to him like a little child. There is no knowing whither this youth might not have carried this mature woman. She was infatuated. From one point of view, it was laughable; from another, it was beautiful and pathetic.

It is not in the nature of things that a woman of thirty-eight, who is engaged to a handsome man of twenty-five, should remain always calmly sure of her conquest. An event was approaching which was destined to cast upon this happy heart a shadow of uneasiness. As Janet sat, one holiday afternoon, beside her Ernst, watching the growth of meaning and beauty under his pencil, she said to him abruptly, "My little cousin will be here soon."

"So?" replied the painter without stopping his work. "I must get her a present; shall it be a doll?"

"A doll! She wouldn't thank you. She is nineteen years old."

"So!" exclaimed Ernst, looking up in surprise. "Then she cannot be very little."

"I have got her a situation in my school. She has finished her education, and must begin to earn her living."

"That is good," smiled the artist. "We will make one family."

"My darling, I wanted to tell you—" hesitated Janet. "We must say nothing about our engagement for the present. That is, I would rather you would not, if it makes no difference to you."

"Why?" asked the painter, stopping his work and staring at her in surprise.

"Because," stammered and blushed this engaged old maid—"because I am ashamed. Not of you! Oh no, dearest. But *she* will

think it so queer. And then it may never come to anything—we are so poor. At least it may be a long time first. Well, until our way is a little more clear before us, I would rather the engagement should be kept a secret. You are not annoyed, are you, Ernst?"

"No," replied Ernst calmly, not understanding too well, and not caring quite enough.

"Well," continued the shy and fastidious Janet, "then it shall be so. We will be just good friends in the eyes of Nellie until—until it shall seem best to let her know——"

On the morrow arrived Nellie Fisher, a plump, lively, laughing little blonde, with eyes of a deep turquoise blue, hair of the lightest and flouciest flaxen, a face somewhat broad and nose somewhat short, beautiful in the German peasant style, but undeniably beautiful. Ernst, who was present at the meeting of the two cousins, glanced at the visitor so frequently and with an expression so full of mysterious meaning, that Janet's interest was aroused. At the first chance for an aside she said to him, "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She looks like the one in Chermany," he replied, lost in meditation, his eyes both tender and sombre, his soul in other years and lands.

Janet turned pale.

Does the reader divine what she foresaw?

Well, it happened.

Ernst's heart was empty. Janet did not inhabit it; had not even entered into it. The unnamed girl whom he had loved in Prussia had by heroic efforts been so far expelled from it, that he did not desire ever again to see her. But her former residence there had so moulded the abode, that any one who resembled her could seize upon it, occupy it, and fill it. What now happened to the young man was apparently love at first sight, but was really no more than the transferring of an old love to a new object. A week after he first met Nellie Fisher the thought of her could fill him with delicious reveries, while the thought of his troth-plight to Janet Holeam was sufficient to make him meditate once more upon suicide.

And the girl? He and she met every day, and two or three times a day. In spite of his conscientious efforts to control himself, there was in his manner toward her a tenderness, which, reinforced by his beauty, his graceful address, and the glamour of his artistic ability, could not but move the heart of a child of nineteen who had never hoped for so fine an admirer. In a little while Nellie began to flutter at sight of him, and to pet him in spite of her flutterings.

"Isn't he charming?" she said to her cousin.

"Do you think so?" replied Janet, half gratified and half anxious.

"I really like his accent now. I thought it ridiculous at first."

"So did I."

"What does she mean?" queried Nellie, marvelling at this dryness and brevity. "Oh, I suppose I know. He is poor, and I am poor, and we mustn't—flirt. Well—I suppose we—mustn't."

She went to the glass, looked at her lily skin, wished her nose were longer, arranged her flaxen hair, and wondered whether he liked her.

"Do you know how you could flatter me?" she said before long to Ernst.

"How?" he asked coolly, for she tempted him in a distressing manner, and he felt that he must allow himself no expansion.

"Oh! you don't want to do it," she replied, with a little sunny pout which she had, and which was irresistible.

"I am sure I wish to please you," he said, unable to bear her pout. "How can I flatter you?"

"You could put me into one of your pictures."

"I should be charmed to do it," admitted the over-tempted artist.

The next day the two women beheld Nellie's bewitching face, drawn and coloured with all the fervour of an art which loves, smiling from Ernst's canvas. The younger blushed and bridled with joy to see herself there and so beautiful; the elder wore a fixed, mechanical smile, and said repeatedly, "What an excellent likeness!"

He had never put Janet's face into his creations. She did not blame him for that; she believed that he could do nothing agreeable with it; she surveyed herself in the glass and sighed, "I am so ugly!" But to see Nellie on that easel, painted by his hand, and painted so well, it was driving a dagger into her beating heart.

That very day Ernst, in a fit of noble remorse and self-sacrifice, said to Janet in private, "I wish you would let me inform Nellie of our troth-plight. I think it would be better."

She grew so faint under the terrible revelation which he had unintentionally made, that for a moment she could not answer him; and even when she spoke it was only to ask for delay.

"Stop!" she said, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "Let me think. I must consider this."

He offered to slide his arm around her waist in his usual caressing style; but she gently

stopped him, looked earnestly in his face, smiled with an unspeakable piteousness, and gently glided away; her whole manner saying, "Ah, my darling! you don't wish to do it, and why do you do it?"

"Is it possible that she comprehends me?" thought Ernst, folding his arms and shaking his head with the air of a man who is trying to stand firm against himself. He appreciated fully the self-abnegation and heroism of Janet's character; he knew that if he once confessed to her that he did not love her she would instantly free him from his engagement; and there was the image of Nellie pleading with him for his sake, if not for hers also, to make the confession. He shook his head and set his teeth until he had faced down the temptation, and had decided that, whether Janet permitted it or not, he would inform her cousin of the betrothal.

But during the day, while superintending her classes with her usual conscientious thoroughness, Miss Holeum also came to a decision. On reaching home in the afternoon she sent Nellie out on some distant errand, and then walked slowly up to Ernst's room.

"My dear Chanet! I am so glad to see you!" he said, coming towards her with extended hands and his sweetest smile. "My poor child, you look tired," he added, glancing pityingly at her unusually pale face. "There, sit down, and take some repose. Do you see my picture? I have made some changes."

Raising her patient eyes to the canvas, Janet perceived that the portrait of Nellie had been so altered as to be no longer recognizable. Throbbing with admiration for this man, who could divine her heart so perfectly, and who could do what must have been hateful to him at the mere bidding of his sensitive conscience, she rose up with suddenly flushed cheeks, seized both his hands, printed one hot kiss on his smooth, white forehead, and then drew back, holding him at arm's-length, in order to worship him.

"Ernst, I know what you have done," she said, firmly. "I thank you for your noble intentions. But sacrifice for sacrifice. It is my turn now. Ernst, my own darling, we must separate. I was born for you, but you were not born for me. We must end this engagement. I must end it, or despise myself. I do end it. I break it. You are free. There."

She tore herself away from him and attempted to rush out of the room.

"Chanet! Chanet!" he called, springing after her and seizing her in his arms. "It

VOL. IV.

must not be so. You are the noblest woman on earth. I worship you. I cannot lose you."

"Oh! don't!" implored Janet, looking up at him in despair, for he was taxing her almost beyond her strength. After a moment, rallying all the power of her soul, she added, "See here, Ernst! let us speak the truth. Do you love me better than you love any one else?"

How could he have the seeming cruelty to answer her "No?" He did what most gentle-hearted men would have done—he told her a pitying, self-sacrificing falsehood. He said, "I do."

She was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and too high-souled to accept an unwilling heart.

"Look at this Bible, Ernst," she continued, drawing from her pocket a little Testament that never quitted her. "Put your hand upon it;" and here, seizing his fingers, she clasped them around the book. "Now tell me whether you love me better than any other."

"You trifle me into a corner," replied the artist, piteously. "Well, I swear. I swear that I respect and admire you more than any other human being. Is it not enough?"

"Do you love Nellie?"

"She is so like —," he stammered.

"Well, she will soon be in love with you," said Janet, with a last supreme effort. "Take her. Make her happy."

She had been leaning away from him. She now turned, with the revulsion of a billow, threw her arms around his neck, covered his face with kisses and tears, and then once more leaned back from him to look at him.

"That is the end of all between us," she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, totally unlike her usual utterance. "Henceforward I shall do my duty, and you must help me do it. One thing—never tell Nellie of this; it would darken her happiness. And now—good-bye."

She dragged herself away from him, ran downstairs, and locked herself in her room.

"Mein Gott!" murmured Ernst, left to himself. "I shall lose a heart worth den thousand of mine. But it is better. She is wiser. I could not lose her. I should end by making her unhappy as now—and more so. She is wise for us both."

The next day, to the astonishment and annoyance of Nellie Fisher, but by the positive dictation of Janet Holeum, the two women removed from their lodgings to a cheap boarding-house. There was, however, one good thing about the change: the boarding-house had a parlour where Mr. Hartmann could be received with a sense of spotless propriety; and what was delightful, he always had to be re-

ceived by Miss Fisher, the elder cousin excusing herself on pretence of business, illness, &c. One can easily see that all this had to end in a second troth-plight, and that the parties to it could not be other than Ernst and Nellie. It was "petter;" youth must have youth; love must have love. In these bargains mere respect and gratitude are not a fair exchange for the unreasoning, instinctive, potent impulse of the heart.

Almost the first use that Nellie made of her betrothal was to run down to Ernst's studio, entirely, as she declared, to look at the new picture, but mainly, no doubt, to look at the artist. She too, like Janet before her, observed a change in the personages of the little drama. She had never known that her likeness had been obliterated, and she did not discover it now, for it had been restored in all its beauty. But in the face of one of the principal female figures—a face which, though not absolutely handsome, was sublime with an expression of noble and tender resignation—in this face, which looked up to heaven as if it had descended from thither, Nellie recognized the countenance of Janet Holcum.

"Why! you have got in Cousin Jennie too," exclaimed the delighted girl. "Oh, you creature! you have made her finer than me."

"I wanted to signify the bainting," said Ernst simply, "with the bortrait of the pest woman in the world."

"Isn't she!" replied Nellie, pressing her face gratefully against his shoulder. "I am so glad you do her justice. I owe everything to her. Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the world."

The picture having been sold to Moineau for the large sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, it was decided that Ernst's prospects of success were good enough to justify marriage, and Janet ruled that Nellie must go home for that purpose to the residence of an old aunt in Connecticut.

The girl having departed, Janet felt able to have one interview with Hartmann, not with the object of indulging in any weak reproaches or bemoanings, but to bid him a last farewell. She was going to Ceylon, she informed him, as English teacher in one of the schools of the "American Board of Foreign Missions."

"Oh! it is too far!" implored the young man. "If you must go away, let it be still in this country. There is the Freedmen's Bureau schools in the South."

"People return from the South," she replied.

"I must go whence I shall never return."

It was the only complaint, the only cry of

despair that was uttered by this martyr, at least in human ears.

When Stanley heard of Miss Holcum's proposed departure, he said to Ernst, in surprise, "I thought she was to be *your* missionary. What! have you taken the mitten! Oh, you clever dog! You know the difference between an old maid and a new one."

"See here," said the German, with solemnity. "I do not want you, one of my pest friends, to desbise me; and I want you to resbect Miss Holcum as she ought to be resbected. I will tell you everything, and you must dell no one."

Before he had half finished his story of the broken engagement, Stanley rose from his seat, dropped his cigar, and walked up and down the room, rubbing his eyes with his hands, just like an affected boy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the narrator had ceased. "If she wasn't in love with you, I'd be tempted to marry her myself. She's not a chicken, and she's not a beauty, but she's pure gold."

"She's a perfect lady und a grand gentleman in one," said Ernst.

The urgencies of the Board sent Janet off to Ceylon before the marriage. Hartmann and Stanley accompanied her as far as the Narrows, and then, from the deck of the tug, watched her as she leaned over the taffrail, waving farewell to friends and native land.

As the lonely figure of this loving, self-sacrificing, heroic, sublime martyr faded from their sight, the American said, "God bless her!" And the German added, with his eyes full of tears, "*Sancta Chonet, ora pro nobis!*"

PAN'S SONG OF SYRINX.

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed;
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day;
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
His minstrelsy, O base! This quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

JOHN LYLY.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Philippians iii. 21.

[Rev. John Keble, born 25th April, 1792; died 29th March, 1866. Educated at Oxford, and from 1831 until 1841 he occupied the chair of poetry in that university. He was vicar of Hursley, Hampshire; and the author of various works which have had considerable influence upon modern religious thought. He wrote one of the famous Oxford *Tracts for the Times*; but his most popular works are: *The Christian Year*: thoughts in verse for the Sundays and holidays throughout the year; *The Child's Christian Year*; *Lyra Innocentium*: being thoughts in verse on children, their ways and their privileges; *Sermons, Academic and Occasional*; &c. *The Christian Year* first appeared in 1827, and has passed through more than seven hundred editions. The *Quarterly Review* said of it: "In this volume Old Herbert would have recognized a kindred spirit, and Walton would have gone on a pilgrimage to make acquaintance with the author."]]

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these un murmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brighten'd oft by dear affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigur'd Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd
Till every pulse bent true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

MY FARE.

[George Manville Fenn, novelist and miscellaneous writer, born 3rd January, 1831. Was for a time a school-master, and next a private tutor; then started a printing business, and from that drifted into literature. Among his many novels are: *Bent, not Broken*; *Webs in the Way*; *Mad*; *By Birth a Lady*; *Sapphire Cross*; *The Parson o' Dumford*; *Nurse Elisia*; *The Star-Gazer*; &c. He edited *Cassell's Magazine* and *Once-a-Week*, and has written excellent stories for boys. Of his short tales one critic says: "The characters are real personages, and their narratives display a hundred touches of almost microscopic truth; while the power with which Mr. Fenn reproduces the surroundings, the characteristics, the very atmosphere of his stories, is photographic in its minuteness, and beyond all praise."]]

Don't you make a mistake now, and think
I'm not a working-man, because I am. Don't
you run away with the idea that because I go
of a morning and find my horse and cab wait-
ing ready cleaned for me, and I jumps up and
drives off, as I don't work as hard as any
mechanic, because I do; and I used to work
harder, for it used to be Sunday and week-
days, till the missus and me laid our heads
together, and said if we couldn't live on six
days' work a week at cabbings, we'd try some
thing else; so now I am only a six days' man
—Hansom cab, V.R., licensed to carry two
persons.

None o' your poor, broken-kneed knackers for me. I takes my money in to the governor regular, and told him flat that if I couldn't have a decent horse I wouldn't drive; and I spoke a bit sharp, having worked for him ten years.

"Take your chice, Steve Wilkins," he says; and I took it, and drove Kangaroo, the wall-eyed horse with a rat tail.

I had a call one day off the stand by the Foundling, and has to go into New Ormond Street, close by; and I takes up an old widow lady and her daughter—as beautiful a girl of seventeen or eighteen as ever I set eyes on, but so weak that I had to go and help her down to the cab, when she thanked me so sweetly that I couldn't help looking again and again, for it was a thing I wasn't used to.

"Drive out towards the country, cabman, the nearest way," says the old lady; "and when we want to turn back, I'll speak."

"Poor gal!" I says, "she's an invalid. She's just such a one as my Fan would have been if she'd lived;" and I says this to myself as I gets on to my box, feeling quite soft; for though I knew my gal wouldn't have been handsome, what did that matter? I didn't like to lose her.

"Let's see," I says again, "she wants fresh air. We'll go up the hill, and through Hampstead;" and I touches Kangaroo on the flank, and away we goes, and I picks out all the nicest bits I could, and when I comes across a pretty bit of view I pulls up, and pretends as there's a strap wanted tightening, or a hoof picking, or a fresh knot at the end of the whip, and so on. Then I goes pretty quickly along the streety bits, and walks very slowly along the green lanes; and so we goes on for a good hour, when the old lady pushes the lid open with her parasol, and tells me to turn back.

"All right, mum," I says; and takes 'em back another way, allers following the same plan; and at last pulls up at the house where I supposed they was lodgers, for that's a rare place for lodgings about there.

I has the young lady leaning on my arm when she gets out, and when she was at the door she says, "Thank you" again, so sweetly and sadly that it almost upset me. But the old lady directly after asked me the fare, and I tells her, and she gives me sixpence too much, and though I wanted to pocket it, I wouldn't, but hands it back.

"Thank you, cabman," she says; "that's for being so kind and attentive to my poor child."

"God bless her, mum," I says, "I don't want paying for that."

Then she smiles quite pleasant, and asks me if it would be worth my while to call again the next afternoon if it was fine, and I says it would; and next day, just in the same way, I goes right off past Primrose Hill, and seeing as what they wanted was the fresh air, I makes the best o' my way right out, and then, when we was amongst the green trees, Kangaroo and me takes it easy, and just saunters along. Going up hill I walks by his head, and picks at the hedges, while them two, seeing as I took no notice of 'em, took no notice o' me. I mean, you know, treated me as if we was old friends, and asked me questions about the different places we passed, and so on.

Bimeby I drives 'em back, and the old lady again wanted to give me something extra for what she called my kind consideration; but "No, Stevey," I says to myself; "if you can't do a bit o' kindness without being paid for it, you'd better put up the shutters, and take to some other trade." So I wouldn't have it, and the old lady thought I was offended; but I laughed, and told her as the young lady had paid me; and so she had with one of her sad smiles, and I said I'd be there again nex' day if it was fine.

And so I was; and so we went on day after day, and week after week; and I could see that, though the sight of the country and the fresh air brightened the poor girl up a bit, yet she was getting weaker and weaker, so that at last I half carried her to the cab, and back again after the ride. One day while I was waiting, the servant tells me that they wouldn't stay in town, only on account of a great doctor, as they went to see at first, but who came to them now; and last of all, when I went to the house I used always to be in a fidget for fear the poor gal should be too ill to come out. But no; month after month she kep' on; and when I helped her, used to smile so sweetly and talk so about the trouble she gave me, that one day, feeling a bit low, I turned quite silly; and happening to look at her poor mother a standing there with the tears in her eyes, I had to hurry her in, and get up on to my seat as quick as I could, to keep from breaking down myself.

Poor gal! always so loving and kind to all about her—always thanking one so sweetly, and looking all the while so much like what one would think an angel would look—it did seem so pitiful to feel her get lighter and lighter week by week—so feeble, that at last I used to go upstairs to fetch her, and always carried her down like a child.

Then she used to laugh, and say, "Don't

let me fall, Stephen"—for they got to call me by my name, and to know the missus, by her coming in to help a bit; for the old lady asked me to recommend 'em an honest woman, and I knowed none honestier than my wife. And so it was with everybody—it didn't matter who it was—they all loved the poor gal; and I've had the wife come home and sit and talk about her, and about our Fanny as died, till she's been that upset she's cried terribly.

Autumn came in werry wet and cold, and there was an end to my jobs there. Winter was werry severe, but I kep' on hearing from the missus how the poor gal was—sometimes better, sometimes worse: and the missus allus shook her head werry sadly when she talked about her.

Jennywerry and Feberwerry went by terribly cold, and then March came in quite warm and fine, so that things got so farrard, you could buy radishes wonderful cheap in April; and one night the wife comes home and tells me that if it was as fine nex' day as it had been, I was to call and take the old lady and her daughter out.

Nex' day was splendid. It was as fine a spring day as ever I did see, and I sticks a daffydowndilly in on each side of Kangaroo's head, and then spends twopence in a couple o' bunches o' wilets, and pins 'em in on the side where the poor gal used to sit, puts clean straw in the boot, and then drives to the place with the top lid open, so as to sweeten the inside, because swells had been smoking there that morning.

"Jest run yer sponge and leather over the apron a bit, Buddy," I says to our waterman, afore I left the stand.

"Got a wedding on?" he says, seeing how pertickler I was.

"There, look alive!" I says, quite snappish, for I didn't feel in a humour to joke; and then when I'd got all as I thought right, I drives up, keeping the lid open, as I said afore.

When I draws up I puts the nose-bag on the old horse, for him to amuse himself with, and so as I could leave him, for he wouldn't stir an inch with that bag on to please all the pleace-men in London. Then I rings, and waits, and at last gets my orders to go and help the young lady down.

I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and goes up, and there she was waiting, and smiled so pleasantly again, and held out her hand to me, as though I'd been a friend, instead of a rough, weather-battered street cabman. And do you know what I did, as I went in there, with my eyes all dim at seeing her so, so

changed? Why, I felt as if I ought to do it, and I knelt down and took her beautiful white hand in mine, and kissed it, and left a big tear on it; for something seemed to say so plainly that she'd soon be where I hoped my own poor gal was, whom I always say we lost, but my wife says, "No, not lost, for she is ours still."

She was so light now that I carried her down in a minute; and when she was in the cab and saw the wilets, she took 'em down, and held 'em in her hand, and nodded and smiled again at me, as though she thanked me for them.

"Go the same way as you went first time, Stephen," she says.

And I pushed over all the quieter bits, and took her out beyond Hampstead; and there, in the greenest and prettiest spot I could find, I pulls up, and sits there listening to the soft whispers of her voice, and feeling somehow that it was for the last time.

After a bit I goes gently on again, more and more towards the country, where the hedges were turning beautiful and green, and all looked so bright and gay.

Bimeby I stops again, for there was a pretty view, and you could see miles away. Of course I didn't look at them if I could help it, for the real secret of people enjoying a ride is being with a driver who seems no more to 'em than the horse—a man, you see, who knows his place. But I couldn't help just stealing one or two looks at the inside where that poor gal lay back in the corner, looking out at the bright spring-time, and holding them two bunches o' wilets close to her face. I was walking backwards and ferwards then, patting the horse and straightening his harness, when I just catches the old lady's eye, and saw she looked rather frightened, and she leans over to her daughter and calls her by name quickly; but the poor girl did not move, only stared straight out at the blue sky, and smiled so softly and sweetly.

I didn't want no telling what to do, for I was in my seat and the old horse flying almost before you could have counted ten; and away we went, full pace, till I come up to a doctor's, dragged at the bell, and had him up to the cab in no time; and then he rode on the foot-board of the cab, in front of the apron, with the shutters let down; and he whispered to me to drive back softly, and I did.

The old lady has lodged with us ever since, for I took a better place on purpose, and my missus always attends on her. She's werry fond o' talking with my wife about their two gals who have gone before; but though I often

take her for a drive over the old spots, she never says a word to me about such things; while soon after the funeral she told Sarah to tell me as the wilets were not taken from the poor *god's* hand, same time sending me a fi-pun note to buy a suit o' mourning.

Of course I couldn't wear that every day, but there was a bit o' rusty crape on my old shiny hat not such a werry long time ago; and I never buy wilets now, for as they lie in the baskets in spring-time, sprinkled with the drops o' bright water, they seem to me to have tears upon 'em, and make me feel sad and upset, for they start me off thinking about "My Fare."

O! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a
Man.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To hear they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Let us endeavour briefly to mark the real relations of three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists; not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now observe; in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses; but that with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other.

For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a

harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction! But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the house of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

And far more is this true when the subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear¹ which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honourable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion or flushed by emotion. But the

great naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place in the scale of being those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist. Yet consider a little what gaps and blanks would disfigure our gallery and chamber walls, in places that we have long approached with reverence, if every picture, every statue, were removed from them, of which the subject was either the vice or the misery of mankind, portrayed without any moral purpose: consider the innumerable groups having reference merely to various forms of passion, low or high; drunken revels and brawls among peasants, gambling or fighting scenes among soldiers, amours and intrigues among every class, brutal battle-pieces, banditti subjects, gluts of torture and death in famine, wreck, or slaughter, for the sake merely of the excitement—that quickening and suppling of the dull spirit that cannot be gained for it but by bathing it in blood, afterwards to wither back into stained and stiffened apathy; and then that whole vast false heaven of sensual passion, full of nymphs, satyrs, graces, goddesses, and I know not what, from its high seventh circle in Correggio's Antiope, down to the Grecized ballet-dancers and smirking Cupids of the Parisian upholsterer. Sweep away all this remorselessly, and see how much art we should have left.—*The Stones of Venice.*

¹ Not selfish fear, caused by want of trust in God, or of resolution in the soul.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE MUSE.

BY GEORGE WITHERS.

She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace,
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss,
 His divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw,
 I could some invention draw;
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight;
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling;
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can,
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness
 In the very gall of sadness:
 The dull louness, the black shade
 That these hanging vaults have made,
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves,
 This black den, which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss,
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight,
 This my chamber of neglect
 Wall'd about with disrespect.
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this!
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born;
 Let my life no longer be,
 Than I am in love with thee!
 Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness
 If I love not thy maddest fits
 Above all their greatest wits!
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn,
 What makes knaves and fools of them!

A JOCULAR BARONET.

BY T. SMOLLETT.¹

I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be ever so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sang and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed: "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pergolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet: he was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour which were occasionally tried on strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy: sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had

¹ From Smollett's last novel, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, which was written at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, in 1770-71. Scott characterized this work as "the last, and, like music, 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions."

studied Burn¹ with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success in the course of this evening: but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw between a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroken.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked on the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of boiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in some constitutions had a poisonous effect. Mr Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner? He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank of immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was awaked with a dismal cry of "Fire!" and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the courtyard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran downstairs, and, on inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been

robbed; that, without doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted nightcap, fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and haunches exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time:

"Lord have mercy on us!—save the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear captain!—softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands there!—well done, my dear boy!—O, bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart."

Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his innamorato, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under their arms, and a female conducted him to the green-room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh—

¹ Burn's *Justice of Peace*.

"Mat," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha! Such a *camisicata, scagliata, beffata!* O *che roba!* O what a subject! O what a *caricatura!* O for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows! what lights and shadows! what a group below! what expression above! what an aspect! Did you mind the aspect? Ha, ha, ha! and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror! ha, ha, ha! Then the blanket! O what *costume!* St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barsabas! ha, ha, ha!"

"After all, then," cried Mr Bramble, very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm? We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!"

"Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord—"such a farce! such a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire; "we are not yet come to the *catastrophe*; and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience."

"Sdeath!" cried the knight, "I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century."

Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying that he must be a Goth and a barbarian if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture on his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer on the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green-room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He

received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat-pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said:

"Here is a small mistake."

"No mistake at all," cried the baronet; "a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service, but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought on the stage again: I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."

So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet, hearing Frogmore mentioned—

"Odso!" cried he, "I had forgotten the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would show the captain that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the further end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain.

In a few minutes Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way.

"Why! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter? you look as if you was not a man for this world. Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord, have mercy on us! What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?"

"Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I

doubt it is all over with me: those mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah! oh! hey!”

“Now, the Lord forbid!” said the other: “what, man! have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel? ha!”

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown discovered that his waistcoat would not meet on his belly by five good inches at least.

“Heaven protect us all!” cried Sir Thomas, “what a melancholy spectacle! Never did I see a man so suddenly swelled but when he was either just dead or just dying. Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?”

“I don’t think the case is quite desperate,” said the surgeon, “but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught.”

The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency: “Lord, have mercy on us!” Then he begged the surgeon to despatch. “As for my worldly affairs,” said he, “they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs; but my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul!—miserable sinner that I am!”

“Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself,” resumed the knight; “consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil’s in’t.”

“Name not the devil,” exclaimed the terrified Frogmore; “I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah, friend, I have been sly—sly—d.....d sly! Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity.”

He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added: “Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and Heaven forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table.”

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon, and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels

was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken overnight, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. On inquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord’s humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas’ nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul. The knight and I, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore . . . crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar’s opinion of his case; and the vicar answered in a solemn, snuffing tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put to bed again. He declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted on our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the meantime Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond, just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when, the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming: “A mad dog! a mad dog!” and throwing up the window-sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant’s example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only

bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl: "Lord, have mercy on us! pray take care of the gentleman!—mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room!"

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression of countenance, but fixed his eye in particular on Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence—

"Sir Thomas Bulford," said he, "I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin."

"Give me thy hand," cried the baronet; "thou hast indeed paid me 'scot and lot;' and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable."

So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and in all probability thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary; but, according to the proverb, "he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers."

VALUE OF AFFLICTION.

It is not for our good in ease to rest;
Man, like to cassia, when bruised is best.

SAMUEL SHEPARD (1651).

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

The Captivity (GOLDSMITH).

THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL.

My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now: with thee all earthly joying;
Heaven knows with thee I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next Heaven I did refer them;
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heaven I should
prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving;
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying.
And in their face some part of me surveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him who loved thee ever dear.

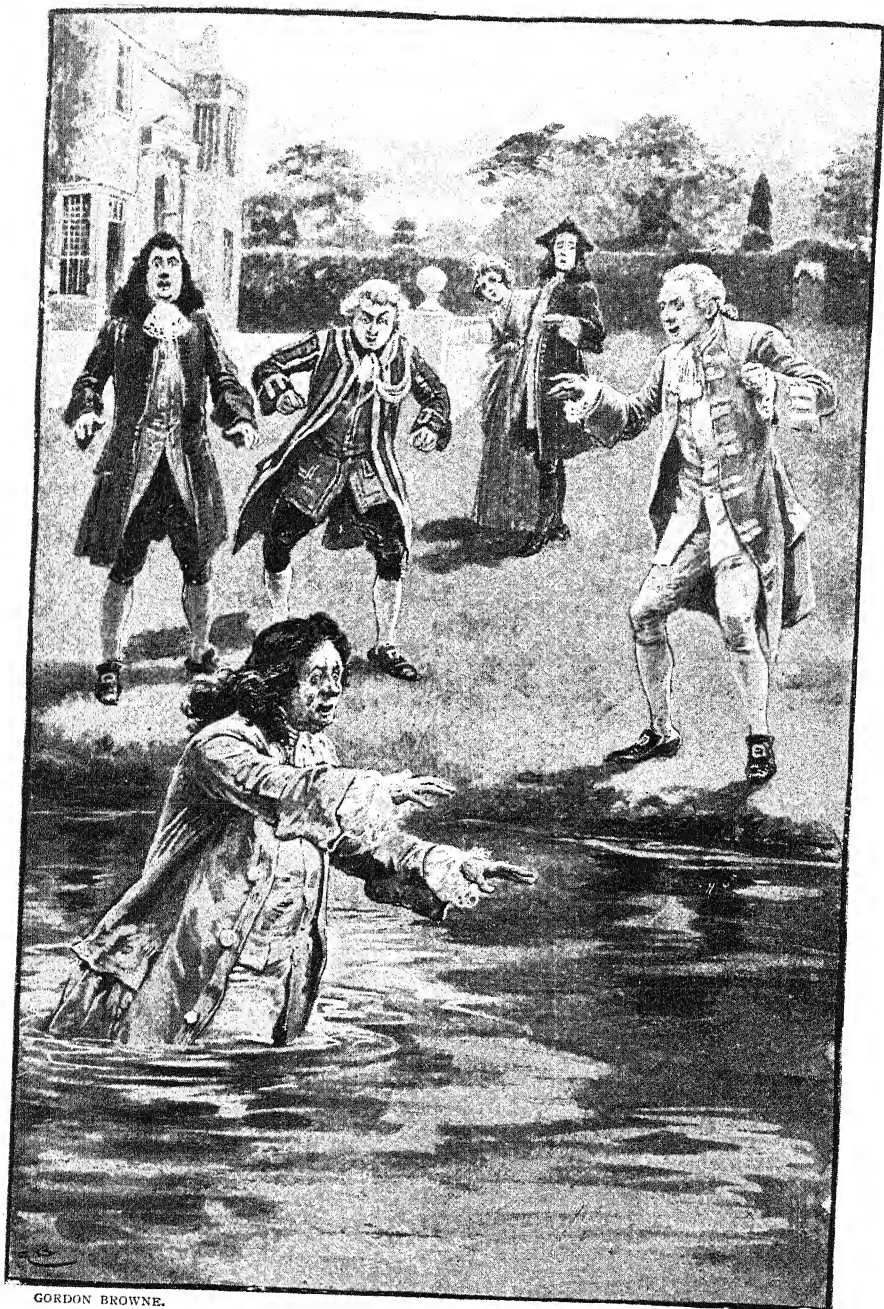
And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them;
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
And when green age permits, to goodness bend them;
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to heaven, and say, "He there remaineth:"
And if they live in grace, grow, and persevere,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me
never.

My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection;
Thou gavest them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them now, and help her weak direction;
That re-united by thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

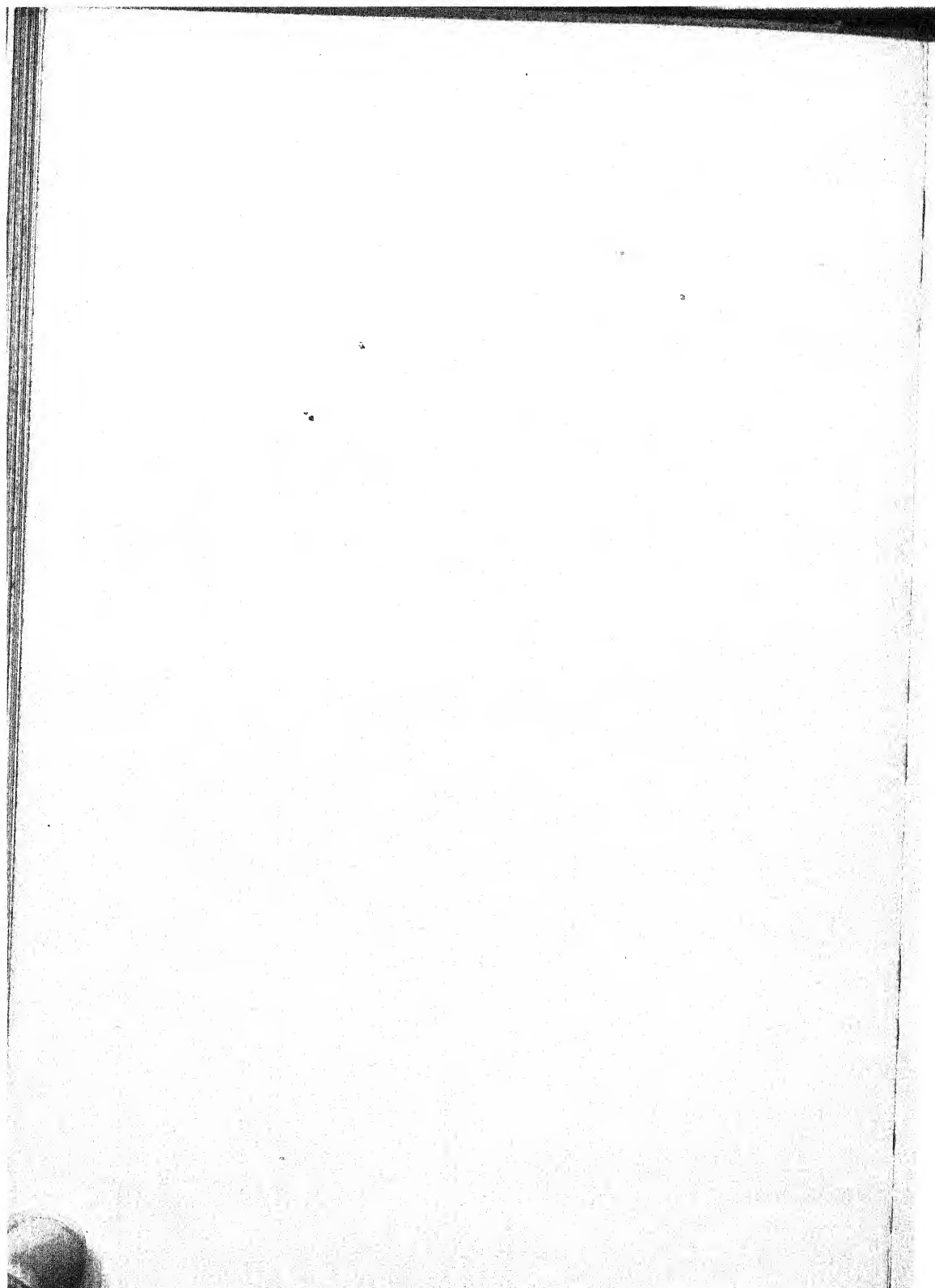
Farewell, farewell! I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing;
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heaven I live.

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1633).



GORDON BROWNE.

"THE SERVANTS HASTENED TO ASSIST SIR THOMAS."



THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

I have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass, than is usual in the works of foreign authors: For, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that give them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch, and more con-

formable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty*, *conspiracy*, *theatre*, *orator*, &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in the words, *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrinchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *sha'n't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *shall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words

make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras' doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they* at their mercy whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere; and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a greater part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.—*Spectator*.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

BY JOHN GAY.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows.
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropped with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:

"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue,
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the seam of earth.
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul filth, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar, dressed;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

PEACE.

Lovely lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky;
Lovely lasting Peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

[George Walter Thornbury, the son of a London solicitor, born 1828; died in London, 11th June, 1876. He was educated for the church, but at the age of seventeen he began his literary career as a contributor of topographical and antiquarian papers to the *Bristol Journal*. In 1851 he became connected with the *Illustrated*; and from that date he was a constant contributor to the principal London magazines, and produced numerous works in prose and verse, of which we may note:—Poetry: *Legs and Legends of the New World* (published in 1851); *Songs of the Cavaliers and Round-heads* (from which we quote); *Two Centuries of Song*,

being lyrics, sonnets, madrigals, &c., edited by Mr. Thornbury, with numerous valuable notes. Novels: *Every Man his own Trumpeter*; *True as Steel*; *Wildfire*; *Tales for the Marines*; *Great Heart*, &c. Miscellaneous: *Shakspeare's England*; *Life in Spain, Past and Present*; *Turkish Life and Character*; *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*; *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*; *Old Stories Re-told*; *Old and New London*, &c. One of his critics says: "He has all the enthusiasm of an antiquary combined with poetical insight and great literary ability, enabling him to put forward whatever he undertakes in the most picturesque and inviting form."]

The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love:
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove;
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the bell.

"Let no man haloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;
O he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—
To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk;
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."
Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!

¹ See *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 41.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

[William Hepworth Dixon, born in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 30th June, 1821. He has earned distinction and popularity as a biographer, historian, traveller, and critic. He became a member of the Inner Temple in 1846; was one of the most active of the deputy-commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851; was editor of the *Athenæum* from 1853 till 1860; in the latter year was appointed one of the magistrates of Middlesex. His principal works are: *John Howard and the Prison-visit of Europe*; *Life of William Penn*, the founder of Pennsylvania; *Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea*; *Life of Lord Bacon*; *The Holy Land*; *New America*; *Spiritual Wives*; *Free Russia*; *The Switzers*; *Her Majesty's Tower*, from which we take the following extract; *Diana*, *Lady Lyle*; *Ruby Grey*; &c. Of Mr. Dixon as a writer the *Edinburgh Review* says: "His style is good and easy. There is life in his narrative and vigour in his descriptions." Died Dec. 27, 1879.]

Half-a-mile below London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour's Creek to St. Olave's Wharf, stands the group of buildings known in our common speech as the Tower of London, in official phrase as Her Majesty's Tower; a mass of ramparts, walls, and gates; the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe.

Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Gray keep, green tree, black gate, and frowning battlement, stand out, apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining; working on the senses like a spell; and calling us away from our daily mood into a world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakspeare's page.

Looking at the Tower as either a prison, a palace, or a court,—picture, poetry, and drama crowd upon the mind; and if the fancy dwells most frequently on the state prison, this is because the soul is more readily kindled by a human interest than fired by an archaic and official fact. For one man who would care to see the room in which a council met or a court was held, a hundred men would like to see the chamber in which Lady Jane Grey was lodged, the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, the tower from which Sir John Oldcastle escaped. Who would not like to stand for a moment by those steps on which Ann Boleyn knelt; pause by that slit in the wall through which Arthur De la Pole gazed; and linger, if he could, in

that room in which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley searched the New Testament together?

The Tower has an attraction for us akin to that of the house in which we were born, the school in which we were trained. Go where we may, that grim old edifice on the Pool goes with us; a part of all we know, and of all we are. Put seas between us and the Thames, this Tower will cling to us like a thing of life. It colours Shakspeare's page. It casts a momentary gloom over Bacon's story. Many of our books were written in its vaults; the Duke of Orleans' *Poesies*, Raleigh's *Historie of the World*, Eliot's *Monarchy of Man*, and Penn's *No Cross, no Crown*.

Even as to length of days, the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons; its origin, like that of the *Iliad*, that of the Sphinx, that of the Newton stone, being lost in the nebulous ages, long before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakspeare and the poets, in favour of which the name of Cæsar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower is mentioned in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and a Saxon stronghold may have stood upon the spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's Tower,—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel,—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings. What can Europe show to compare against such a tale?

Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry the Third. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry the Eighth; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war Versailles was yet a swamp. The Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century; Sans Souci to the eighteenth. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Tehran, are all of modern date.

Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one

exception of St. Angelo in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastille is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spillberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the first crusade.

Standing on Tower Hill, looking down on the dark lines of wall—picking out keep and turret, bastion and ballium, chapel and belfry—the jewel-house, the armoury, the mounts, the casemates, the open leads—the Byeward Gate, the Belfry, the Bloody Tower—the whole edifice seems alive with story; the story of a nation's highest splendour, its deepest misery, and its darkest shame. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than many a great battlefield; for out upon this sod has been poured, from generation to generation, a stream of the noblest life in our land. Should you have come to this spot alone, in the early day, when the Tower is noisy with martial doings, you may haply catch, in the hum which rises from the ditch and issues from the wall below you—broken by roll of drum, by blast of bugle, by tramp of soldiers—some echoes, as it were, of a far-off time; some hints of a May-day revel; of a state execution; of a royal entry. You may catch some sound which recalls the thrum of a queen's virginal, the cry of a victim on the rack, the laughter of a bridal feast. For all these sights and sounds—the dance of love and the dance of death—are part of that gay and tragic memory which clings around the Tower.

From the reign of Stephen down to that of Henry of Richmond, Caesar's Tower (the great Norman keep, now called the White Tower) was a main part of the royal palace; and for that large interval of time the story of the White Tower is in some sort that of our English society as well as of our English kings. Here were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; and hither come with their goodly wares, the firemen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers, from Flanders, Italy, and Almaine. Close by were the Mint, the lions' dens, the old archery-grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the queen's gardens, the royal banqueting hall; so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics, find themselves equally at home.

Two great architects designed the main parts of the Tower: Gundulf the Weeper and Henry the Builder; one a poor Norman monk, the other a great English king.

VOL. IV.

Gundulf, a Benedictine friar, had, for that age, seen a great deal of the world; for he had not only lived in Rouen and Caen, but had travelled in the East. Familiar with the glories of Saracenic art, no less than with the Norman simplicities of Bec, St. Ouen, and St. Etienne; a pupil of Lanfranc, a friend of Anselm; he had been employed in the monastery of Bec to marshal, with the eye of an artist, all the pictorial ceremonies of his church. But he was chiefly known in that convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears welled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source.

As the price of his exile from Bec, Gundulf received the crozier of Rochester, in which city he rebuilt the cathedral, and perhaps designed the castle, since the great keep on the Medway has a sister's likeness to the great keep on the Thames. His works in London were—the White Tower, the first St. Peter's Church; and the old barbican, afterwards known as the Hall Tower, and now used as the jewel-house.

The cost of these works was great; the discontent caused by them was sore. Ralph, Bishop of Durham, the able and rapacious minister who had to raise the money, was hated and reviled by the Commons with peculiar bitterness of heart and phrase. He was called Flambard, or Firebrand. He was represented as a devouring lion. Still the great edifice grew up; and Gundulf, who lived to the age of fourscore, saw his great keep completed from basement to battlement.

Henry the Third, a prince of epic fantasies, as Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, and many other fine poems in stone attest, not only spent much of his time in the Tower, but much of his money in adding to its strength and beauty. Adam de Lamburn was his master mason; but Henry was his own chief clerk of the works. The Water Gate, the embanked wharf, the Cradle Tower, the Lantern, which he made his bedroom and private closet, the Galleyman Tower, and the first wall, appear to have been his gifts. But the prince who did so much for Westminster Abbey, not content with giving stone and pile to the home in which he dwelt, enriched the chambers with frescoes and sculpture, the chapels with carving and glass; making St. John's Chapel in the White Tower splendid with saints, St. Peter's Church on the Tower Green musical with bells. In the Hall Tower, from which a passage led through the great hall into the king's bedroom in the Lantern, he built a tiny chapel for his private use—a

chapel which served for the devotion of his successors until Henry the Sixth was stabbed to death before the cross. Sparing neither skill nor gold to make the great fortress worthy of his art, he sent to Purbeck for marble, and to Caen for stone. The dabs of lime, the spawls of flint, the layers of brick, which deface the walls and towers in too many places, are of either earlier or later times. The marble shafts, the noble groins, the delicate traceries, are Henry's work. Traitor's Gate, one of the noblest arches in the world, was built by him; in short, nearly all that is purest in art is traceable to his reign.

Edward the First may be added, at a distance, to the list of builders. In his reign the original church of St. Peter fell into ruin; the wrecks were carted away, and the present edifice was built. The bill of costs for clearing the ground is still extant in Fetter Lane. Twelve men, who were paid twopence a day wages, were employed on the work for twenty days. The cost of pulling down the old chapel was forty-six shillings and eightpence; that of digging foundations for the new chapel forty shillings. That chapel has suffered from wardens and lieutenants; yet the shell is of very fine Norman work.

From the days of Henry the Builder down to those of Henry of Richmond, the Tower, as the strongest place in the south of England, was by turns the magnificent home and the miserable jail of all our princes. Here Richard the Second held his court, and gave up his crown. Here Henry the Sixth was murdered. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in wine. Here King Edward and the Duke of York were slain by command of Richard. Here Margaret of Salisbury was hacked into pieces on the block.

Henry of Richmond kept his royal state in the Tower, receiving his ambassadors, counting his angels, making presents to his bride, Elizabeth of York. Among other gifts to that lady on her nuptial day was a royal book of verse, composed by a prisoner in the keep. . . .

Turning through a sally-port in the Bye-ward Gate, you cross the south arm of the ditch, and come out on the wharf,—a strip of strand in front of the fortress won from the river, and kept in its place by masonry and piles. This wharf, the work of Henry the Builder, is one of the wonders of his reign; for the whole strip of earth had to be seized from the Thames, and covered from the daily ravage of its tides. At this bend of the river the scour is hard, the roll enormous. Piles had to be driven into the mud and silt; rubble had to be thrown in

between these piles; and then the whole mass united with fronts and bars of stone. All Adam de Lamburn's skill was taxed to resist the weight of water, yet keep the sluices open by which he fed the ditch. Most of all was this the case when the king began to build a new barbican athwart the sluice. This work, of which the proper name was for many ages the Water Gate, commands the only outlet from the Tower into the Thames; spanning the ditch and sweeping the wharf, both to the left and right. So soon as the wharf was taken from the river-bed, this work became essential to the defensive line.

London folk felt none of the king's pride in the construction of this great wharf and barbican. In fact, these works were in the last degree unpopular, and on news of any mishap occurring to them the Commons went almost mad with joy. Once they sent to the king a formal complaint against these works. Henry assured his people that the wharf and Water Gate would not harm their city. Still the citizens felt sore. Then, on St. George's night, 1240, while the people were at prayer, the Water Gate and wall fell down, no man knew why. No doubt the tides were high that spring, and the soft silt of the river gave way beneath the wash. Anyhow they fell.

Henry, too great a builder to despair, began again; this time with a better plan; yet on the self-same night of the ensuing year his barbican crashed down into the river, one mass of stones. A monk of St. Albans, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, "Why build ye these?" As he spoke, he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk, and asked him the archbishop's name. "St. Thomas the Martyr," said the shade. The priest, growing bolder, asked him why the Martyr had done this deed? "St. Thomas," said the spirit, "by birth a citizen, mislikes these works, because they are raised in scorn and against the public right. For this cause he has thrown them down beyond the tyrant's power to restore them."

But the shade was not strong enough to scare the king. Twelve thousand marks had been spent on that heap of ruins; yet the barbican being necessary to his wharf, the Builder,

on the morrow of his second mishap, was again at work, clearing away the rubbish, driving in the piles, and laying in a deeper bed the foundation-stones. This time his work was done so well that the walls of his gateway have never shrunk, and are as firm to-day as the earth on which they stand.

The ghost informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. "Had they been built," said the shade, "for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away."

The names of these popular saints still cling to the Water Gate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the bar-bican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Water Gate, is only known as St. Thomas's Tower.

The whole wharf, twelve hundred feet in length, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron Gate, leading towards the hospital of St. Catharine the Virgin, where a few sheds and magazines were built at an early date. Except these sheds, the wharf was clear. When cannon came into use, they were laid along the ground, as well as trained on the walls and the mural towers.

Three ascents marked, as it were, the river front—the Queen's Stair, the Water Way, and the Galleyman Stair. The Queen's Stair, the landing-place of royal princes, and of such great persons as came to the Tower on state affairs, lay beneath the Bye-ward Gate and the Belfry, having a passage into the fortress by a bridge and postern, through the Bye-ward Tower into Water Lane. The Water Way was that cutting through the bank which passed under St. Thomas's Tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane; the entrance popularly known as Traitor's Gate. The Galleyman Stair lay under the Cradle Tower, by which there was a private entrance into the royal quarter. This stair was not much used, except when the services of Traitor's Gate were out of order. Then prisoners who could not enter by the approach of honour were landed at the Galleyman Stair.

Lying open to the river and to the streets, the wharf was a promenade, a place of traffic and of recreation, to which folk resorted on high days and fair days. Men who loved

sights were pretty sure to find something worth seeing at either the Queen's Stair or Traitor's Gate. All personages coming to the Tower in honour were landed at the Queen's Stair; all personages coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitor's Gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe.

Standing on the bank, now busy with a new life, these pictures of an old time start into being like a mystic writing on the wall. Two of these scenes come back with warm rich colouring to the inner eye.

Now:—it is London in the reign of that Henry the Builder, who loved to adorn the fortress in which he dwelt. Whose barge is moored at yon stair, with the royal arms? What men are those with tabard and clarion? Who is that proud and beautiful woman, her fair face fired with rage, who steps into her galley, but whose foot appears to scorn the plank on which it treads? She is the queen; wife of the great builder; Elinor of Provence, called by her minstrels Elinor la Belle. A poetess, a friend of singers, a lover of music, she is said to have brought song and art into the English court from her native land. The first of our laureates came in her train. She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with the queen has faults, for which her gracious talent and her peerless beauty fail to atone. Her greed is high, her anger ruthless. Her court is filled with an outcry of merchants who have been mulcted of queen-geld, a wrangle of friars who have been robbed by her kith and kin, a roar of tiremen and jewellers clamorous for their debts, a murmur of knights and bar- poor Jews objecting to be spoiled. Despite the gifts of birth and wit, Elinor la Belle is the most unpopular princess in the world. She has been living at the Tower, which her husband loves; but she feels that her palace is a kind of jail; she wishes to get away, and she has sent for her barge and watermen, hoping to escape from her people and to breathe the free air of her Windsor home.

Will the Commons let her go? Proudly her barge puts off. The tabards bend and the clarions blare. But the Commons, who wait her coming on London Bridge, dispute her passage, and drive her back with curses, crying, "Drown the witch! Drown the witch!" Unable to pass the bridge, Elinor has to turn her

keel, and, with passionate rage in her heart, to find her way back.

Her son, the young and fiery Edward, never forgets this insult to his mother: by-and-by he will seek revenge for it on Lewes field; and by mad pursuit of his revenge he will lose the great fight and imperil his father's crown.

Again:—it is London in the reign of bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke: the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the king, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's Stair, stands a burly figure, tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a hanger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the king, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains, fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front, and a long arrear of craft behind.

From the first barge lands the lord-mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque city companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling out a welcome to the queen; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the story of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—

"The gospel light first shines from Boleyn's eyes,"

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

The king catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in through the Bye-ward Tower.

The picture fades from view, and presently reappears. Is it the same? The queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the picture is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair; no guns disturb the sky; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge; no train of aldermen and masters waits upon the queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years; yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the king's arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen

cannot write; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

When she alights on the Queen's Stair, she turns to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and asks, "Must I go into a dungeon?" "No, madam," says the constable; "you will lie in the same room which you occupied before." She falls on her knees. "It is too good for me," she cries; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart; saying, she is free from sin, and that she is, and has always been, the king's true wedded wife.

"Shall I die without justice?" she inquires. "Madam," says Kingston, "the poorest subject would have justice." The lady only laughs a feeble laugh.

Other, and not less tragic, scenes drew crowds to the Water Way from the Thames.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest poets—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth; William Wallace, David Bruce; Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of our national story are embalmed. Most of them left it high in rank and rich in life, to return, by the same dark passage, in a few brief hours poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*.

From this gateway went the barge of that Duke of Buckingham, the rival of Wolsey, the last permanent High-constable of England. Buckingham had not dreamed that an offence so slight as his could bring into the dust so proud a head; for his offence was nothing; some silly words which he had bandied lightly in the Rose, a city tavern, about the young king's journey into France. He could not see that his head was struck because it moved so high; nay, his proud boast that if his enemies sent him to the Tower, ten thousand friends would storm the walls to set him free, was perhaps the occasion of his fall. When sentence of death was given, he marched back to his barge, where Sir Thomas Lovel, then constable, stood ready to hand him to the seat of honour. "Nay," said the duke to Lovel, "not so now. When I came to Westminster I was Lord High-constable and Duke of Buckingham; now I am but poor Edward Stafford."

Landed at the Temple Stair, he was marched along Fleet Street, through St. Paul's Church-

yard, and by way of Cheap to the Tower: the axe borne before him all the way; Sir William Sandys holding him by the right arm, Sir Nicholas Vaux by the left. A band of Augustine friars stood praying round the block; and when his head had fallen into the dust they bore his remains to St. Austin's Church.

On these steps, too, beneath this Water Gate, Elizabeth, then a fair young girl, with gentle feminine face and golden hair, was landed by her jealous sister's servants. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir John Gage, the constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. "Are all these harnessed men for me?" she asked. "No, madam," said Sir John. "Yea," she replied, "I know it is so." Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone steps, she exclaimed, in a spirit prouder than her looks—for in her youth she had none of that leonine beauty of her later years—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it." Perhaps she was thinking of her mother, who had landed on the neighbouring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she stood accused. In those two attitudes of appeal one reads the nature of these two proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees.

THE WEAVER AND HIS SHADOW.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Beside a dying woman,
A pale man plied the loom,
The buzz of the wheel and treddle
Filled all the squalid room.
It drowned the groans of the children,—
That loom, with its robe of state;—
Its threads of pink and silver
Shine bright as a coffin-plate,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Gay as a coffin-plate.

Deep, in the thickening twilight,
Another weaver sits;
A grizzly thing of nothing but bones,
Weaving and singing by fits.

His woof is black as a dead man's pall,
And spotted with poor man's tears;
He sings a dirge with the sob of a child,
A tale of passion and fears;
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
A tale of passion and fears.

His thin hands move with a madman's speed,
Though weak for lack of bread;
He chokes to hear the dying groan
Of his wife, who's all but dead.
But the costly robe of the duchess,
The robe of pomp and state,
Must be done this very evening,
Not a moment after eight.
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Not a moment after eight.

A thousand swift feet dancing,
Jewels, and silk, and flowers,
Bright smiles of love and greeting,
None there to count the hours;
And, in the midst, the duchess
Moves like a sceptred queen,
With never a thought of coffin or shroud,
Or the strips of the turf so green,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Or the strips of the turf so green.

"I REMEMBER."

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light:
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees, dark and high;
 I used to think their slender spires
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance—
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know, I'm farther off from heaven,
 Than when I was a boy!

THOMAS HOOD.

UNCLE HARTLEBURY'S ROMANCE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY TOLD BY THE SEA.

[Joseph Hatton, novelist and miscellaneous writer, was born at Andover, on 3rd February, 1839. His father being the founder of the *Derbyshire Times*, the boy was enabled to begin writing at an early age, and when only twenty-one was appointed editor of the *Bristol Mirror*. After several years of varied journalistic work in the provinces, and frequent contributions to the magazines, he went to London and became (1863) editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. With an able staff, which included such writers as Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, and Mark Lemon, he soon raised this magazine into a position of importance. Some time afterwards he was appointed special correspondent in Europe of the *New York Times*, and that he has an intimate personal acquaintance with the London Press is shown in a volume of his called *Journalistic London*. It is as a novelist, however, that he is best known to the public. Among the most popular of his stories are: *CrUEL London*; *Clytie*; *The Old House at Sandwich*; *The Valley of Poppies*; *The Queen of Bohemia*; *By Order of the Czar*; *Under the Great Seal*; and *John Needham's Double*. A dramatic version of the latter story has been successfully performed; and some of his tales have been translated into Swedish and German. He is also well known as a miscellaneous writer by such works as *Cigarette Papers*; *Old Lamps and New*; *In Jest and Earnest*; and *The Gay World*. Recently he has added to his popularity by editing: *Ireling's Impressions of America*, and *Toole's Reminiscences*.]

Yes, sir, we *have* met before; and I am delighted to see you again. No, you have made no mistake. I am the Recorder of Miningtown, and the portly lady whom you see yonder in the midst of that assembly of romping children, about to bathe after the fashion of this Boulogne, are my wife and family. Yes, sir, that is Mrs. Hartlebury. Speak louder, *mon ami*, I am slightly deaf. Yes, I do bathe; but the exertion of dressing and undressing in this hot weather is too much for one who, like Falstaff, grows fat and hath gray hairs. Have a cigar? That's right. I know nothing more agreeable than to sit here and watch the sea come rolling in upon those bathers yonder, and especially when you can observe the gambols of your own children, and at the same time let your mind wander out to that wide reach of sea, with sails in the distance.

You are a writer, an author. Yes, I saw your last book at the railway-station, and bought it. Ah, I knew you would like me all the more for that. Why don't you reply that you had read my lucid and learned judgment in that remarkable forgery case? Never mind, sir; I am past that sort of thing. I suppose you are on the look-out for some bits of fresh character and wayside incidents of travel? No; you are only here for change and rest? You have been up to the cathedral, stood once more on the doorstep of Le Sage's house, and refreshed your old memories of the place? Ah, oui!

Old memories! You would hardly credit me, I suppose, with being afflicted by some strange old memories of personal adventure in this place, or any other, for that matter. You would not take an old gentleman with gray hairs, sitting on the beach at Boulogne whilst his wife and family are bathing, as a fitting subject for the hero of a romance. There are peculiar anomalies in life, you say? That is evasion, sir. I know what you are thinking well enough. I can only tell you this, my friend, that the story of my first appearance here twenty years ago is far more romantic than half the tales told in your magazines, and thought worthy of wonderful illustrations. I am too old to be vain, and I know something of the lights and shadows of life, something of its untold romances, something of its terrible tragedies.

Ah, my friend, twenty years ago I was as slim and dapper and lady-killing as yourself. You do not aspire to the character of a lady-killer? Don't tell me, sir; all young fellows like to make a favourable impression on the other sex. Why are you so carefully shaved to-day? Why is that bit of showy neckerchief so daintily tied? Why those well-fitting gray trousers, and that smart little cane? Simply because you are accustomed to dress well, and aspire to be regarded as a gentleman. Very good; and you are anxious to bid at the same time for those feminine glances which are so flattering to youth. There, don't think I imagine you are a fop; and for Heaven's sake don't be annoyed. My criticism is only the result of my own feelings, my own ambition, when I was a young fellow like you. Tell me my story? Yes, if you think it may interest you. It may do for a Christmas paper? Ah, ah! on the look-out for copy, eh?—gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. Well, I feel something of the Ancient Mariner's sensations this morning; it will be a relief to tell the story of that extraordinary creature

whose face has haunted me ever since I came here two days ago. You will readily consent to play the wedding-guest to my mariner? Very well, sir; light another cigar and listen: if I bore you stop me, and we will in to the *Établissement* and read the papers.

It is all bound up in this bit of faded ribbon, my story: this little scrap, you see, which is set in that *petit* rim of gold appended to my watch-seals. I have never worn the trifle since my marriage until this week. My wife has some pardonable womanly notion that I ought not to wear it, and I have humoured her; for, though I say it, she is one of the best women in the world. Above all others, you think, it is I who should say so? You say well, you say well, my young friend. When we were leaving London last week, it seemed to me that I could not come even here without this little souvenir of that romance twenty years ago. Twenty years ago! How the time flies!

This is the story. I was engaged to Mrs. Hartlebury; she was a Miss Longford. We had been in the habit of seeing each other from the earliest days of our childhood. I ought to have appreciated her kindly loving disposition all the more on this account; but I did not. It had always been understood that we should be married, and in due course this family understanding bore fruit. We were engaged, Julia Longford and I, but on this understanding, that if either one or the other saw any other person whom he or she, the said contracting parties, preferred to the before-mentioned parties to this agreement, then either he or she, the said Thomas Hartlebury and Julia Longford, might terminate the previously recited engagement at one day's notice given by post or orally in the presence of witnesses. Yes, I am getting a little involved, I fear, in this semi-legal phraseology? But you understand the character of that agreement? Yes, and you think it a very convenient engagement? And I thought so too, sir, in a very short time after it was made.

That very summer twenty years ago, with the consent and indeed by the advice of my dear old father, I started on a continental tour, which was to be inaugurated by a visit to Paris *en* Boulogne, and which terminated somewhat suddenly in the French capital. I was quite as much a buck in those days as you are now, not quite so slim as Falstaff boasted himself to be. I was something more than an eagle's talon in the waist, and I could not creep through an alderman's thumb-ring, for I was a strong, well-built young fellow,

and not ill-looking—no, sir, not ill-looking. You can readily understand that? Even though I might play the fat knight with as little padding as Mark Lemon! It is true, sir, quite true. I can see myself now, airing my swell clothes and London manners on the beach here; but there is a sad face rises up beside me, and a figure floating out with the tide yonder which sobers the picture, and makes a shadow upon that sunny water.

Bathing *en famille* was a notion that rather tickled me in those days. You think there is nothing improper in it? Neither do I, sir, or Mrs. Hartlebury and her daughters would not be enjoying themselves as you see them yonder. The "girl of the period" at ball and opera is much more undressed than the ladies in their pretty bathing costumes? I quite agree with you; but my very proper English notions were a little excited at the prospect of a company of lovely mermaids in a sea-bath. I little thought when I went into the water that I was destined to come out with a pretty girl in my arms. Ah, now I see you are interested. What a subject for a modern magazine picture! That is what you are thinking, I know. Don't keep you in suspense? Is that what you said? I told you I was slightly deaf. Did I come out of the water with a young lady in my arms really?

Yes, it was in this way. I was swimming about, and watching the movements of a most graceful person, floating half-sideways, half on her back, with her arms extended, and her head resting on the water; she was drifting out in the sunshine, the water quite placid but swelling like her own bosom beneath a thin blue robe; she was drifting, I say, in the sunshine, like a blessed martyr going out to some better land. I see her now, poor pretty tender-hearted thing, with the sea rocking her in its great arms, and yet trying all the while to steal away her life. I watched her at a respectful distance and swam quietly after her; for somehow it occurred to me that she was not quite conscious of the power of that insidious but certain current, which I could feel setting in towards the pier. I had judged aright; by-and-by she turned over, evidently with the intention of swimming home, but she could not accomplish her purpose. She struggled on for a little time, and then to all appearance lost her presence of mind, or was attacked with cramp. She disappeared at all events, and I rapidly quickened my pace towards her, putting my head well to the water and dashing on with that sharp side-stroke, which is so effective in the matter of speed. She

rose for the second time as I reached the spot. In a moment I had seized her by the shoulder, and supporting her with my left arm, I commenced to swim slowly in the direction of the shore. The young lady's difficulty had been noticed from the beach, and a boat had put off when I dashed after her. It came up by the time I was within easy distance of the shore with my beautiful, half-drowned burden, and I helped to place her in the boat amidst a loud cheer. I got in after her, and was delighted to see signs of rapid recovery in the dear creature. Satisfied with this, and not caring to present myself in my Blondin-like costume to a fashionable and excited throng, I dashed into the water and swam to my machine.

If Mrs. Hartlebury and those girls would do the same it would be just as well. They have been in the water too long already. You don't think so? Mrs. Hartlebury is the best judge of that? I had better proceed with my story; you are getting interested? You want to know what the young lady was like? Like, sir, like no young lady in Boulogne at the present day, or anywhere else that I have seen, for beauty. She was like a poet's dream, sir, or an artist's fancy. Was she a blonde? Not exactly, no; she had brown wavy hair, and such eyes, such a figure! Arms as round and fair as the arms of those women by Rubens in the Louvre—a neck and shoulders in which all the lines of beauty were described. I saw her on that next day after her narrow escape; she found me out, and came to the Hôtel des Bains to thank me. "I must excuse her," she said, "for calling unattended, she had no friends in Boulogne." "One at least," I said, taking her hand, and faltering in my speech. She looked up inquiringly at me for a moment with her big dark eyes, and I felt myself gradually becoming powerless in her presence, anxious to say all sorts of gracious things, but unable to do so. "Good-bye, and believe me I shall never forget your brave action." She spoke with a pretty musical French accent. "May I not see you again?" I asked, and then bolder grown I answered my own question: "I must, indeed I must." "I am going to Paris in the morning. I have been to London, and am on my way to Paris. I fear I must say good-bye now, monsieur." "Oh no," I said, feeling as if I were about to lose everything dear to me in the world. "I love you, mademoiselle; I love you; I will make you my wife." "Oh, monsieur, that can never be," she replied. "Why not?" I exclaimed, becoming desperate. "Do not ask," she said,

sadly. "You could not love me," I said, sitting down and covering my face with my hands. "There was a time, monsieur, when what you have just said would have awakened a passion of pleasure and gratitude in my heart; but oh, sir, that time is past; adieu, *mon très cher ami*; you will always live in my dearest memory."

She left me, and this only made me more fiercely in love with her. I did not seem to be master of my actions, and I was selfish enough to think that I had a special claim upon her. I rescued her from death, and that ought to make her mine. If she would have had me, I would have married her, sir, right off, and should have felt myself blessed. How long would that sentiment have lasted? Heaven knows. I followed her, found out her hotel, returned her call, and made her promise to see me in Paris. My next action was to discover by what train she travelled, and on the following day I was on the platform, and constituted myself the lady's *compagnon de voyage*. At first she seemed a little disconcerted at this, but as we journeyed onwards she brightened up, and became chatty and sparkling and lively. Every now and then all this was darkened, like a summer landscape with passing thunder-clouds. Once when the other stupid passengers were asleep I pressed her hand. She returned me a gentle pressure, and with the tears in her eyes she whispered in heartfelt accents that almost brought the tears to mine, "Oh, my dear, dear friend!" It seemed like a cry of despair from a breaking heart, and I felt as if a terrible grief was seizing upon me.

You really would not have given me credit for so much romance? Of course not, it seems ridiculous to you now, looking at the portly recorder and his romping responsibilities yonder. Ah, I am glad the girls are coming out of the water. It does not matter so much about Frank, and Tom, and Harry, they are strong fellows, and will have *café noir* and cigars afterwards to keep up the circulation. You object to these interruptions? These changes from romance to reality, eh?—from the sublime to the ridiculous. On our arrival at the Northern Station at Paris, Louise and I you know, her name was Louise, I think I said before; on our arrival, a placid, mysterious, light-moustached old German came up to us. He kissed the young lady on the cheek, and then looked scowlingly at me. Louise began therefore to talk German to him with many gesticulations, explaining the small service I had rendered her. He smiled, I thought, a

little sarcastically, and looked incredulously at me; but mademoiselle stamped her foot angrily at *Mein Herr Diable*, and he condescended to look civilly upon me. "We must part here," she said hurriedly to me. "What is your hotel?" "The Imperial," I said. "Place Vendôme." "You must not call on me. I will call upon you to-night. For Heaven's sake be satisfied with this."

I got to my hotel in a dreamy sort of fashion, ordered private rooms, and said I expected a lady to call in the evening; I should not go out until she came, and they must show her up. It seemed ages that I waited for her; I waited until they relieved guard at the Napoleon Column and marched by the Rue St. Honoré with their drums and trumpets. I waited until my heart was sick with fears and doubts; and at last I received a short note, in which the writer said I might see her on the next night at the Arc de l'Etoile, at ten o'clock; but if I really loved her, and wished to cherish the memory of her as something sweet and dear, I ought to see her no more. She offered no apology for keeping me waiting. I kissed her note, and yet smote the table with passion, and stamped about the room with rage. That silent, disgusting German was the cause of all this! Who was he? What was he? I asked myself, but I was never enabled to answer the question. He was a strange unfathomable mystery.

On the following night I was at the Arch of Triumph an hour before the trying-time, with a longing heart and a brain half-dazed with the glare and glitter of the long rows of gas-lamps and the wandering carriage-lights. The scene was to me then one of such unaccustomed splendour, that it seemed as if I had been dropped here by Fate to play a part in some Arabian Night's story. She came at last, my charmer, muffled up half in disguise, running, I thought, from one who claims her love to one who prays for it as the greatest blessing Heaven or earth can give. We walked to the shadow of an adjacent tree, and sat down; she suffered me to clasp her in my arms. Again I offered her my hand; talked to her of arrangements for the future; indicated the sort of letter I would write to my father by the very next post. A mad thing to do? I must have been off my head? Ah, so would you have been in presence of that matchless beauty. I never saw so much loveliness in mortal being; and even after all these years have elapsed, I cannot condemn my judgment in that respect. We wandered about those walks in the Bois de Boulogne, and sat beneath the trees, and talked

of a hundred happy things that only lovers' lips can say. At last she confessed that she loved me with all her heart. "I have never known what love is until now," she said, "my dear, dear friend; and I understand its sweetness, its purity, when it is too late, too late, my dear monsieur." "Why too late, Louise?" I asked; and then, prepared to learn the worst, I said, "You are not married already?" "Oh, no," she said. "Nor betrothed?" I asked, hurrying question upon question. "Cease, cease, I pray you," she exclaimed, in a passion of despair. "Seek to know no more: I can never be yours: I love you too much." "You are mine, Louise; I snatched you from the grave. It was Fate that brought me to your side: Death came between us, and I struck him down. You are mine by all laws human and divine." She sobbed at this, laid her head on my shoulder, and in a wail of despair said, "Oh, would I were! Would it might be possible! Oh, sir, do not tempt me: do not; pray, do not. Your love would end in hate." "My dear Louise, I am prepared to brave all things." "I am not prepared to brave your scorn," she said. "Death were bliss to that. Let me go, sir. Farewell!" "No, no," I said, detaining her. "I will raise an alarm," she cried. "Cruel, cruel," I replied. "O, mon Dieu, monsieur!" she exclaimed, and then kissing me on the forehead she said, "You see yon distant lights on the right, and that great cluster in the Champs Elysée?" "Yes." "It is Monsieur Victor's Café Chantant. I will see you once again. Let it be there, to-morrow night, at ten." "You will not deceive me?" I said, letting her hand go very reluctantly. "That is what I will not do for all the world," she replied solemnly, and raising her eyes to heaven. "I will not deceive you." "My dear Louise!" I said. She looked so beautiful in the starlight. "Better say adieu, now and for ever!" was her response. "But if it must be, au revoir! Be it so!" "Au revoir!" broke from my lips. She slipped away from me, and disappeared.

The long rows of lights, the distant sounds of music, mocked my despair. I look back now, and know what a mad fellow I was; but I do not blame myself, and I learned how heroic a woman can be, the most abandoned, when the divine chord of love is really touched by the master hand. Poor lost Louise, she was a martyr for my sake! I can see now, out yonder where the sun is making a long track over the waters, I can see a half-clad figure drifting, drifting, floating away into the darker shade,

—drifting out into the mist where sea and sky unite and are lost in each other. What creatures of circumstances we are! Ah, there's my wife yonder beckoning to Frank and Harry. The girls are nearly dressed by this time, and yonder are the boys plunging about as if they had only just gone in. There they are, sir, within fifty yards of the spot where I rescued Louise from drowning twenty years ago! All right, my friend; don't be unhappy. My romance will soon be at an end. You think I tell the story well? I am quite eloquent, you say? Ah, it is the eloquence that earnestness gives, I suppose. It does me good to tell you this romance of mine; it has been in my mind at odd times, as if it demanded utterance, for years.

You may be sure I went to that *café* the next night. There was a clear sky and a full moon. The effect of the contending lights of the *café* and the moon among the foliage of the Champs Elysée was weird and magical. It seemed to carry my mind back to a wonderful representation I had seen at a London theatre of *Faust and Marguerite*. Then the woodland scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* broke into that memory. I was not myself, I often think, all through this piece. I know that it shocked me a little when I found myself among a crowd of men and women who were drinking and smoking in this beautiful spot, and applauding an indecent dance; and it shocked me all the more to think that it was here that Louise had selected to meet me, her lover. Then I thought what a prude I was, and remembered how different were French ideas of these things to ours in England. I would soon coax Louise out of all this semi-barbarous indifference to the proprieties when I had her in England and made her my wife. While I was thinking in this wise, a terrific burst of applause brought my wandering eyes back to the stage. A lady was smiling and bowing her acknowledgments. My heart beat wildly at sight of her. The applause rose again higher and higher. "Who is this?" I said excitedly to a gentleman who was crowded close up against me. "Do you not know?" he said in French. "Mademoiselle Victor, it is her first appearance this season; she has just returned from England." Oh, my friend, I thought I should have lost my breath altogether. There was nothing improper in her bathing dress: she might have walked down Bond Street in it; but the costume in which she now appeared was the wildest kind of ballet dress I had ever seen. She sung with intense vigour in a rich ringing voice, and to

the chorus she danced in a voluptuous siren-like fashion that seemed to belong rather to a figure out of one of Eddy's pictures than to anything earthly. From this movement she changed her gambols into a mad sort of Mabilite dance, in the midst of which she uttered a piercing scream and threw herself upon the floor in the glare and glitter of the footlights. I thought I should go mad. I pushed my way with desperation to the stage to assure myself that I was not the victim of some horrible delusion. They had lifted her up and carried her into the retiring-room. I forced my way in; but I should have been violently ejected, had not that old German caught sight of me and snatched me out of the grasp of several yelling rascals who had nearly overpowered me. This mysterious person was evidently in great authority there. Louise opened her eyes, and seeing me said, "Oh my God," and covered her face with her hands. That sneaking German frowned at me, but happily allowed me to remain. In a few minutes mademoiselle had recovered sufficiently for the manager to go out and tell the audience she would reappear shortly. In the midst of the shout of applause which greeted this declaration Louise rose to her feet and called for champagne. She drank the wine greedily, and then turning to me said, "There, monsieur, I told you it could not be: I said I would not deceive you. Adieu! God guard you!" She took the manager's arm, and he led her once more upon the stage. The old German stood there looking at me like Mephistopheles in the play. I staggered to the door, slipped like a drunkard out into the night, threw myself upon the grass just beyond the inclosure of that painted hell, and wept like a child.

Bravo Frank! That was a splendid dive; but I'm glad it is the last; you have certainly had enough of the water for this morning. That's right, my dear boy. Better finish my story before they all come and interrupt us? Is that what you said? *Très bien*, but one requires a little interval now and then to keep down the full rush of the old feeling; mind you, I am enacting all this story over again while I am narrating it to you. And storytelling is warm work in the hottest days of August. You mean to tell it when the weather is cold? Eh? in a Christmas annual? Well, I have no objection, only keep my name out of the story, and don't let me be pointed at as the hero. You believe Mrs. Hartlebury is coming? Well, light another cigar, and we will come to the "Finis."

I passed a miserable night. I lay there on

the grass I know not how long, and then I wandered home. I drank a pint of brandy and threw myself upon the bed undressed. I don't think I slept a wink. Early in the morning that pale, pig's-eyed looking German called upon me, and in a few authoritative words in broken English bade me accompany him on a little visit. He led the way across the Pont St. Michel to the centre of the Marché Neuf, where we entered a small square building. It was the Morgue! The old Morgue, a much more wretched place than the present edifice. On our left hand there were large windows guarded by a rail, and beyond was the chamber of death. It nearly made me sick to see several dead bodies lying there. I shuddered and clung to my companion. He looked coldly on and pointed to a pink dress and some lace that was hanging in the furthest corner; and then, oh mercy! I saw *her* body, cold and white and still. There it lay in awful companionship! I think I must have fainted at sight of the poor lost woman, with her brown hair all damp and clinging to her white round shoulders. I remembered nothing until I found myself on a sofa in a well-furnished room. My senses were no sooner restored to me than that horrible German with the light moustache and the cold greenish eye came in and deliberately seizing me by the throat, began to shake and curse me. I felt like a child in his hands, I was so weak and faint, and all the sensations of approaching death came over me. I must have cried out and struggled, I suppose, for a woman rushed into the room and dragged my assailant from me; he left me with an oath; and the woman, a strong, wilful-looking creature led me into an adjoining room. I could hardly stand, but I was nevertheless strong enough and sensible enough to take the woman's advice and get out of that house. I stumbled down two pairs of stairs and found my way into the street, where I obtained a cab and went to my hotel. I found a letter, which had been delivered by the post: it was written in French. The words were, "I loved you truly. I was unworthy of you: that is why you will never see your poor Louise again; here is a souvenir of her who blesses you with her last breath."

That souvenir was a small locket fastened to a piece of blue ribbon. I need not tell you how deeply it affected me. During the night which followed these hours of mystery and terror and grief I slept the sleep of one who is at last exhausted in mind and body. I was awakened after midnight by the proprietor of

the house, who entered with a candle, and in some little excitement asked me if there was not something wrong. I was out of bed in an instant. "What is wrong, sir?" I asked. "I think your bedroom has been robbed, if I have not disturbed the thief," he replied. "I saw a fellow prowling about before I went to bed, and as soon as I was awakened by the grating of a lock I got up and rang my bell. This was silly; I ought to have gone out and caught the thief. In another minute I heard a door shut; a stealthy step passed my room, and before I could follow my light was out, his cloak over my head, and Jacques here has come to say that they are after a fellow who leaped from a second-floor window, and made off along the Rue St. Honoré." This was the host's story so far as I could make out. We examined the room. My valise had been cut open, sure enough, and there lay beside it a great clasp-knife which had done the business. Louise's little note was gone, her locket had been torn away from the ribbon, and a packet of letters from England had been carried off. I shall always believe that German was the thief. And it seemed to me at the time that if he had not been disturbed he would have murdered me. He had evidently some mysterious power, or wished to have, over Louise. I stood in his way; how, I cannot understand; but it was so. Her liking for me was to him a terrible grievance: he had searched for letters and other tokens of our acquaintanceship. I told the hotel-keeper I had had a narrow escape: that knife was intended for something more desperate than cutting open a valise. Fancy, if he had murdered me, you would have seen no fat, sentimental recorder on the beach at Boulogne; and that happy-looking regiment of children coming from the machines yonder would not have been in existence. You are very much obliged to that German devil for not cutting my throat? And I thank my host of the Imperial for disturbing him before he had time to carry out his fell scheme.

Well, sir, to conclude, as the parson says, I put that bit of ribbon, which the thief had left behind him, into my pocket, took the next train to Calais, the next to Dover, returned to my father's house, and married Miss Longford. We are a thoroughly happy pair, as you have already had judgment enough to note. My children are good, contented, and numerous, as you see; and if that will make a story for Christmas, my friend, you are quite welcome to it, and you can call it Uncle Hartlebury's Romance.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of James Lindsay, 8th Earl of Balcarnas, born at Balcarnas, Pife, 27th November, 1759; died in Berkeley Square, London, 6th May, 1823. She married Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick, and colonial secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. She accompanied her husband to the Cape, and wrote an interesting description of an expedition across the country, in letters, part of which have been published in the *Songs of Scotland*, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson. The popularity of *Auld Robin Gray*, and the well-kept mystery regarding its author-

ship, are referred to in Lady Anne Barnard's letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated July, 1823.¹ In the year of her death, Scott edited for the Bannatyne Club a tract containing a corrected version of the ballad, and a continuation by the authoress. The second part was written to gratify her ladyship's mother; but it never became popular; and the poetess was quite sensible that it did not deserve to become so; for although it contains several fine lines, it destroys the nobility of the characters which gave force and grandeur to the original ballad. We quote the second part as a curiosity.]

PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye come hame,
When a' the weary world to rest is gane,
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unken'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

¹ "*Robin Gray*, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarnas, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarnas. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear: I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write

nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret. Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. *Robin Gray* was either a very ancient ballad composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerminingham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity." The air to which the ballad is now sung was written by the Rev. William Leves, of Wington.

The novel *Robin Gray*, by Charles Gibbon, is founded on the ballad.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back!
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
 Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
 And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
 Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I had him gang awa.
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
 For O, I am but young to cry, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin.
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
 For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

PART II.

The spring had pass'd over, 'twas summer nae mair,
 And, trembling, were scatter'd the leaves in the air;
 "Oh, winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
 For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
 She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
 And she droop'd like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
 But silent and thoughtfu' was Auld Robin Gray;
 He wander'd his lane, and his face was as lean
 As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physick would take,
 And often he said, "It is best for her sake!"
 While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
 The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he, wi' a groan;
 "I'm nae worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
 Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near
 And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrang'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
 I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
 But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
 A faithfu' young heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

LETTERS.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgie me, 'twas I stole the cow!

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back,—and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw!
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace:
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgie'n he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, by love, to win thee?"

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was so light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh! now she has a' that her heart can desire!

LETTERS.

Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.

—AARON HILL (1685-1750)

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all;
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto counsel call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.—SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619).

DEERSLAYER.

[James Fenimore Cooper, born in Burlington, New Jersey, 15th September, 1789; died in Cooperstown, New York, 14th September, 1851. He is sometimes called "the Scott of America." After studying in the Yale College, he served six years in the United States navy, travelled in Europe for several years, and ultimately settled in his native country. His first novel, *Pioneers*, appeared in 1821, and was followed by *The Spy*; *The Pioneers*; *The Pilot*, &c. He wrote thirty-four novels, various sketches of travel, a *History of the United States Navy*, and other works. His tales of Indian and backwoods life, and of the sea, maintain their place as amongst the very best of their kind. Daniel Webster said of him: "The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works. While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people."

Our extract is from the famous *Leatherstocking* series of tales. Natty Bumppo passes through many adventures under the names of *Deerslayer*, *Hawkeye*, *Pathfinder*, and, in his old age, *Leatherstocking*. His chief comrade is Chingachgook, or the "Big Serpent," who is a chief of the Mohicans or Delaware Indians. The latter's betrothed, Wah-ta-Wah, or in English, Hist-oh-Hist! has been captured by the Iroquois or Mingos. Deerslayer assists his friend in rescuing the girl from their enemies, but he is himself made prisoner.]

The day succeeding his capture Deerslayer was conducted before the assembled band. It was an imposing scene into which he was brought. All the older warriors were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, waiting his approach with grave decorum. On the right stood the young men, armed, while the left was occupied by the women and children. In the centre was an open space of considerable extent, always canopied by leaves, but from which the underbrush, dead wood, and other obstacles had been carefully removed. The more open area had probably been much used by former parties, for this was the place where the appearance of a sword was the most decided. The arches of the woods, even at high noon, cast their sombre shadows on the spot, which the brilliant rays of the sun, that struggled through the leaves, contributed to mellow, and, if such an expression can be used, to illuminate. It was probably from a similar scene that the mind of man first got its idea of the effects of Gothic tracery and churchly hues; this temple of nature producing some such effect, so far as light and shadows were concerned, as the well-known offspring of human invention.

As was not unusual among the tribes and wandering bands of the aborigines, two chiefs shared, in nearly equal degrees, the principal

and primitive authority that was wielded over these children of the forest. There were several who might claim the distinction of being chief men, but the two in question were so much superior to all the rest in influence, that, when they agreed, no one disputed their mandates; and when they were divided, the band hesitated like men who had lost their governing principle of action. It was also in conformity with practice—perhaps we might add in conformity with nature—that one of the chiefs was indebted to his mind for his influence, whereas the other owed his distinction altogether to qualities that were physical. One was a senior, well known for eloquence in debate, wisdom in council, and prudence in measures; while his great competitor, if not his rival, was a brave, distinguished in war, notorious for ferocity, and remarkable, in the way of intellect, for nothing but the cunning and expedients of the war-path. The first was Rivenoak, while the last was called le Panther, in the language of the Canadas; or the Panther, to resort to the vernacular of the English colonies. The appellation of the fighting chief was supposed to indicate the qualities of the warrior, agreeably to a practice of the red-man's nomenclature; ferocity, cunning, and treachery being perhaps the distinctive features of his character.

Rivenoak and the Panther sat side by side, awaiting the approach of their prisoner, as Deerslayer put his moccasined foot on the strand; nor did either move, or utter a syllable, until the young man had advanced into the centre of the area, and proclaimed his presence with his voice. This was done firmly, though in the simple manner that marked the character of the individual.

"Here I am, Mingos," he said, in the dialect of the Delawares, a language that most present understood; "here I am; do with me what you please. My business with man and 'arth is settled; nothing remains now but to meet the white man's God, accordin' to a white man's duties and gifts."

A murmur of approbation escaped even the women at this address, and, for an instant, there was a strong and pretty general desire to adopt into the tribe one who owned so brave a spirit. Still there were dissenters from this wish, among the principal of whom might be classed the Panther, and his sister, le Sumach, so called from the number of her children, who was the widow of le Loup Cervier, now known to have fallen by the hand of the captive.

[After much deliberation, Deerslayer was

offered his life on condition that he should join the tribe and become the husband of le Sumach. Deerslayer firmly refused to accept these terms. The whole tribe was offended, but the Panther was furious at this insult to his sister, and hurled his tomahawk at the captive. The latter with singular skill caught the weapon and hurled it back at his assailant killing him on the spot.]

A common rush to his relief, left the captive, for a single instant, quite without the crowd; and, willing to make one desperate effort for life he bounded off, with the activity of a deer. There was but a breathless instant, when the whole band, old and young, women and children, abandoning the lifeless body of the Panther where it lay, raised the yell of alarm, and followed in pursuit.

Sudden as had been the event which induced Deerslayer to make this desperate trial of speed, his mind was not wholly unprepared for the fearful emergency. In the course of the past hour he had pondered well on the chances of such an experiment, and had shrewdly calculated all the details of success and failure. At the first leap, therefore, his body was completely under the direction of an intelligence that turned all its efforts to the best account, and prevented every thing like hesitation or indecision, at the important instant of the start. To this alone was he indebted for the first great advantage, that of getting through the line of sentinels unharmed. The manner in which this was done, though sufficiently simple, merits a description.

Although the shores of the point were not fringed with bushes, as was the case with most of the others on the lake, it was owing altogether to the circumstance that the spot had been so much used by hunters and fishermen. This fringe commenced on what might be termed the main land, and was as dense as usual, extending in long lines both north and south. In the latter direction, then, Deerslayer held his way; and as the sentinels were a little without the commencement of this thicket, before the alarm was clearly communicated to them, the fugitive had gained its cover. To run amongst the bushes, however, was out of the question, and Deerslayer held his way for some forty or fifty yards, in the water, which was barely knee-deep, offering as great an obstacle to the speed of his pursuers as it did to his own. As soon as a favourable spot presented, he darted through the line of bushes, and issued into the open woods.

Several rifles were discharged at Deerslayer while in the water, and more followed as he

came out into the comparative exposure of the clear forest. But the direction of his line of flight, which partially crossed that of the fire, the haste with which the weapons had been aimed, and the general confusion that prevailed in the camp, prevented any harm from being done. Bullets whistled past him, and many cut twigs from the branches at his side, but not one touched even his dress. The delay caused by these fruitless attempts was of great service to the fugitive, who had gained more than a hundred yards on even the leading men of the Hurons, ere something like concert and order had entered into the chase. To think of following with rifle in hand was out of the question; and after emptying their pieces in vague hopes of wounding their captive, the best runners of the Indians threw them aside, calling out to the women and boys to recover and load them again as soon as possible.

Deerslayer knew too well the desperate nature of the struggle in which he was engaged, to lose one of the precious moments. He also knew that his only hope was to run in a straight line, for as soon as he began to turn, or double, the greater number of his pursuers would put escape out of the question. He held his way, therefore, in a diagonal direction up the acclivity, which was neither very high nor very steep in this part of the mountain, but which was sufficiently toilsome for one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive. There, however he slackened his speed, to recover breath, proceeding even at a quick walk, or a slow trot, along the more difficult parts of the way. The Hurons were whooping and leaping behind him; but this he disregarded, well knowing they must overcome the difficulties he had surmounted, ere they could reach the elevation to which he had attained. The summit of the first hill was now quite near him, and he saw, by the formation of the land, that a deep glen intervened, before the base of a second hill could be reached. Walking deliberately to the summit, he glanced eagerly about him, in every direction, in quest of a cover. None offered in the ground; but a fallen tree lay near him, and desperate circumstances require desperate remedies. This tree lay in a line parallel to the glen, at the brow of the hill; to leap on it, and then to force his person as close as possible under its lower side, took but a moment. Previously to disappearing from his pursuers, however Deerslayer stood on the height, and gave a cry of triumph, as if exulting at the sight of the descent that lay before him. In the next instant he was stretched beneath the tree.

No sooner was this expedient adopted, than the young man ascertained how desperate had been his own efforts, by the violence of the pulsations in his frame. The footsteps of those who toiled up the opposite side of the acclivity were now audible, and presently voices and treads announced the arrival of the pursuers. The foremost shouted as they reached the height: then, fearful that their enemy would escape under favour of the descent, each leaped upon the fallen tree, and plunged into the ravine, trusting to get a sight of the pursued ere he reached the bottom. In this manner Huron followed Huron, until Natty began to hope the whole had passed. Others succeeded, however, until quite forty had leaped over the tree; and then he counted them, as the surest mode of ascertaining how many could be behind. Presently all were in the bottom of the glen, quite a hundred feet below him, and some had even ascended part of the opposite hill, when it became evident an inquiry was making as to the direction he had taken. This was the critical moment; and one of nerves less steady, or of a training that had been neglected, would have seized it to rise and flee. Not so with Deerslayer. He still lay quiet, watching with jealous vigilance every movement below, and fast regaining his breath.

The Hurons now resembled a pack of hounds at fault. Little was said, but each man ran about, examining the dead leaves as the hound hunts for the lost scent. The great number of moccasins that had passed made the examination difficult, though the intoe of an Indian was easily to be distinguished from the freer and wider step of a white man. Believing that no more pursuers remained behind, and hoping to steal away unseen, Deerslayer suddenly threw himself over the tree, and fell on the upper side. This achievement appeared to be effected successfully, and hope beat high in the bosom of the fugitive. Rising to his hands and feet, after a moment lost in listening to the sounds in the glen in order to ascertain if he had been seen, the young man next scrambled to the top of the hill, a distance of only ten yards, in the expectation of getting its brow between him and his pursuers, and himself so far under cover. Even this was effected, and he rose to his feet, walking swiftly but steadily along the summit, in a direction opposite to that in which he had first fled. The nature of the calls in the glen, however, soon made him uneasy, and he sprang upon the summit again, in order to reconnoitre. No sooner did he reach the height than he was

seen and the chase renewed. As it was better footing on the level ground, Deerslayer now avoided the sidehill, holding his flight along the ridge; while the Hurons, judging from the general formation of the land, saw that the ridge would soon melt into the hollow, and kept to the latter, as the easiest mode of heading the fugitive. A few, at the same time, turned south, with a view to prevent his escaping in that direction, while some crossed his trail toward the water, in order to prevent his retreat by the lake, running southerly.

The situation of Deerslayer was now more critical than it ever had been. He was virtually surrounded on three sides, having the lake on the fourth. But he had pondered well on all the chances, and took his measures with coolness, even while at the top of his speed. As is generally the case with the vigorous border-men, he could outrun any single Indian among his pursuers, who were principally formidable to him on account of their numbers, and the advantages they possessed in position; and he would not have hesitated to break off in a strait line at any spot, could he have got the whole band again fairly behind him. But no such chance did, or indeed could now offer; and when he found that he was descending toward the glen, by the melting away of the ridge, he turned short, at right angles to his previous course, and went down the declivity with tremendous velocity, holding his way toward the shore. Some of his pursuers came panting up the hill, in direct chase, while most still kept on in the ravine, intending to head him at its termination.

Deerslayer had now a different, though a desperate, project in view. Abandoning all thoughts of escape by the woods, he made the best of his way toward the canoe. He knew where it lay: could it be reached, he had only to run the gauntlet of a few rifles, and success would be certain. None of the warriors had kept their weapons, which would have retarded their speed, and the risk would come either from the uncertain hands of the women, or from those of some well-grown boy; though most of the latter were already out in hot pursuit. Everything seemed propitious to the execution of this plan, and the course being a continued descent, the young man went over the ground at a rate that promised a speedy termination to his toil.

As Deerslayer approached the point, several women and children were passed, but, though the former endeavoured to cast dried branches between his legs, the terror inspired by his bold retaliation on the redoubted Panther was

so great, that none dared come near enough seriously to molest him. He went by all triumphantly, and reached the fringe of bushes. Plunging through these, our hero found himself once more in the lake, and within fifty feet of the canoe. Here he ceased to run, for he well understood that his breath was now all-important to him. He even stooped, as he advanced, and cooled his parched mouth by scooping up water in his hand to drink. Still the moments pressed, and he soon stood at the side of the canoe. The first glance told him that the paddles had been removed! This was a sore disappointment, after all his efforts, and for a single moment he thought of turning, and of facing his foes by walking with dignity into the centre of the camp again. But an infernal yell, such as the American savage alone can raise, proclaimed the quick approach of the nearest of his pursuers, and the instinct of life triumphed. Preparing himself duly, and giving a right direction to its bows, he ran off into the water bearing the canoe before him, threw all his strength and skill into a last effort, and cast himself forward so as to fall into the bottom of the light craft without materially impeding its way. Here he remained on his back, both to regain his breath and to cover his person from the deadly rifle. The lightness which was such an advantage in paddling the canoe, now operated unfavourably. The material was so like a feather, that the boat had no momentum; else would the impulse in that smooth and placid sheet have impelled it to a distance from the shore that would have rendered paddling with the hands safe. Could such a point once be reached, Deerslayer thought he might get far enough out to attract the attention of Chingachgook and Judith, who would not fail to come to his relief with other canoes, a circumstance that promised everything. As the young man lay in the bottom of the canoe, he watched its movements by studying the tops of the trees on the mountain-side, and judged of his distance by the time and the motion. Voices on the shore were now numerous, and he heard something said about manning the raft, which, fortunately for the fugitive, lay at a considerable distance on the other side of the point.

Perhaps the situation of Deerslayer had not been more critical that day than it was at this moment. It certainly had not been one-half as tantalizing. He lay perfectly quiet for two or three minutes, trusting to the single sense of hearing, confident that the noise in the lake would reach his ears did any one venture to approach by swimming. Once or twice he

fancied that the element was stirred by the cautious movement of an arm, and then he perceived it was the wash of the water on the pebbles of the strand; for, in mimicry of the ocean, it is seldom that those little lakes are so totally tranquil as not to possess a slight heaving and setting on their shores. Suddenly all the voices ceased, and a death-like stillness pervaded the spot; a quietness as profound as if all lay in the repose of inanimate life. By this time the canoe had drifted so far as to render nothing visible to Deerslayer, as he lay on his back, except the blue void of space, and a few of those brighter rays that proceed from the effulgence of the sun, marking his proximity. It was not possible to endure this uncertainty long. The young man well knew that the profound stillness foreboded evil, the savages never being so silent as when about to strike a blow—resembling the stealthy foot of the panther ere he takes his leap. He took out a knife, and was about to cut a hole through the bark, in order to get a view of the shore, when he paused from a dread of being seen in the operation, which would direct the enemy where to aim their bullets. At this instant a rifle *was* fired, and the ball pierced both sides of the canoe within eighteen inches of the spot where his head lay. This was close work, but our hero had too lately gone through that which was closer to be appalled. He lay still half a minute longer, and then he saw the summit of an oak coming slowly within his narrow horizon.

Unable to account for this change, Deerslayer could restrain his impatience no longer. Hitching his body along with the utmost caution, he got his eye at the bullet-hole, and fortunately commanded a very tolerable view of the point. The canoe, by one of those imperceptible impulses that so often decide the fate of men as well as the course of things, had inclined southerly, and was slowly drifting down the lake. It was lucky that Deerslayer had given it a shove sufficiently vigorous to send it past the end of the point ere it took this inclination, or it must have gone ashore again. As it was, it drifted so near it as to bring the tops of two or three trees within the range of the young man's view, as has been mentioned, and indeed to come in quite as close proximity with the extremity of the point as was at all safe. The distance could not much have exceeded a hundred feet, though fortunately a light current of air from the south-west began to set it slowly off shore.

Deerslayer now felt the urgent necessity of resorting to some expedient to get farther from

his foes, and, if possible, to apprise his friends of his situation. The distance rendered the last difficult, while the proximity to the point rendered the first indispensable. As was usual in such craft, a large, round, smooth stone was in each end of the canoe, for the double purposes of seats and ballast; one of these was within reach of his feet. This stone he contrived to get so far between his legs as to reach it with his hands, and then he managed to roll it to the side of its fellow in the bows, where the two served to keep the trim of the light boat, while he worked his own body as far aft as possible. Before quitting the shore, and as soon as he perceived that the paddles were gone, Deerslayer had thrown a bit of dead branch into the canoe, and this was within reach of his arm. Removing the cap he wore, he put it on the end of this stick, and just let it appear over the edge of the canoe, as far as possible from his own person. This ruse was scarcely adopted before the young man had a proof how much he had underrated the intelligence of his enemies. In contempt of an artifice so shallow and common-place, a bullet was fired directly through another part of the canoe, which actually grazed his skin. He dropped the cap, and instantly raised it immediately over his head, as a safeguard. It would seem that this second artifice was unseen, or what was more probable, the Hurons, feeling certain of recovering their captive, wished to take him alive.

Deerslayer lay passive a few minutes longer, his eye at the bullet-hole, however, and much did he rejoice at seeing that he was drifting gradually farther and farther from the shore. When he looked upward, the tree-tops had disappeared, but he soon found that the canoe was slowly turning, so as to prevent his getting a view of anything at his peephole but of the two extremities of the lake. He now thought him of the stick, which was crooked, and offered some facilities for rowing, without the necessity of rising. The experiment succeeded, on trial, better even than he had hoped, though his great embarrassment was to keep the canoe straight. That his present manoeuvre was seen soon became apparent by the clamour on the shore, and a bullet entering the stern of the canoe, traversed its length, whistling between the arms of our hero, and passed out at the head. This satisfied the fugitive that he was getting away with tolerable speed, and induced him to increase his efforts. He was making a stronger push than common, when another messenger from the point broke the stick out-board, and at once deprived him of

his oar. As the sound of voices seemed to grow more and more distant, however, Deerslayer determined to leave all to the drift until he believed himself beyond the reach of bullets. This was nervous work, but it was the wisest of all the expedients that offered; and the young man was encouraged to persevere in it by the circumstance that he felt his face fanned by the air, a proof that there was a little more wind.

By this time Deerslayer had been twenty minutes in the canoe, and he began to grow a little impatient for some signs of relief from his friends. The position of the boat still prevented his seeing in any direction, unless it were up or down the lake; and though he knew that his line of sight must pass within a hundred yards of the castle, it in fact passed that distance to the westward of the buildings. The profound stillness troubled him also, for he knew not whether to ascribe it to the increasing space between him and the Indians, or to some new artifice. At length, wearied with fruitless watchfulness, the young man turned himself on his back, closed his eyes, and awaited the result in determined acquiescence. If the savages could so completely control their thirst for revenge, he was resolved to be as calm as themselves, and to trust his fate to the interposition of the currents and air.

Some additional ten minutes may have passed in this quiescent manner on both sides, when Deerslayer thought he heard a slight noise, like a low rubbing against the bottom of his canoe. He opened his eyes of course in expectation of seeing the face or arm of an Indian rising from the water, and found that a canopy of leaves was impending directly over his head. Starting to his feet the first object that met his eye was Rivenoak, who had so far aided the slow progress of the boat as to draw it on the point, the grating on the strand being the sound that had first given our hero the alarm. The change in the drift of the canoe had been altogether owing to the baffling nature of the light currents of air, aided by some eddies in the water.

"Come," said the Huron, with a quiet gesture of authority to order his prisoner to land; "my young friend has sailed about till he is tired; he will forget how to run again, unless he uses his legs."

"You've the best of it, Huron," returned Deerslayer, stepping steadily from the canoe, and passively following his leader to the open area of the point; "Providence has helped you in an unexpected manner. I'm your prisoner ag'in."

"My young friend is a moose!" exclaimed the Huron. "His legs are very long: they have given my young men trouble. But he is not a fish: he cannot find his way in the lake. We did not shoot him: fish are taken in nets, and not killed by bullets. When he turns moose again, he will be treated like a moose."

"Ay, have your talk, Rivenoak; make the most of your advantage. 'Tis your right, I suppose, and I know it is your gift. On that pint there'll be no words atween us; for all men must and ought to follow their gifts." . . .

"My hour is come, I do suppose," continued Deerslayer, "and what must be, must. If you are bent on the tortur', I'll do my indivors to bear up ag'in it, though no man can say how far his natur will stand pain until he's been tried."

Rivenoak now directed the proper persons to bind the captive. This expedient was adopted, not from any apprehensions that he would escape, or from any necessity, that was yet apparent, of his being unable to endure the torture with his limbs free, but from an ingenious design of making him feel his helplessness, and of gradually sapping his resolution by undermining it, as it might be, little by little. Deerslayer offered no resistance. He submitted his arms and his legs, freely if not cheerfully, to the ligaments of bark. As soon as the body of Deerslayer was withed in bark sufficiently to create a lively sense of helplessness, he was literally carried to a young tree, and bound against it, in a way that effectually prevented him from moving, as well as from falling. The hands were laid flat against the legs, and thongs were passed over all, in a way nearly to incorporate the prisoner with the tree. His cap was then removed, and he was left half-standing, half-sustained by his bonds, to face the coming scene in the best manner he could.

The refusal of Deerslayer to accept Sumach as a wife, was deemed an insult to the whole tribe. It became a point of honour to punish the pale-face who disdained a Huron woman, and more particularly one who coolly preferred death to relieving the tribe from the support of a widow and her children. The young men showed an impatience to begin to torture that Rivenoak understood, and, as his elder associates manifested no disposition to permit any longer delay, he was compelled to give the signal for the infernal work to proceed.

It was one of the common expedients of the savages, in their tortures, to put the nerves of their victims to the severest proofs. On the

other hand, it was a matter of Indian pride to betray no yielding to terror or pain; but for the prisoner to provoke his enemies to such acts of violence as would soonest produce death. Many a warrior had been known to bring his own sufferings to a more speedy termination by taunting reproaches and reviling language, when he found that his physical system was giving way under his agony of sufferings. This happy expedient, of taking refuge from the ferocity of his foes in their passions, was denied Deerslayer, however, by his peculiar notions of the duty of a white man; and he had stoutly made up his mind to endure everything in preference to disgracing his colour.

No sooner did the young men understand that they were at liberty to commence, than some of the boldest and most forward among them sprang into the arena, tomahawk in hand. Here they prepared to throw that dangerous weapon, the object being to strike the tree, as near as possible to the victim's head, without absolutely hitting him. This was so hazardous an experiment, that none but those who were known to be exceedingly expert with the weapon were allowed to enter the lists at all, lest an early death might interfere with the expected entertainment. In the truest hands, it was seldom that the captive escaped injury in these trials; and it often happened that death followed, even when the blow was not premeditated.

The first youth who presented himself for the trial was called the Raven, having as yet had no opportunity of obtaining a more warlike *sobriquet*. He was remarkable for high pretension, rather than for skill or exploits; and those who knew his character thought the captive in imminent danger, when he took his stand and poised the tomahawk. Nevertheless, the young man was good-natured, and no thought was uppermost in his mind, other than the desire to make a better cast than any of his fellows. After a suitable number of flourishes and gesticulations, that promised much more than he could perform, the Raven let the tomahawk quit his hand. The weapon whirled through the air with the usual evolutions, cut a chip from the sapling to which the prisoner was bound, within a few inches of his cheek, and stuck in a large oak that grew several yards behind him. This was decidedly a bad effort, and a common sneer proclaimed as much, to the great mortification of the young man. On the other hand, there was a general but suppressed murmur of admiration at the steadiness with which the captive stood the trial. The head was the only part he could

move, and this had been purposely left free, that the tormentors might have the amusement, and the tormented endure the shame, of dodging and otherwise attempting to avoid the blows. Deerslayer disappointed these hopes, by a command of nerve that rendered his whole body as immovable as the tree to which it was bound. Nor did he even adopt the natural and usual expedient of shutting his eyes; the firmest and oldest warrior of the red-man never having more disdainfully denied himself this advantage, under similar circumstances.

The Raven had no sooner made his unsuccessful and puerile effort, than he was succeeded by *le Daim-Mose*, or the Moose, a middle-aged warrior, who was particularly skilful in the use of the tomahawk, and from whose attempt the spectators confidently looked for gratification. This man had none of the good-nature of the Raven, but he would gladly have sacrificed the captive to his hatred of the pale-faces generally, were it not for the greater interest he felt in his own success as one particularly skilful in the use of this weapon. He took his stand quietly, but with an air of confidence, poised his little axe but a single instant, advanced a foot with a quick motion, and threw. Deerslayer saw the keen instrument whirling towards him, and believed all was over; still he was not touched. The tomahawk had actually bound the head of the captive to the tree, by carrying before it some of his hair; having buried itself deep beneath the soft bark. A general yell expressed the delight of the spectators, and the Moose felt his heart soften a little towards the prisoner, whose steadiness of nerve alone enabled him to give this evidence of his consummate skill.

Le Daim-Mose was succeeded by the Bounding Boy, or *le Garçon qui Bondit*, who came leaping into the circle like a hound, or a goat at play. This was one of those elastic youths whose muscles seemed always in motion, and who either affected, or who from habit was actually unable to move in any other manner than by showing the antics just mentioned. Nevertheless, he was both brave and skilful, and had gained the respect of his people by deeds in war as well as success in the hunt. The Bounding Boy skipped about in front of the captive, menacing him with his tomahawk, now on one side, and now on another, and then again in front, in the vain hope of being able to extort some sign of fear by this parade of danger. At length Deerslayer's patience became exhausted by all this mummery, and he spoke for the first time since the trial had actually commenced.

"Throw away, Huron!" he cried, "or your tomahawk will forget its ar'n'd. Why do you keep loping about like a fa'a'n that's showing its dam how well it can skip, when you're a warrior grown yourself, and a warrior grown defies you and all your silly antics? Throw, or the Huron gals will laugh in your face."

Although not intended to produce such an effect, the last words aroused the "Bounding" warrior to fury. The same nervous excitability which rendered him so active in his person, made it difficult to repress his feelings, and the words were scarcely past the lips of the speaker, than the tomahawk left the hand of the Indian. Nor was it cast without goodwill, and a fierce determination to slay. Had the intention been less deadly, the danger might have been greater. The aim was uncertain, and the weapon glanced near the cheek of the captive, slightly cutting the shoulder in its evolutions. This was the first instance in which any other object than that of terrifying the prisoner and of displaying skill had been manifested; and the Bounding Boy was immediately led from the arena, and was warmly rebuked for his intemperate haste, which had come so near defeating all the hopes of the band.

To this irritable person succeeded several other young warriors, who not only hurled the tomahawk, but who cast the knife, a far more dangerous experiment, with reckless indifference; yet they always manifested a skill that prevented any injury to the captive. Several times Deerslayer was grazed, but in no instance did he receive what might be termed a wound. The unflinching firmness with which he faced his assailants, more especially in the sort of rally with which this trial terminated, excited a profound respect in the spectators; and when the chiefs announced that the prisoner had well withstood the trials of the knife and the tomahawk, there was not a single individual in the band who really felt any hostility toward him, with the exception of Sumach and the Bounding Boy.

Rivenoak now told his people that the pale-face had proved himself to be a man. He might live with the Delawares, but he had not been made woman with that tribe. He wished to know whether it was the desire of the Hurons to proceed any further. Even the gentlest of the females, however, had received too much satisfaction in the late trials to forego their expectations of a gratifying exhibition; and there was but one voice in the request to proceed. The politic chief, who had some such desire to receive so celebrated a hunter

into his tribe, as a European minister has to devise a new and available means of taxation, sought every plausible means of arresting the trial in season; for he well knew, if permitted to go far enough to arouse the more ferocious passions of the tormentors, it would be as easy to dam the waters of the great lakes of his own region, as to attempt to arrest them in their bloody career. He therefore called four or five of the best marksmen to him, and bid them put the captive to the proof of the rifle, while, at the same time, he cautioned them touching the necessity of their maintaining their own credit, by the closest attention to the manner of exhibiting their skill.

When Deerslayer saw the chosen warriors step into the circle, with their arms prepared for service, he felt some such relief as the miserable sufferer who has long endured the agonies of disease feels at the certain approach of death. Any trifling variance in the aim of this formidable weapon would prove fatal; since, the head being the target, or rather the point it was desired to graze without injury, an inch or two of difference in the line of projection must at once determine the question of life or death.

The distance was short, and, in one sense, safe. But in diminishing the distance taken by the tormentors, the trial to the nerves of the captive was essentially increased. The face of Deerslayer, indeed, was just removed sufficiently from the ends of the guns to escape the effects of the flash, and his steady eye was enabled to look directly into their muzzles, as it might be, in anticipation of the fatal messenger that was to issue from each. The cunning Hurons well knew this fact; and scarce one levelled his piece without first causing it to point as near as possible at the forehead of the prisoner, in the hope that his fortitude would fail him, and that the band would enjoy the triumph of seeing a victim quail under their ingenious cruelty. Nevertheless, each of the competitors was still careful not to injure; the disgrace of striking prematurely being second only to that of failing altogether in attaining the object. Shot after shot was made; all the bullets coming in close proximity to the Deerslayer's head, without touching it. Still no one could detect even the twitching of a muscle on the part of the captive, or the slightest winking of an eye. This indomitable resolution, which so much exceeded everything of its kind that any present had before witnessed, might be referred to three distinct causes. The first was resignation to his fate, blended with natural steadiness of deportment, for our hero had calmly

made up his mind that he must die; the second was his great familiarity with this particular weapon, which deprived it of all the terror that is usually connected with the mere form of the danger; and the third was this familiarity carried out in practice, to a degree so nice as to enable the intended victim to tell, within an inch, the precise spot where each bullet must strike, for he calculated its range by looking in at the bore of the piece. So exact was Deerslayer's estimation of the line of fire that his pride of feeling finally got the better of his resignation, and when five or six had discharged their bullets into the tree, he could not refrain from expressing his contempt at their want of hand and eye.

"You may call this shooting, Mingos," he exclaimed, "but we've squaws among the Delawares, and I've known Dutch gals on the Mohawk, that could outdo your greatest indivors. Ondo these arms of mine, put a rifle into my hands, and I'll pin the thinnest warlock in your party to any tree you can show me—and this at a hundred yards; ay, or at two hundred, if the object can be seen, nineteen shots in twenty; or for that matter, twenty in twenty, if the piece is creditable and trusty!"

A low menacing murmur followed this cool taunt; the ire of the warriors kindled at listening to such a reproach from one who so far disdained their efforts as to refuse even to wink when a rifle was discharged as near his face as could be done without burning it. The desire to break down his spirit grew in them precisely as they saw proofs of the difficulty there would be in subduing it. The honour of the band was now involved in the issue; and even the sex lost all its sympathy with suffering, in the desire to save the reputation of the tribe. The voices of the girls, soft and melodious as nature had made them, were heard mingling with the menaces of the men; and the wrongs of Sumach suddenly assumed the character of injuries inflicted on every Huron female. Yielding to this rising tumult, the men drew back a little, signifying to the females that they left the captive for a time in their hands; it being a common practice, on such occasions, for the women to endeavour to throw the victim into a rage by their taunts and revilings, and then to turn him suddenly over to the men in a state of mind that was little favourable to resisting the agony of bodily suffering. Nor was this party without the proper instruments for effecting such a purpose. It is unnecessary to repeat all that ferocity and ignorance could invent for such a purpose; the only difference

between this outbreaking of feminine anger and a similar scene among ourselves, consisting in the figures of speech and the epithets; the Huron woman calling their prisoner by the names of the lower and least respected animals that were known to themselves.

But Deerslayer's mind was too much occupied to permit him to be disturbed by the abuse of excited hags; and their rage necessarily increasing with his indifference, as his indifference increased with their rage, the furies soon rendered themselves impotent by their own excesses. Perceiving that the attempt was a complete failure, the warriors interfered to put a stop to this scene; and this so much the more because preparations were now seriously making for the commencement of the real tortures, or that which would put the fortitude of the sufferer to the test of severe bodily pain.

Rivenoak now abandoned all hope, and even the wish of saving him, and no longer was disposed to retard the progress of the torture. Fragments of dried wood were rapidly collected around the tree, and the splinters which it was intended to thrust into the flesh of the victim previously to lighting, were also gathered. All this, so eagerly did every one act, was done in profound silence, while Deerslayer stood watching the proceedings as seemingly unmoved as one of the pines of the hills. The fire was immediately applied to the pile, and the end of all was anxiously expected.

It was not the intention of the Hurons absolutely to destroy the life of their victim by means of fire. They designed merely to put his physical fortitude to the severest proofs it could endure, short of that extremity. In the end, they fully intended to carry his scalp with them into their village, but it was their wish first to break down his resolution, and reduce him to the level of a complaining sufferer. With this view, the pile of brush and branches had been placed at a proper distance, or one at which it was thought the heat would soon become intolerable, though it might not be immediately dangerous. As often happened, however, on these occasions, this distance had been miscalculated, and the flames began to wave their forked tongues in a proximity to the face of the victim that would have proved fatal in another instant had not an Indian female pushed through the circle, advanced to the heap, and with her foot dashed aside the lighted twigs. A yell followed this disappointment; but when the offender turned toward the circle, and presented the countenance of Hist, it was succeeded by a common exclamation

of pleasure and surprise. For a minute all thought of pursuing the business in hand was forgotten, and young and old crowded around the girl in haste to demand an explanation of her sudden and unlooked for return. But their conference was cut short by another and a still more extraordinary interruption. A young Indian came bounding through the Huron ranks, leaping into the very centre of the circle in a way to denote the utmost confidence, or a temerity bordering on foolhardiness. Five or six sentinels were still watching the lake, at different and distant points; and it was the first impression of Rivenoak, that one of these had come in with tidings of import. Still, the movements of the stranger were so rapid, and his war-dress, which scarcely left him more drapery than an antique statue, had so little distinguishing about it, that, at the first moment, it was impossible to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. Three leaps carried this warrior to the side of Deerslayer, whose withes were cut in the twinkling of an eye, with a quickness and precision that left the prisoner perfect master of his limbs. Not till this was effected did the stranger bestow a glance on any other object; then he turned, and showed the astonished Hurons the noble brow, fine person, and eagle eye of a young warrior, in the paint and panoply of a Delaware. He held a rifle in each hand, the butts of both resting on the earth, while from one dangled its proper pouch and horn. This was Killdeer, which even as he looked boldly and in defiance on the crowd around him, he suffered to fall back in the hands of its proper owner. The presence of two armed men, though it was in their midst, startled the Hurons. Their rifles were scattered about against the different trees, and their only weapons were their knives and tomahawks. Still, they had too much self-possession to betray fear. It was little likely that so small a force would assail so strong a band; and each man expected some extraordinary proposition to succeed so decisive a step. The stranger did not seem disposed to disappoint them; he prepared to speak:

"Hurons," he said, "this earth is very big. The great lakes are big too; there is room beyond them for the Iroquois; there is room for the Delawares on this side. I am Chingachgook, the son of Uncas, the kinsman of Tamenund. This is my betrothed; that pale-face is my friend. My heart was heavy when I missed him; I followed him to your camp, to see that no harm happened to him. All the Delaware girls are waiting for Wah; they

wonder that she stays away so long. Come, let us say farewell, and go on our path."

"Hurons, this is your mortal enemy, the Great Serpent of them you hate," cried Briarthorn. "If he escape, blood will be in your moccasins prints, from this spot to the Canadas. I am *all* Huron!"

As the last words were uttered, he cast his knife at the naked breast of the Delaware. A quick movement of the arm on the part of Hist, who stood near, turned aside the blow, the dangerous weapon burying its point in a pine. At the next instant a similar weapon glanced from the hand of the Serpent, and quivered in the Huron's heart. A minute had scarcely elapsed from the moment in which Chingachgook bounded into the circle, and that in which Briarthorn fell, like a log, dead in his tracks. The rapidity of events had prevented the Hurons from acting: but this catastrophe permitted no farther delay. A common exclamation followed, and the whole party was in motion. At this instant a sound unusual to the woods was heard, and every Huron, male and female, paused to listen, with ears erect and faces filled with expectation. The sound was regular and heavy, as if the earth was struck with beetles. Objects became visible among the trees of the back-ground, and a body of troops was seen advancing with measured tread. They came upon the charge, the scarlet of the king's livery shining among the bright green foliage of the forest.

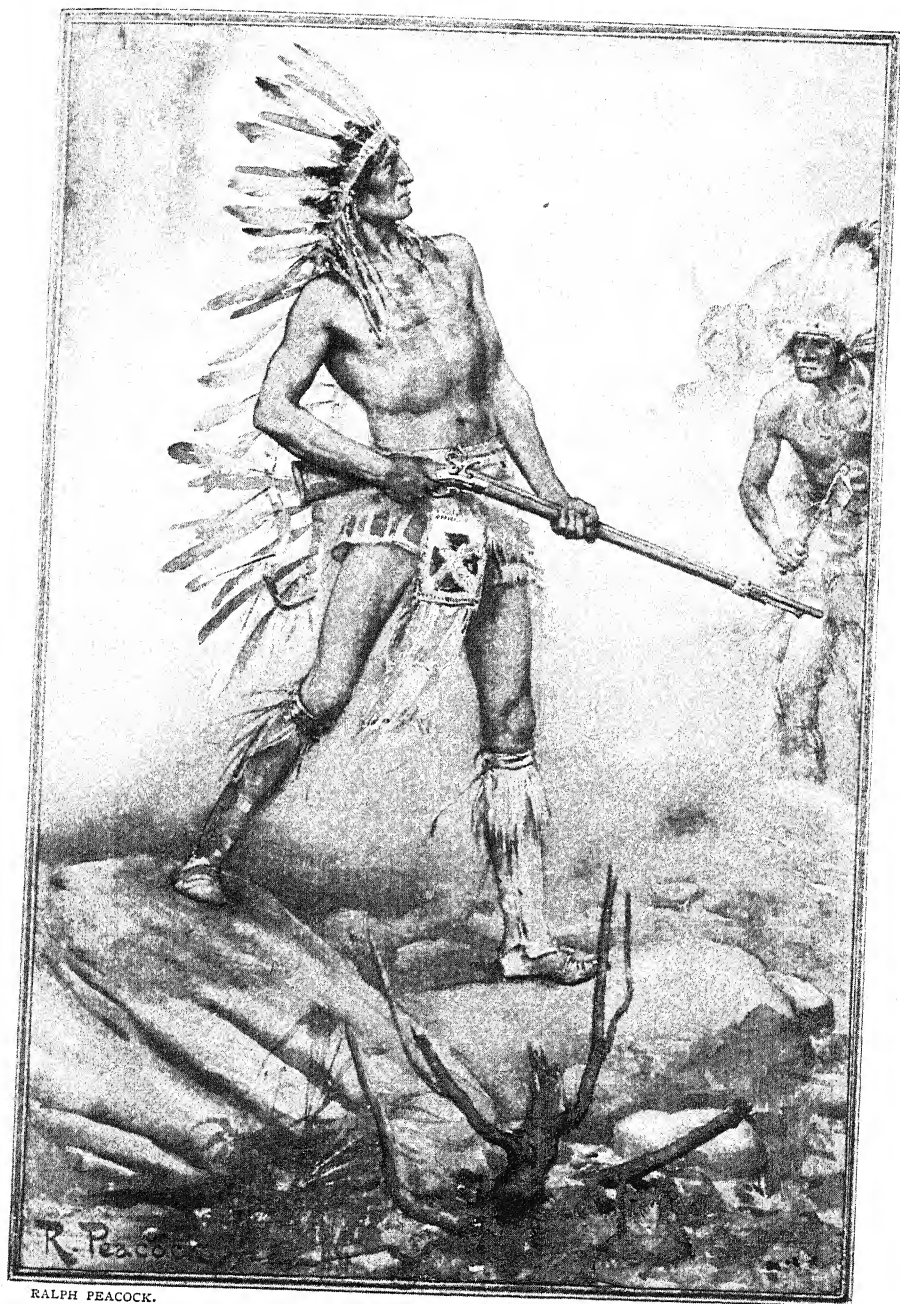
The scene that followed is not easily described. It was one in which wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts were so blended as to destroy the unity and distinctness of the action. A general yell burst from the inclosed Hurons; it was succeeded by the hearty cheers of England. Still not a musket or rifle was fired, though that steady, measured tramp continued, and the bayonet was seen gleaming in advance of a line that counted nearly sixty men. The Hurons were taken at a fearful disadvantage. On three sides was the water, while their formidable and trained foes cut them off from flight on the fourth. Each warrior rushed for his arms, and then all on the point, man, woman, and child, eagerly sought the covers. In this scene of confusion and dismay, however, nothing could surpass the discretion and coolness of Deerslayer. He threw himself on a flank of the retiring Hurons, who were inclining off toward the southern margin of the point, in the hope of escaping through the water. Deerslayer watched his opportunity, and finding two of his recent tormentors in a range, his rifle first broke the

silence of the terrific scene. The bullet brought both down at one discharge. This drew a general fire from the Hurons, and the rifle and war-cry of the Serpent were heard in the clamour. Still the trained men returned no answering volley, nothing being heard on their side, if we except the short, prompt word of authority, and that heavy, measured, and menacing tread. Presently, however, the shrieks, groans, and denunciations that usually accompany the bayonet followed. That terrible and deadly weapon was glutted in vengeance. Much the greater portion of the warriors suffered on the spot. A few escaped, and others were taken prisoners, among whom was Rivenoak. This timely arrival of troops had been effected by Deerslayer's friends, who, during his captivity, had been actively occupied planning his rescue.

MY LADY.

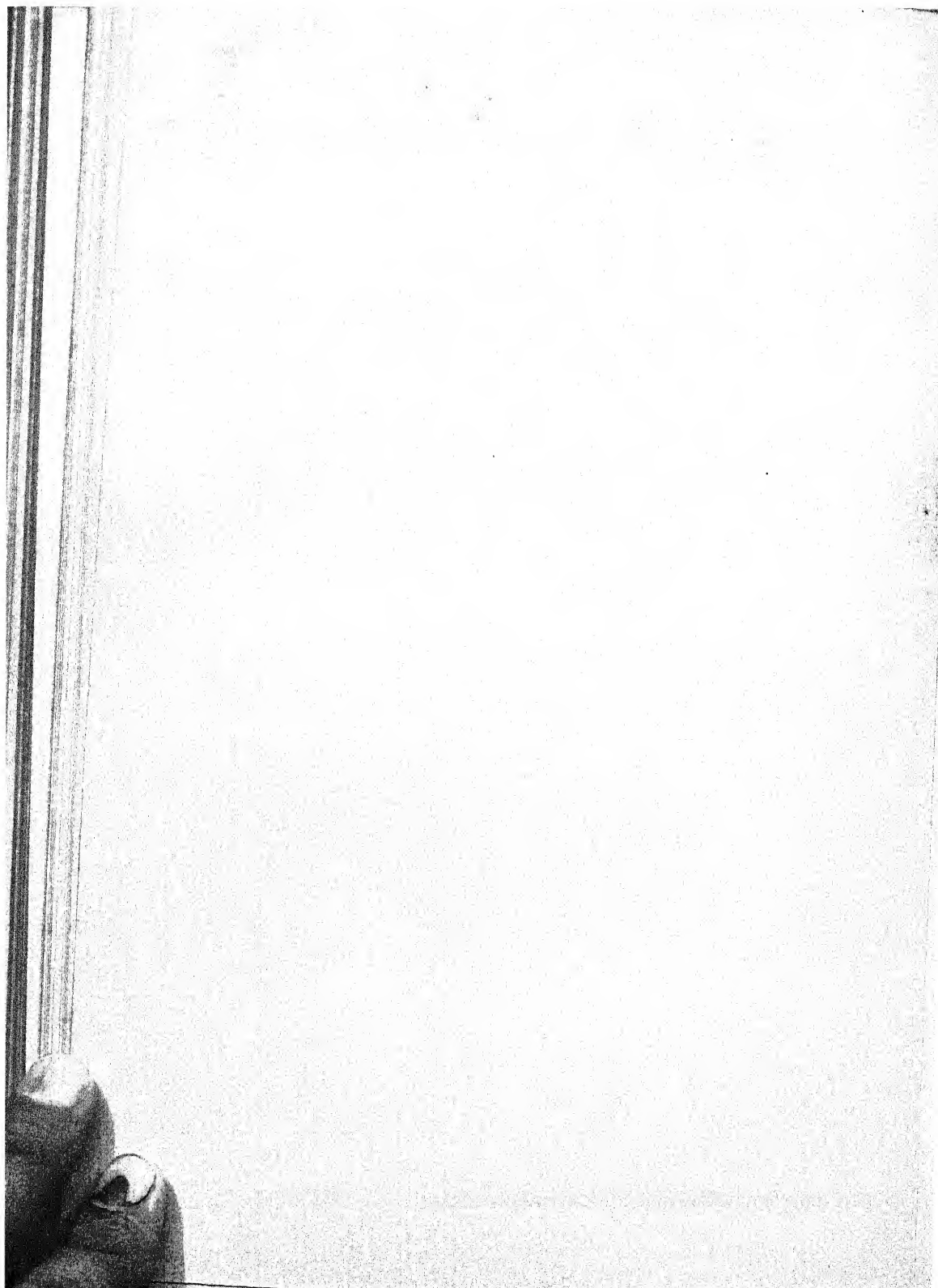
(Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born 1516, died 1547. Poet and soldier. He distinguished himself in the wars against France; but by the machinations of his enemies at home he was charged with high-treason, and executed on Tower Hill in his thirty-first year.)

Give place, ye lovers here before,
That spent your boasts and brags in vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And thereto bath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fair,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many mo'e
Than I with pen have skill to show.
I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfect mould
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I,
I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain—
She could not make the like again.
Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare (as you have done)
To match the candle with the sun.



RALPH PEACOCK.

"HURONS, I AM CHINGACHGOOK, THE SON OF UNCAS!"



THE WEARYFUL WOMAN.

[John Galt, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, 2d May, 1779; died at Greenock, 11th April, 1839. A novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. In faithful delineation of Scottish character and scenery, his tales are admitted to be second only to those of Scott. His fame, however, was somewhat dimmed by the lustre of the great master's genius, which absorbed public attention most at the time when Galt's works appeared. *The Entail*, *The Ayrshire Legatee*, *Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and *Sir Andrew Wyllie* are a few of the titles of his best-known tales. He wrote about twenty-four novels. He was also the author of numerous books of travel and biography—so numerous that when writing a list of his works he omitted *The Battle of Largs*, a poem issued about 1804. He laughed at the omission, and used to say that he would be remembered as "the man who had written an epic and forgotten it." He was at intervals busily occupied with commercial affairs, and several of his projections realized fortunes for others, although he did not profit by them. He was sometime acting-manager for the Canada Company for selling the crown-lands of Upper Canada and establishing emigrants. Whilst he held this office he founded the town of Guelph, and another town near it bears his name. D. M. Moir, in his memoir of Galt, wrote: "His is among the bright names of his country, and will stand out to after-times as one of the landmarks of the age in which he lived."]

Mr. M'Waft, when in his good health, as all his acquaintance well know, has a wonderful facetious talent at a story; and he was so much lightened with my narrations, that, after taking two glasses of the red port, he began to tell an adventure he once met with in going to London on some matter of his muslin business, when one of the great cotton speculators, in the 1809, fell to the pigs and whistles.

It happened, said he, that there were in the smack many passengers, and among others a talkative gentlewoman of no great capacity, sadly troubled with a weakness of parts about her intellectuals. She was, indeed, a real weak woman; I think I never met with her like for weakness—just as weak as water. Oh, but she was a weak creature as ever the hand of the Lord put the breath of life in! and from morning to night, even between the bookings of the sea-sickness, she was aye speaking; nay, for that matter, it's a God's truth, that at the dead hour of midnight, when I happened to be wakened by a noise on the decks, I heard her speaking to herself for want of other companions; and yet for all that, she was vastly entertaining, and in her day had seen many a thing that was curious, so that it was no wonder she spoke a great deal,

having seen so much; but she had no command of her judgment, so that her mind was always going round and round, and pointing to nothing, like a weathercock in a squally day.

"Mrs M'Adam," quoth I to her one day, "I am greatly surprised at your ability in the way of speaking." But, I was well afflicted for the hypocritical compliment, for she then fastened upon me; and whether it was at meal-time or on the deck, she would come and sit beside me, and talk as if she was trying how many words her tongue could utter without a single grain of sense. I was for a time as civil to her as I could be; but the more civility I showed, the more she talked, and the weather being calm, the vessel made but little way. Such a prospect in a long voyage as I had before me!

Seeing that my civility had produced such a vexatious effect, I endeavoured to shun the woman, but she singled me out; and even when I pretended to be overwhelmed with the sickness, she would sit beside me, and never cease from talking. If I went below to my bed, she would come down and sit in the cabin, and tell a thousand stories about remedies for the sea-sickness; for her husband had been a doctor, and had a great repute for skill. "He was a worthy man," quoth she, "and had a world of practice, so that he was seldom at home, and I was obligated to sit by myself for hours in the day, without a living creature to speak to, and obliged to make the iron tongs my companions, by which silence and solitude I fell into low spirits. In the end, however, I broke out of them, and from that day to this I have enjoyed what the doctor called a cheerful fecundity of words; but when he, in the winter following, was laid up with the gout, he fashed at my spirits, and worked himself into such a state of irritation against my endeavours to entertain him, that the gout took his head, and he went out of the world like a pluff of powther, leaving me a very disconsolate widow; in which condition, it is not every woman who can demean herself with the discretion that I have done. Thanks be, and praise, however, I have not been tempted beyond my strength; for when Mr Pawkie, the Seceder minister, came, shortly after the interment, to catch me with the tear in my ee, I saw through his exhortations, and I told him upon the spot that he might refrain; for it was my intent to spend the remainder of my days in sorrow and lamentation for my dear deceased husband. Don't you think, sir, it was a very proper rebuke to the first putting forth of his cloven foot? But I had soon occasion to fear

that I might stand in need of a male protector; for what could I, a simple woman, do with the doctor's bottles and pots, pills, and other doses, to say nothing of his brazen pestle and mortar, which of itself was a thing of value, and might be coined, as I was told, into a firiot of farthings? not, however, that farthings are now much in circulation, the pennies and new bawbies have quite supplanted them, greatly, as I think, to the advantage of the poor folk, who now get the one or the other, where, in former days, they would have been thankful for a farthing; and yet, for all that, there is a visible increase in the number of beggars—a thing which I cannot understand—and far less thankfulness on their part than of old, when alms were given with a scantier hand; but this, no doubt, comes of the spreading wickedness of the times. Don't you think so, sir? It's a mystery that I cannot fathom; for there was never a more evident passion for church-building than at present; but I doubt there is great truth in the old saying, 'The nearer the kirk the farther from grace,' which was well exemplified in the case of Provost Pedigree of our town, a decent man in his externals, and he kept it a hardware shop; he was indeed a merchant of 'a' things, from a needle and a thimble down to a rake and a spade. Poor man! he ran at last a ram-race, and was taken before the session; but I had always a jealousy of him, for he used to say very comical things to me in the doctor's lifetime, not that I gave him any encouragement further than in the way of an innocent joke, for he was a joose and joocular man; but he never got the better of that exploit with the session, and, dwining away, died the year following of a decay, a disease for which my dear deceased husband used to say no satisfactory remedy exists in nature, except gentle laxatives, before it has taken root. But although I have been the wife of a doctor, and spent the best part of my life in the smell of drugs, I cannot say that I approve of them, except in a case of necessity, where, to be sure, they must be taken, if we intend the doctor's skill to take effect upon us; but many a word he and my dear deceased husband had about my taking of his pills, after my long affliction with the hypochondriacal affection, for I could never swallow them, but always gave them a check between the teeth, and their taste was so odious that I could not help spitting them out. It is indeed a great pity that the Faculty cannot make their nostrums more palatable; and I used to tell the doctor, when he was making up doses for his patients, that I

wondered how he could expect sick folk, unable to swallow savoury food, would ever take his nauseous medicines, which he never could abide to hear, for he had great confidence in many of his prescriptions, especially a bolus of flower of brimstone and treacle for the cold, one of the few of his compounds I could ever take with any pleasure."

In this way, said Mr. M'Waft, did that endless woman rain her words into my ear, till I began to fear that something like a gout would also take my head. At last I fell on a device, and, lying in bed, began to snore with great vehemence, as if I had been sound asleep, by which, for a time, I got rid of her; but being afraid to go on deck lest she should attack me again, I continued in bed, and soon after fell asleep in earnest. How long I had slept I know not, but when I awoke, there she was chattering to the steward, whom she instantly left the moment she saw my eye open, and was at me again. Never was there such a plague invented as that woman; she absolutely worked me into a state of despair, and I fled from her presence as from a serpent; but she would pursue me up and down, back and fore, till everybody aboard was like to die with laughing at us, and all the time she was as serious and polite as any gentlewoman could well be.

When we got to London, I was terrified she would fasten herself on me there, and therefore, the moment we reached the wharf, I leaped on shore, and ran as fast as I could for shelter to a public-house, till the steward had despatched her in a hackney. Then I breathed at liberty—never was I so sensible of the blessing before, and I made all my acquaintance laugh very heartily at the story. But my trouble was not ended. Two nights after, I went to see a tragedy, and was seated in an excellent place, when I heard her tongue going among a number of ladies and gentlemen that were coming in. I was seized with a horror, and would have fled, but a friend that was with me held me fast; in that same moment she recognized me, and before I could draw my breath, she was at my side, and her tongue rattling in my lug. This was more than I could withstand, so I got up and left the play-house. Shortly after I was invited to dinner, and, among other guests, in came that afflicting woman, for she was a friend of the family. O Lord! such an afternoon I suffered—but the worst was yet to happen.

I went to St. James's to see the drawing-room on the birth-day, and among the crowd I fell in with her again, when, to make the matter

complete, I found she had been separated from her friends. I am sure they had left her to shift for herself. She took hold of my arm as an old acquaintance, and humanity would not allow me to cast her off: but although I stayed till the end of the ceremonies, I saw nothing; I only heard the continual murmur of her words like the sound of a running river.

When I got home to my lodging, I was just like a demented man; my head was bizzing like a bees' skep, and I could hear of nothing but the birr of that wearyful woman's tongue. It was terrible; and I took so ill that night, and felt such a loss o' appetite and lack of spirit the next day, that I was advised by a friend to take advice; and accordingly, in the London fashion, I went to a doctor's door to do so; but just as I put up my hand to the knocker, there within was the wearyful woman in the passage, talking away to the servant-man. The moment I saw her I was seized with a terror, and ran off like one that has been bitten by a wud dog at the sight and sound of running water. It is, indeed, not to be described what I suffered from that woman; and I met her so often, that I began to think she had been ordained to torment me; and the dread of her in consequence so worked upon me, that I grew frightened to leave my lodgings, and I walked the streets only from necessity, and then I was as a man hunted by an evil spirit.

But the worst of all was to come. I went out to dine with a friend that lives at a town they call Richmond, some six or eight miles from London, and there being a pleasant company, and me no in any terror of the wearyful woman, I sat wi' them as easy as you please, till the stage-coach was ready to take me back to London. When the stage-coach came to the door, it was empty, and I got in; it was a wet night, and the wind blew strong, but, tozy wi' what I had gotten, I laid mysel' up in a corner, and soon fell fast asleep. I know not how long I had slumbered, but I was awakened by the coach stopping, and presently I heard the din of a tongue coming towards the coach. It was the wearyful woman; and before I had time to come to mysel', the door was opened, and she was in, chatting away at my side, the coach driving off.

As it was dark, I resolved to say nothing, but to sleep on, and never heed her. But we hadna travelled half a mile, when a gentleman's carriage going by with lamps, one of them gleamed on my face, and the wearyful woman, with a great shout of gladness, discovered her victim.

For a time, I verily thought that my soul would have leapt out at the crown of my head like a vapour; and when we got to a turn of the road where was a public-house, I cried to the coachman for Heaven's sake to let me out, and out I jumped. But O waes me! That deevil thought I was taken ill, and as I was a stranger, the moment I was out and in the house, out came she likewise, and came talking into the kitchen, into which I had ran, perspiring with vexation.

At the sight, I ran back to the door, determined to prefer the wet and wind on the outside of the coach to the clatter within. But the coach was off, and far beyond call. I could have had the heart, I verily believe, to have quenched the breath of life in that wearyful woman; for when she found the coach was off without us, her alarm was a perfect frenzy, and she fastened on me worse than ever—I thought my heart would have broken.

By-and-by came another coach, and we got into it. Fortunately two young London lads, clerks or sielike, were within. They endured her tongue for a time, but at last they whispered each other, and one of them giving me a nodge or sign, taught me to expect they would try to silence her. Accordingly the other broke suddenly out into an immoderate daft-like laugh that was really awful. The mistress paused for a minute, wondering what it could be at; anon, however, her tongue got under way, and off she went; presently again the younker gave another gaffaw, still more dreadful than the first. His companion, seeing the effect it produced on madam, said, "Don't be apprehensive, he has only been for some time in a sort of deranged state; he is quite harmless, I can assure you." This had the desired effect, and from that moment till I got her safe off in a hackney-coach from where the stage stoppit, there was nae word out of her head; she was as quiet as pussy, and cowered in to me in terrification o' the madman breaking out. I thought it a soople trick o' the Londoners. In short, said Mr. M'Waft, though my adventures with the wearyful woman is a story now to laugh at, it was in its time nothing short of a calamity.—*The Steamboat.*

EPIGRAM.

Because I'm silent, for a fool
 Beau Clincher doth me take:
 I know he's one by surer rule,
 For—I heard Clincher speak!

DR. WALSH.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

[James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 23d February, 1819; died 12th August, 1891. Poet and Essayist. He was admitted to the bar, but renounced law for letters. He was, at different periods, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* and of the *North American Review*. In 1855 he succeeded the poet Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College. His most important works are: *A Year's Life*; *A Legend of Brittany*; *Prometheus*; *The Vision of Sir Launfal*; *A Fable for Critics*—a humorous review in verse of the most prominent American writers; *The Biglow Papers*, a series of political satires; *Fireside Travels*; *Among my Books*; *My Study Windows*; and *Under the Willows*. H. T. Tuckerman, one of the best of American critics, says of Professor Lowell: "He has written clever satires, good sonnets, and some long poems with fine descriptive passages. He reminds us often of Tennyson in the sentiment and construction of his verse. Imagination and philanthropy are the dominant elements in his writings."]

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

¹ See *Casquet*, vol. i. p. 425.

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no singing leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"O, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of sea far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"O, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the singing leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the singing leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The singing leaves are therein."

III.

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the singing leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine."

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

WITS AND POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasure to its natural sources in the minds of men, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism had rightly deno-

minated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, an imitative art, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated anything: they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit; but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it, wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never inquired what, on any occasion, they

should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure: as epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted, however, of the sublime they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplifications had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined.

If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our members. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus, Cowley on Knowledge:

"The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
The phoenix truth did on it rest,
And built his perfumed nest,
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic show.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And the apples were demonstrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine."

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age:

"Love was with thy life entwined
Close as heat with fire is join'd;

A powerful brand prescribed the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More inflam'd thy amorous rage."

In the following verses we have an allusion
to a rabbinical opinion concerning manna:

"Variety I ask not: give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The person Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge
in some encomiastic verses:

"In everything there naturally grows
A laisunum to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injured by extrinsic blows:
Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
But you, of learning and religion,
And virtue and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said."

Though the following lines of Donne, on the
last night of the year, have something in them
too scholastic, they are not inelegant:

"This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplexed,
Whose what and where in disputation is,
If I should call me anything, should miss.
I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you."

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's
reflection upon man as a microcosm:

"If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion;
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is."

Of thoughts so far-fetched as to be not only
unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are
full.

To a lady who wrote posies for rings:

"They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' equator Heaven does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
Tis thou must write the posy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Then the sun pass through't twice a year,
The sun, which is esteem'd the god of wit."
—(COWLEY.)

The difficulties which have been raised about
identity in philosophy are by Cowley, with
still more perplexity, applied to love:

"Five years ago (says story) I loved you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man;
For I am not the same that I was then:
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is changed yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father members were,

From whence these take their birth which now are
here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by nature is forbid."

The love of different women is, in geogra-
phical poetry, compared to travels through
different countries:

"Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The land where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possess'd,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'st take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?
Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great.
And where these are temperate known,
The soil's all barren sand or rocky stone."
—(COWLEY.)

A lover, burned up by his affection, is com-
pared to Egypt:

"The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too-much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below."
—(COWLEY.)

The lover supposes his lady acquainted with
the ancient laws of augury and rites of sacri-
fice:

"And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath."

That the chaos was harmonized, has been
recited of old; but whence the different sounds
arose remained for a modern to discover:

"Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew;
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fixed rules were brought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base; the treble flame arose."
—(COWLEY.)

The tears of lovers are always of great poet-
ical account; but Donne has extended them
into worlds. If the lines are not easily under-
stood, they may be read again:

"On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven
dissolved so."

On reading the following lines the reader
may perhaps cry out, "Confusion worse con-
founded:"

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here,
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe."
—(DOWNE.)

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a telescope?

"Though God be our true glass through which we see All, since the being of all things is he, Yet are the trucks, which do to us derive Things in proportion fit, by perspective Deeds of good men; for by their living here, Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near."

Who would imagine it possible that in a very few lines so many remote ideas could be brought together?

"Since 'tis my doom, love's undershrieve,
Why this relieve?
Why doth my she adownson fly
Incumbency?
To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candles end,
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails,
Your sex lives faster than the males;
And if to measure age's span,
The sober Julian were th' account of man,
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian."

—(CLEVELAND.)

Of enormous and disgusting hyberboles, these may be examples:

"By every wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make winds to get to you."

"In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed:
So lost of old the deluge punished."

"All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.
The sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright."

—(COWLEY.)

An universal consternation:

"His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out,
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."

—(COWLEY.)

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his mistress bathing:

"The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers show,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there."

—(COWLEY.)

The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass:

"My name engraved herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass:
Which, ever since that charm, hath been
As hard as that which graved it was."

—(DOWNE.)

Their conceits were sometimes slight and trifling.

On an inconstant woman:

"He enjoys the calm sunshine now,
And no breath stirring bears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May."

—(COWLEY.)

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and read by the fire:

"Nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an L, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows."

—(COWLEY.)

As they sought only for novelty, they did not much inquire whether their allusions were to things high or low, elegant or gross; whether they compared the little to the great, or the great to the little.

Physic and chirurgery for a lover:

"Gently, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made:
That pain must needs be very much
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak of purgings grow."

—(COWLEY.)

The world and a clock:

"Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face
Through all the turns of matter's maze did trace;
Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took;
On all the sprungs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion, and with equal art
Made up the whole again of every part."

—(COWLEY.)

A coal-pit has not often found its poet; but that it may not want its due honour, Cleveland has paralleled it with the sun:

"Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few embers, for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoneer.
For wants he heat or light? or would have store
Of both? 'tis here: and what can suns give more?
Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame?
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The sun's heaven's coaliery, and coals our sun."

Death, a voyage:

"No family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes with him in joy to share."

—(DOWNE.)

Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes grossly absurd, and such as no figures or license can reconcile to the understanding.

A lover neither dead nor alive:

"Then down I laid my head
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled;

Ah, sottish soul, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool to resume her broken chain,
And row her gaily here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemned and destined is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in
me?"—(COWLEY.)

A lover's heart a hand grenado:

"Woe to her stubborn heart. If once mine come
Into the self-same room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.
Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make;
From hers th' alloy, from mine the metal take."
—(COWLEY.)

The poetical propagation of light:

"The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright
eyes.
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament:
First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes.
Then from their beaus their jewels' lusters rise;
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire."
—(DONNE.)

They were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in reality is by Cowley thus expressed:

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than woman can be placed by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee."

That prayer and labour should co-operate are thus taught by Donne:

"In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one-half, that's none."

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated:

"That which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tired, must then ride
post."

All that man has to do is to live and die; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines:

"Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie;
After enabled but to suck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
VOL. IV.

And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee;
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty;
Think, that a rusty piece discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but
now."

These poets were sometimes indelicate and disgusting. They were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions.

"It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke;
The love within too strong for't was;
Like poison put into a Venice-glass."—(COWLEY.)

In forming descriptions, they looked out not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows:

"Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead-low water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps: when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep;
Doth practise dying by a little sleep:
Thou at this midnight seest me."

It must be, however, confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects, often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention:

"Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st
it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!"

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim:

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet

A branch, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.
 If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the first foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if th' other do.
 And, though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.
 Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th' other foot obliquely run.
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun."—(DONNE.)

In all these examples it is apparent that whatever is improper or vicious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange: and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

Essay on Cowley.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love.—But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smitten with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or pretor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to flee. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the pretor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his

appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion: happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that "no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

The Bee, 1759.

BARREN FAITH.

O, friend, we nurse in vain a scholar-faith,
Though one that with its husky logic feeds
And satisfies our intellectual needs;
How should this move to good or guard from scath?
Begot of schoolmen's subtleties alone
It carries with it no awakening force,
Life is not quickened by it in its course;
The head is ever cool; the heart a stone.
Such dead-seed faith is with no saving rife,
It does not, cannot blossom into aught
Of active goodness, is mere barren thought
That never can become a law of life.
Something the soul demands on which to thrive;
If it is saved, it must be saved "alive."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

HOME.

[John Crawford Wilson, born at Mallow, Cork, Ireland. Poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer. His chief poetical works are: *The Village Poet*; *Elsie*; *Flights into Fairyland*, and other poems; and *Lost and Found*, a pastoral. *Jonathan Obadiah*, or *Letters from the Diary of a Commercial Traveller*, is a series of sketches and tales which has passed through several editions. His most important dramas are *Gitanilla* and a stage version of his poem *Lost and Found*. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1889 by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., under the title of *Pastorals and Poems*. He has on several occasions appeared with much success as a public reader of selections from his own works and those of other authors. In 1895 the *London Reader* declared that he might confidently take his place among the minor minstrels of the land. And the *Athenæum* has said: "Mr. Wilson's style is animated and rapid; we have seldom read verses which breathe more earnestly the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. To the moral qualities which distinguish poets, Mr. Wilson may lay an undoubted claim. Genuine feeling is so infectious, that such a writer can hardly tell a plain and pathetic story to unsympathizing hearers."]

"I must go Home to-day!"

A golden beam
Of dazzling sunlight streamed from heaven to earth;
Through clouds that seemed like polished silver domes
Of temples angel-built, or fairy towers
Spotless and white, with sparkling minarets,
Drifting like icebergs in a calm blue sea,
The fiery shaft ran down—down to a bed
On which lay prone a little wasted form
Of faded earth, from which the struggling soul
Yet panted to be free.

It was a girl—

A little sickly girl lay on that bed—
To whom God's sunbeam came. She saw the beam—
But to her eye of faith 'twas not a beam—
'Twas a bright golden stair with myriad steps,
All small—all suited to her tiny feet—
And leading straight to Heaven.

"I must go Home—

Not a short holiday, my mother dear,
Like those I've had from school—from school to Home,
And then from Home to school; the Home so short,
And, oh, the school so long! but always Home;
And it will be to-day—must be to-day."

"My darling is at Home!" the mother sobbed,
As with a moistened feather she essayed
To damp the parched lips, round which the dews
Shook from the wings of death thronged cold and clear.
But in the eyes through which that spirit looked
A soft denial shone; and the small voice
Pleaded in whispers to that mother's heart,—
"Oh! do not keep me here—let me go Home;
I'm very tired of earth—I long for Home;
I'm weak and ill, and only fit for Home—
And such a Home, sweet mother!—there—'tis there!"

She smiled within the sunbeam, and her hand,
Like it, transparent seemed, as it was raised
Pointing to Heaven. A Heaven not far away—
But near; so near—that e'en her dying smile
Seemed not to herald night, but the bright dawn
Of an unclouded and eternal day.

The mother felt, as kneeling by that bed
She tended every want, and on her breast
Pillowed the sufferer's head—that the frail shell,
The young worn mould encircled by her arms,
Was crumbling fast to dust—and that the wings
Of a freed angel would be heavenward spread
When earth's last gyres fell off, and the last sigh
Followed the sunbeam, sent to light her Home.

They called her "Lily"—Lilian was her name—
But from her birth she seemed so waxen white—
So fairy slight—so gentle and so pure,
That to her father's mind she ever brought
The image of that pale and fragile flower:
And so he called her "Lily." 'Twas a term
In which endearment, tenderness, and hope
Were all wreathed up; the hope too often crossed
By jealous fears, when some untoward breath
Too roughly bent to earth the sickly flower,
Leaving it drooping on its yielding stem.

And there she lay at last,—almost in Heaven—
Of Time and of Eternity a part—
A dying, living link, uniting those
Who live to die—and die to ever live!

Her eyes were closed. Her mother thought she slept
The sleep that wakes no more: but 'twas not so.
A step was on the stair—the fading eyes
Opened again on earth—the wasted cheeks—
Dimpled once more, as round the lips a smile
Played like the shadow of a silver cloud
Upon a sunlit stream. "Mother! 'tis he—
'Tis father's footstep—and so very kind—
So thoughtful of his Lily, he has left
His heavy boots below; he pauses now—
Clings to the rail, and sobs. I hear it all!
He fears I am gone Home. Go, mother dear!
Tell him I could not go till he returned.
I want to feel his kiss upon my lips;
And take it up to Heaven."

Another sob,

And then a choking whisper from without.
"May I come in? If she is gone, say 'No.'
If not, say 'Yes.' I'll tread so very light—
I shall not wake her, wife. May I come in?"

A faltering voice said, "Come!" 'Twas Lily's voice;
So he went in—a stalwart lusty man—
A giant, with a tiny infant's heart,

Weeping big tears that would not be controlled.
 Oh! how he loved that child—how she loved him!
 Yet both so opposite; her little soul
 Clinging round his—a tendril round an oak—
 A Lily cleaving to a rugged rock.

He sat beside her bed, and in his hands
 Buried his streaming eyes. His soul rebelled:
 "She had no right to die—to rive his heart;
 Rob him and it, of all life's tenderest ties."
 He felt as he could say, "Lily, lie there
 For ever dying; but, oh! never die
 'Till I die too." He thought not of his wife—
 She was his other self. She was himself;
 But Lily was their cherished life of life—
 Of each and both a part—so grafted on,
 That, if removed, they must become once more
 Two bodies with two souls—no longer one,
 Their living link destroyed—not loving less,
 But singly loving—'twixt their hearts a gulf
 Unbridged by Lily's love;—a love so pure
 That not a taint of selfishness was near;
 All this he felt, and on the future looked
 As on a desolation.

Lily spoke—
 Or whispered rather—but a thunder peal
 Would less affect him than her sinking tones:
 "Raise me, dear father; take me to your breast—
 Your broad kind breast, so full of love for me—
 'Twill rest me on my road—'tis half-way Home!

And then he rose, and round her wasted form
 His brawny arms—before whose mighty strength
 The massive anvil quivered, as his hands
 Swung high the ponderous sledge—or in whose gripe
 The fiery steed stood conquered and subdued—
 Closed, as the breath of heaven, or God's own love,
 So lightly, softly, gently, hemmed they in
 The little dying child. Then there he sat,
 Her face upon his breast, and on his knee
 Her tearless mother's head; for all her tears
 Were inly wept, dropping like molten lead
 Upon her breaking heart.

Far in the west
 Long waves of crimson clouds stretched o'er the hills;
 And through those clouds, as in a sea of blood,
 The sun sank slowly down. Ere his last ray
 Glanced upwards from the earth, the father felt
 His Lily lift her head—celestial light
 Beamed from her eyes, as for the last embrace,
 She to her mother turned, and then to him:
 "They beckon me," she said; "I come! I come!"
 Around his neck she twined her faded arms,
 Rising obedient to her heavenly call;
 Again he pressed her lips, but in the kiss
 Her soul, enfranchised, bounded from its thrall;
 Its crumbling fetters drooped upon his heart—
 The angel was at Home!

THE ELECTION.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A few years back, a gentleman of the name of Danby came to reside in a small decayed borough town—whether in Wiltshire or Cornwall matters not to our story, although in one of those counties the aforesaid town was probably situate, being what is called a close borough, the joint property of two noble families. Mr. Danby was evidently a man of large fortune, and that fortune as evidently acquired in trade,—indeed he made no more secret of the latter circumstance than the former. He built himself a large, square, red house, equally ugly and commodious, just without the town; walled in a couple of acres of ground for a kitchen-garden; kept a heavy one-horse chaise, a stout pony, and a brace of grayhounds; and having furnished his house solidly and handsomely, and arranged his domestic affairs to his heart's content, began to look about amongst his neighbours; scraped acquaintance with the lawyer, the apothecary, and the principal tradesmen; subscribed to the reading-room and the billiard-room; became a member of the bowling-green and the cricket-club, and took as lively an interest in the affairs of his new residence as if he had been born and bred in the borough.

Now this interest, however agreeable to himself, was by no means equally conducive to the quiet and comfort of the place. Mr. Danby was a little, square, dark man, with a cocked-up nose, a good-humoured, but very knowing smile, a pair of keen black eyes, a loud voluble speech, and a prodigious activity both of mind and body. His very look betokened his character,—and that character was one not uncommon among the middle ranks of Englishmen. In short, besides being, as he often boasted, a downright John Bull, the gentleman was a reformer, zealous and uncompromising as ever attended a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, or made a harangue in Palace Yard. He read Cobbett; had his own scheme for the redemption of tithes; and a plan, which, not understanding, I am sorry I cannot undertake to explain, for clearing off the national debt without loss or injury to anybody.

Besides these great matters, which may rather be termed the theoretic than the practice of reform, and which are at least perfectly inoffensive, Mr. Danby condescended to smaller and more worrying observances, and was, in-

deed, so strict and jealous a guardian of the purity of the corporation, and the incorruptibility of the vestry, that an alderman could not wag a finger, or a churchwarden stir a foot, without being called to account by this vigilant defender of the rights, liberties, and purses of the people. He was beyond a doubt the most troublesome man in the parish, and that is a wide word. In the matter of reports and inquiries Mr. Hume was but a type of him. He would mingle economy with a parish dinner, and talk of retrenchment at the mayor's feast; brought an action under the turnpike act against the clerk and treasurer of the commissioners of the road; commenced a suit in Chancery with the trustees of the charity school; and, finally, threatened to open the borough—that is to say, to support any candidate who should offer to oppose the nominees of the two great families, the one Whig, and the other Tory, who now possessed the two seats in parliament as quietly as their own hereditary estates;—an experiment which recent instances of successful opposition in other places rendered not a little formidable to the noble owners.

What added considerably to the troublesome nature of Mr. Danby's inquisitions was, the general cleverness, ability, and information of the individual. He was not a man of classical education, and knew little of books; but with things he was especially conversant. Although very certain that Mr. Danby had been in business, nobody could guess what that business had been. None came amiss to him. He handled the rule and the yard with equal dexterity; astonished the butcher by his insight into the mysteries of fattening and dealing; and the grocer by his familiarity with the sugar and coffee markets; disentangled the perplexities of the confused mass of figures in the parish books with the dexterity of a sworn accountant; and was so great upon points of law, so ready and accurate in quoting reports, cases, and precedents, that he would certainly have passed for a retired attorney, but for the zeal and alertness with which, at his own expense, he was apt to rush into lawsuits.

With so remarkable a genius for turmoil, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danby, in spite of many excellent and sterling qualities, succeeded in drawing upon himself no small degree of odium. The whole corporation were officially his enemies; but his principal opponent, or rather the person whom he considered as his principal opponent, was Mr. Cardonnel, the rector of the parish, who, besides several disputes pending between them (one especially

respecting the proper situation of the church organ, the placing of which harmonious instrument kept the whole town in discord for a twelvemonth), was married to the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the Earl of B., one of the patrons of the borough; and being, as well as his wife, a very popular and amiable character, was justly regarded by Mr. Danby as one of the chief obstacles to his projected reform. Whilst, however, our reformer was, from the most patriotic motives, doing his best or his worst to dislike Mr. Cardonnel, events of a very different nature were gradually operating to bring them together.

Mr. Danby's family consisted of a wife—a quiet lady-like woman, with very ill health, who did little else than walk from her bed to her sofa, eat water-gruel and drink soda-water,—and of an only daughter, who was, in a word, the very apple of her father's eye.

Rose Danby was indeed a daughter of whom any father might have been proud. Of middle height and exquisite symmetry, with a rich, dark, glowing complexion, a profusion of glossy, curling, raven hair, large affectionate black eyes, and a countenance at once so sweet and so spirited, that its constant expression was like that which a smile gives to other faces. Her temper and understanding were in exact keeping with such a countenance—playful, gentle, clever, and kind; and her accomplishments and acquirements of the very highest order. When her father entered on his new residence she had just completed her fifteenth year; and he, unable longer to dispense with the pleasure of her society, took her from the excellent school near London, at which she had hitherto been placed, and determined that her education should be finished by masters at home.

It so happened, that this little town contained one celebrated artist, a professor of dancing, who kept a weekly academy for young ladies, which was attended by half the families of gentility in the county. M. Le Grand (for the dancing master was a little lively Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declared that she was his best pupil, his very best, the best that ever he had in his life. "Mais voyez, donc, Monsieur?" said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for "how d'ye do;"—"Voyez, comme elle met de l'aplomb, de la force, de la nettete, dans ses entrechats! Qu'elle est leste, et legere, et petrie de graces, la petite!" And Mr. Danby, comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment

after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venison the next day.

But M. Le Grand was not the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing-school. It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person about the same age, bringing up under the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's academy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon), took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses of the dance, and to hold more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth, almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing in the lovely little girl everything to like, and nothing to disapprove, encouraged and joined in the acquaintance; attended with a motherly care to her cloaking and shawling; took her home in her own carriage when it rained; and finally waylaid Mr. Danby, who always came himself to fetch his darling, and with her bland and gracious smile requested the pleasure of Miss Danby's company to a party of young people, which she was about to give on the occasion of her daughter's birth-day. I am afraid that our sturdy reformer was going to say, No! But Rose's "Oh papa!" was irresistible; and to the party she went.

After this the young people became every day more intimate. Lady Elizabeth waited on Mrs. Danby, and Mrs. Danby returned the call; but her state of health precluded visiting, and her husband, who piqued himself on firmness and consistency, contrived, though with some violence to his natural kindness of temper, to evade the friendly advances and invitations of the rector.

The two girls, however, saw one another almost every day. It was a friendship like that of Rosalind and Celia, whom, by the way, they severally resembled in temper and character—Rose having much of the brilliant gaiety of the one fair cousin, and Mary the softer and gentler charm of the other. They rode, walked, and sung together; were never happy asunder; played the same music; read the same books; dressed alike; worked for each other; and interchanged their own little property of trinkets and flowers, with a generosity

that seemed only emulous which should give most.

At first, Mr. Danby was a little jealous of Rose's partiality to the rectory; but she was so fond of him, so attentive to his pleasures, that he could not find in his heart to check hers; and when, after a long and dangerous illness, with which the always delicate Mary was affected, Mr. Cardonnel went to him, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told him he believed that, under Providence, he owed his daughter's life to Rose's unwearying care, the father's heart was fairly vanquished; he wrung the good rector's hand, and never grumbled at her long visits again. Lady Elizabeth, also, had her share in producing this change of feeling, by presenting him in return for innumerable baskets of peaches and melons and hot-house grapes (in the culture of which he was curious), with a portrait of Rose, drawn by herself—a strong and beautiful likeness, with his own favourite greyhound at her feet; a picture which he would not have exchanged for the "Transfiguration."

Perhaps too, consistent as he thought himself, he was not without an unconscious respect for the birth and station which he affected to despise, and was, at least, as proud of the admiration which his daughter excited in those privileged circles, as of the sturdy independence which he exhibited by keeping aloof from them in his own person. Certain it is, that his spirit of reformation insensibly relaxed, particularly towards the rector; and that he not only ceded the contested point of the organ, but presented a splendid set of pulpit-hangings to the church itself.

Time wore on; Rose had refused half the offers of gentility in the town and neighbourhood; her heart appeared to be invulnerable. Her less affluent and less brilliant friend was generally understood (and as Rose, on hearing the report, did not contradict it, the rumour passed for certainty) to be engaged to a nephew of her mother's, Sir William Frampton, a young gentleman of splendid fortune, who had lately passed much time at his fair place in the neighbourhood.

Time wore on; and Rose was now nineteen, when an event occurred, which threatened a grievous interruption to her happiness. The Earl of B.'s member died; his nephew, Sir William Frampton, supported by his uncle's powerful interest, offered himself for the borough; an independent candidate started at the same time; and Mr. Danby felt himself compelled, by his vaunted consistency, to insist on his daughter's renouncing her visits to

the rectory, at least until after the termination of the election. Rose wept and pleaded, pleaded and wept, in vain. Her father was obdurate; and she, after writing a most affectionate note to Mary Cardonnel, retired to her own bedroom in very bad spirits, and, perhaps, for the first time in her life, in very bad humour.

About half an hour afterwards, Sir William Frampton and Mr Cardonnel called at the red house. "We are come, Mr Danby," said the rector, "to solicit your interest"—"Nay, nay, my good friend," returned the reformer, "you know that my interest is promised, and that I cannot with any consistency,—*To solicit your interest with Rose*"—resumed his reverence. "With Rose!" interrupted Mr Danby. "Ay—for the gift of her heart and hand,—that being, I believe, the suffrage which my good nephew here is most anxious to secure," rejoined Mr Cardonnel. "With Rose," again ejaculated Mr Danby: "why, I thought that your daughter"—"The gipsy has not told you, then!" replied the rector. "Why, William and she have been playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet for these six months past." "My Rose!" again exclaimed Mr Danby. "Why, Rose! Rose! I say!" and the astonished father rushed out of the room, and returned the next minute, holding the blushing girl by the arm. "Rose, do you love this young man?" "O, papa!" said Rose. "Will you marry him?" "O, papa!" "Do you wish me to tell him that you will not marry him?" To this question Rose returned no answer; she only blushed the deeper, and looked down with a half smile. "Take her, then," resumed Mr Danby; "I see the girl loves you. I can't vote for you, though, for I've promised, and, you know, my good sir, that an honest man's word"—"I don't want your vote, my dear sir," interrupted Sir William Frampton; "I don't ask for your vote, although the loss of it may cost me my seat, and my uncle his borough. This is the election that I care about, the only election worth caring about. Is it not, my own sweet Rose?—the election, of which the object lasts for life, and the result is happiness. That's the election worth caring about—Is it not, mine own Rose?" And Rose blushed an affirmative; and Mr Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost wrung it off, repeating at every moment—"I can't vote for you, for a man must be consistent, but you're the best fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady," continued the delighted father;—"my little Rose will be a great lady after all!"

THE ACTRESS.

BY P. J. DE BERANGER.

Beneath these rags through which the blast blows shrill,

Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and summer, there is she.

Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!

Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;

That sunken cheek, that colour wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear

Her voice, enraptured Paris ran:

In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,

Which of us has not bowed the knee?—

Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?

Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,

Homeward her rapid coursers flew;

Adoring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.

To hand her from the glittering car, that bore

Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,

How many rivals throng'd around her door—

Ah! give the blind one charity!

When all the arts to her their homage paid,

How splendid was her gay abode;

What mirrors, marbles, bronzes were displayed,

Tributes by love on love bestow'd:

How duly did the muse her banquets gild,

Faithful to her prosperity:

In every palace will the swallow build!—

Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;

Her eyes are quenched, her voice is gone,

And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,

The blind one kneels and begs alone.

Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?

What hand more liberal, frank, and free,

Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—

Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,

And every limb grows stiff with cold;

That rosary once woke her smile, which now

Her frozen fingers hardly hold.

If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart

By pity still sustained may be,

Lest even her faith in Heaven itself depart,

Ah! give the blind one charity!

THE APE.

BY MATTEO BANDELLO.

In the time of Lodovico Sforza, the unfortunate Duke of Milan, there was kept, among other living curiosities in the ducal palace, a large and beautiful ape, whose amusing yet harmless manners, full of practical jests and witticisms, had long obtained for him the liberty of going at large. Such indeed was his reputation for prudence and good conduct, that he was not merely permitted the range of the whole palace, but frequently visited the outskirts, in the vicinity of Maine, of Cusano, and San Giovanni, and was not unfrequently seen conversing with some friend upon the walls. In fact most people were eager to show their respect for him by presenting him with fruits and other dainties, no less from regard to his ducal patron than to his own intrinsic merits. The singular pleasure he afforded to all classes of society, by his happy talents of various kinds, was always a sufficient passport from place to place. But his favourite resort, among many others, was the house of an ancient gentlewoman, situated in the parish of San Giovanni, upon the walls; where he cultivated the society of her two sons, one of whom in particular, though at the head of a family, invariably received his monkey guest in the most amiable manner, making him as much at home as if he had been the lady's favourite lap-dog.

These young men, perceiving their aged mother amused with the animal's unequalled exhibitions of his art, vied with each other in paying the most gratifying attentions to his monkeyship; and would certainly, had he not happened to have been ducal property, either have purchased or stolen him, merely out of regard to their mother. The whole household, likewise, received orders to treat him with the same invariable kindness and respect, studying what appeared most agreeable to his taste, so as to give him an affection for the old lady's house. This last motive weighed so greatly with his apeship that he almost deserted his other neighbours, in order to enjoy more of the society of these very agreeable friends, although he was careful to return to his own ducal residence at the castle in the evening.

During this time the aged lady becoming very infirm, was confined to her chamber, where she was affectionately attended by her whole family, who supplied her with every alleviation in the power of medical advice to bestow. Thither, occasionally, our facetious

hero was also introduced for the purpose of awakening a smile on the wan features of the patient, by his strange and amusing manners, receiving some delicate morsels in return from the poor lady's own hand. As he possessed a natural taste, in common with most of his race, for every kind of sweets, he was in the habit of besieging the old lady's room with great perseverance and assiduity, feasting upon the best confectionary with far higher zest than the poor patient herself. Worn out at length by long infirmities and age, she soon after departed this world, having first with becoming piety confessed herself, and received the holy sacraments of our church, with the communion and extreme unction at the final close.

While the funeral ceremonies were preparing, and the last offices rendered to the deceased, the monkey appeared to pay remarkable attention to all that was going forward. The corpse being dressed, and placed on the funeral bier, the holy sisterhood then attended with the usual ceremonies, offering up hymns and aves to the Virgin for the soul of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to the parish church not far distant, not unobserved by the monkey, who watched the procession depart. But he soon turned his attention to the state of things around him; and after feasting on the cake and wine, being a little elevated, he began to empty the boxes and drawers, and examine the contents. Having observed the deceased in her last habiliments, and the form of her head-dress when she was laid out, the facetious ape immediately began to array himself in the cast-off garments, exactly in the manner he had witnessed; and so perfect was the resemblance, that when he had covered himself up in bed, the physician himself would have been puzzled to detect the cheat. Here the false patient lay, when the domestics entered the chamber; and suddenly perceiving the monkey thus dexterously laid out, they ran back in the utmost terror and surprise, believing that they had really seen either the corpse or the spirit of the deceased.

After recovering sufficient presence of mind to speak, they declared, as they hoped to be saved, that they had seen their mistress reposing upon her sick couch as usual. On the return of the two brothers with their friends and relatives from church, they directly resolved to ascend in a body into the sick chamber; and, night already approaching, they all felt, in spite of their affected indifference, an unpleasant sensation on entering the room. Drawing near the bed-side, they not only fancied they saw and heard a person breathe, but

observing the coverings move, as if the patient were about to spring from the couch, they retreated with the utmost precipitation and alarm.

When they had recovered their spirits a little, the guests requested that a priest might be sent for, to whom, on his arrival, they proceeded to explain the case. On hearing the nature of it, the good friar, being of a truly prudent and pious turn, despatched a person back for his clerk, with orders to bring him the large ivory crucifix, and the illuminated psalter. These, with the help of holy water, the wafer, and the priest's stole, were judged a sufficient match for the devices of the Evil One; and thus armed, repeating the seven psalms, with due ejaculations to the Virgin, they once more ascended the stairs, the clerk, in obedience to the friar, bearing the huge ivory crucifix at their head. He had previously exhorted the brothers to have no fears for the final salvation of their parent, as the number and excellence of her confessions were an effectual preservative against the most diabolical efforts of the adversary. He maintained that there was not the least cause for alarm, for what the servants had beheld were merely satanic illusions, which he had frequently been in the habit of dispelling with singular success; and that having made use of his exorcisms, he would then bless the house, and, with the Lord's help, lay such a curse upon the bad spirits as would deprive them of the least inclination to return.

When they arrived at the chamber-door, all the guests, in spite of these encouraging exhortations and the sprinkling of holy water, drew back, while the bold friar ordered his clerk to advance in the name of the Lord, which he did, followed only by his superior. Approaching the sick bed, they perceived Monno Bertuccia, our facetious ape, laid out, as we have said, in perfect personification of the deceased. After mumbling some prayers, and flourishing the cross in vain, for some time, they began to entertain doubts of their success, though at the same time they felt ashamed to retreat. So sprinkling the holy water with a more liberal hand, crying, "*Asperges me, Domine; asperges me*," they complimented the ape with a portion of it in his face. Expecting upon this to be next saluted with a blow of the huge cross, he suddenly began to grin and chatter in so horrible a manner that the sacred vessel fell from the priest's hands, and the clerk at the same time dropping the crucifix, they both fled together. Such was their haste, that they tumbled, one over the

other, down the stairs, the priest falling upon his clerk when they reached the bottom.

On hearing the sudden crash, and the terrified exclamations of the good friar, the brothers, followed by the rest of the party, rushed towards the spot, eagerly inquiring what dreadful accident had occurred. Both of the holy personages gazed on the guests, without being able to utter a word; but their pallid looks spoke volumes sufficient to answer all demands. The poor clerk fainted away, no less from excess of fear than from the terrible fall he had just received. Having obliged both to partake of some restoratives, the priest at length summoned courage enough to say:

"It is true, my dear children, I have indeed seen your poor departed mother in the form of a fierce demon;" when just as he had finished these words, the cause of all their disturbance, desirous of securing the remnants of the feast, was heard approaching at a pretty brisk and clattering pace down the unlucky stairs.

Without giving any of the party time to discover a fresh place of refuge, or even to prepare their minds for his reception, he bounced suddenly into the room, armed cap-a-pie in the fearful petticoats of the deceased. His head was dressed to a nicety exactly in the same manner as the old lady's, and his whole body very decently arrayed in her late habiliments. He placed himself in the midst of the company, all of whom stood rooted to the spot, silent and awe-stricken, awaiting the dreadful scene that might ensue. The wrinkles in his countenance certainly bore no small resemblance to those in the features of the deceased, to which his very serious demeanour added not a little. Yet after a few secret ejaculations for divine protection on the part of the guests, the facetious visitor was soon recognized by one of the brothers, the only person who had possessed courage to look the monkey in the face on his sudden entrance into the room.

Momentary prayers and exclamations were then as suddenly converted into bursts of laughter; and in a few minutes the author of all their sufferings began to resume the usual hilarity of his disposition, to exhibit his best manoeuvres in the saltic art, and with the greatest politeness severally to accost the company. He evinced, however, the utmost aversion to disrobing himself of his new honours, snapping at any one who ventured to approach him, while he performed his antics in the ablest and most whimsical manner. In full dress he thus set out on his return to the castle, meeting with reiterated plaudits as he passed along the streets. In this state he was wel-

came home by the domestics of the castle, producing infinite diversion among the courtiers and all those who witnessed his exploits. Nor did the two brothers punish him for his involuntary fault; rather kindly permitting him to return to his old haunts, where he feasted and frolicked away his days, until he attained to a happy and respectable old age.—
From the Italian.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe!
From vain temptations dost set free;
From strife and from despair; a glorious ministry.

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And thou, if they should totter, teach them to
stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And bless'd are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain:
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
Resolved that nothing e'er should press
Upon my present happiness,
I shov'd unwelcome tasks away;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice:
Not seeking in the school of pride
For "precepts over dignified,"
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more
wise.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens through Thee are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live!

—WORDSWORTH.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore
thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of Heaven beam'd bright on thy
waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's
song.

Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore
thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath
died.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

LORNA DOONE.

[Richard Doddridge Blackmore, born at Longworth, 1825; died, 1900. The son of a clergyman, and the descendant of an old North Devon family, and of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge; educated at Tiverton School and at Exeter College, Oxford, and called to the bar, but did not practise. Mr. Blackmore is a poet and a novelist of powerful imagination and interesting originality of thought and style. His chief poetical works are:—*Poems by McManister; Epullin; The Bogle of the Black Sea; Kadisha; The Fate of Franklin*; and the *Georgics of Virgil*, translated into heroic couplets. His best-known novels are:—*Clara Fanchan; Craddock Norrell*, a tale of the New Forest; *Lorna Doone* (published by S. Low, Marston, & Co.); *The Maid of Sher; Alice Lorraine; Cripps the Carrier; Mary Anerley; Christowell; Tommy Upmore; Erema; Springhaven; Kit and Kitty*; and *Perlygeross*. The *Times* says of Mr. Blackmore: "His pages are brightened everywhere with great humour; the quaint dry turns of thought remind you occasionally of Fielding".]

[The Doones of Bagworthy Forest were a band of outlaws who, in the troublous times of the seventeenth century, contrived for years to defy law and order. They were a stalwart race, the terror of the country round, and no outsider would venture into their wild retreat. Lorna—a beautiful and charming girl—was brought up amongst these men; but she was shielded from their brutality by the chief, Sir Ensor Doone (whose grandchild she believed herself to be), and by the Counsellor—the cunning adviser of the band. The latter protected her because he knew that she was not a Doone at all, but the heiress of vast wealth, which he hoped to share by uniting her to his son, Carver Doone. Lorna, however, loved, and was devotedly loved by John Ridd, an honest yeoman, of herculean frame, whose father had been slain by the Doones. During "the Great Winter" when snow fell for weeks, old Sir Ensor died, and Lorna was placed in sad peril. John Ridd himself tells the story.]

When I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining (a signal arranged by the lovers), and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were flung. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled. Curves, and mounds,

and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looked as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman, I contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost every night upon the snow, the snow itself having never thawed even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light as if all had fallen yesterday. In places where no drift had been, but rather off than on to them, three feet was the least of depth; but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel, or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-hill (as I had begun to call it), although I never should have known it but for what it looked on. And even to know this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green) now was besnowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plum-puddings. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree; all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow, if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would; and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, that seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns would go off in this state of the weather, and knowing that no man could catch me up (except with shoes like mine), I even resolved to slide the cliffs, and bravely go to Lorna.

It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. There-

fore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far adown the cliff, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer-time. Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Lorna had looked out of the window, she would not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J.R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snow-flakes. The house was partly drifted up, though not so much as ours was; and I crossed the little stream almost without knowing that it was under me. At first, being pretty safe against interference from the other huts, by virtue of the blinding snow and the difficulty of walking, I examined all the windows; but these were coated so with ice, like ferns and flowers and dazzling stars, that no one could so much as guess what might be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying narrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know just this, whether she were there or not.

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a shrill voice through the keyhole, asking, "Who's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on,—

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in, and barred the door again like lightning.

"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny?" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us be shut in here, and starving, and durstn't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and she set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the corner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the best of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within myself why Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause, for Gwenny called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us. In betwixt her delicate lips, Gwenny was thrusting with all her strength the hard brown crust of the rye-bread, which she had snatched from me so.

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she answered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece; I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense, and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished cheeks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes. She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not help a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to eat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered, laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good enough for your mistress. Bless her heart, I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Annie made it. That is enough to warrant it good cooking."

And then I showed my great mince-pie in a bag of tissue paper, and I told them how the mince-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have eaten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits, and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing, that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, sitting proudly upwards (to show that she was faint no more) entering into that mince-pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth (inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was afraid lest she should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of nourishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorna could not help laughing at me for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard and fast as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the loveliest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) ate up hers without winking, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of things.

"The meaning is sad enough," said Lorna; "and I see no way out of it. We are both to be

starved until I let them do what they like with me."

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him so intensely, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny; "oh, she hates him nicely then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For even if Lorna could make up her mind to come away with me and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountains, and how could any delicate maiden ever get across it?

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both sides of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down,—

"If I warrant to take you safe, and without much fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with me?"

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it; "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gwenny, have you courage for it? Will you come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gwenny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer: if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to ensure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gwenny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received from a woman of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely,—

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did, although so little dreaming it; for no Doone

that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for mince-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold,—for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me,—she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell,—

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it curls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are brown diamonds, which I have heard for the fiftieth time at least; though I never saw such a jewel. Don't you think that it is high time to put on your snow-shoes, John?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "till we have settled something more. I was so cold, when I came in; and now I am as warm as a cricket. And so are you, you lively soul; though you are not upon my hearth yet."

"Remember, John," said Lorna, nestling for a moment to me; "the severity of the weather makes a great difference between us. And you must never take advantage."

"I quite understand all that, dear. And the harder it freezes the better, while that understanding continues. Now do try to be serious."

"I try to be serious! And I have been trying fifty times, and could not bring you to it, John? Although I am sure the situation, as the Counsellor always says, at the beginning of a speech, the situation, to say the least, is serious enough for anything. Come, Gwenny, imitate him."

Gwenny was famed for her imitation of the Counsellor making a speech; and she began to shake her hair, and mount upon a foot-stool; but I really could not have this, though even Lorna ordered it. The truth was that my darling maiden was in such wild spirits at seeing me so unexpected, and at the prospect of release, and of what she had never known, quiet life and happiness, that, like all warm and loving natures, she could scarce control herself.

"Come to this frozen window, John, and see them light the stack-fire. They will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how to do it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times, like that, and that; and then you rub it with your fingers, before it has time to freeze again."

All this she did so beautifully, with her lips

put up like cherries and her fingers bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little waist thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three times over; and I stopped her every time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer. Now I knew that all her love was mine, every bit as much as mine was hers; yet I must have her to show it, dwelling upon every proof, lengthening out all certainty. Perhaps the jealous heart is loth to own a life worth twice its own. Be that as it may, I know that we thawed the window nicely.

And then I saw, far down the stream (or rather down the bed of it, for there was no stream visible), a little form of fire arising, red, and dark, and flickering. Presently it caught on something and went upward boldly; and then it struck into many forks, and then it fell and rose again.

"Do you know what all that is, John?" asked Lorna, smiling cleverly at the manner of my staring.

"How on earth should I know? Papists burn Protestants in the flesh; and Protestants burn Papists in effigy, as we mock them. Lorna, are they going to burn any one to-night?"

"No, you dear. I must rid you of these things. I see that you are bigoted. The Doones are firing Dunkery beacon to celebrate their new captain."

"But how could they bring it here through the snow? If they have sledges, I can do nothing."

"They brought it before the snow began. The moment poor grandfather was gone, even before his funeral, the young men, having none to check them, began at once upon it. They had always borne a grudge against it: not that it ever did them harm, but because it seemed so insolent. 'Can't a gentleman go home without a smoke behind him?' I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no serious harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago, they have often promised to bring it here for their candle; and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in joke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighbourhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the

survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blazing red, and white, and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty lilac hue. I was astonished at its burning in such mighty depths of snow; but Gwenny said that the wicked men had been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit, for their fire to have its way. And now they had a mighty pile, which must have covered five landyards square, heaped up to a goodly height and eager to take fire.

In this I saw great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of candles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours time, and getting more and more in drink as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, helping the weight of the liquor; and in their jollity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it.

"Sweetest, in two hours' time I shall be again with you. Keep the bar up and have Gwenny ready to answer any one. You are safe while they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff; and before they have done with that I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gwenny must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait a little; and then knock twice, very softly."

With this I folded her in my arms; and she

looked frightened at me, not having perceived her danger: and then I told Gwenny over again what I had told her mistress; but she only nodded her head and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight I found that the weather, not often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming so hostile, had in the most important matter done me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparent lay through the main Doonee-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durst not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-starved as well as partly frozen; and as for Gwenny's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end how to get them out; the passage by the Doonee-gate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the snowy moors and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the shortest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of avalanche: so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but revelling), they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent, where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, to wit, the water-slide. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now; for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like with so much snow upon him. But to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high over head from the cliff, like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the north-east wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from blocking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my water-slide was now less a slide than path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them, even while congealing; and crossed with little steps wherever the freezing torrent lingered. And here and there the ice was firmed with the trail of sludge-weed, slanting from the side, and matted, so as to make resting-place.

Lo it was easy track and channel, as if for the very purpose made, down which I could

guide my sledge with Lorna sitting in it. There were only two things to be feared: one lest the rolls of snow above should fall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too fast, and so be carried headlong into the black whirlpool at the bottom, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout bar across; but of the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough hot for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming-pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my excitement, though her own was not much less, I am sure, and enhanced by sore anxiety. Then I gave very strict directions to Annie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even endeavoured to flatter Eliza, lest she should be disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about me; the former, because I had sharp work to do; and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great cold, to my comrades. Also I carried some other provisions, grieving much at their coldness; and then I went to the upper linhay and took our new light pony-sledd, which had been made almost as much for pleasure as for business; though God only knows how our girls could have found any pleasure in bumping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I durst not take the pony with it; in the first place, because his hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow; and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a dozen turns of hay-rope, twisting both the ends in under at the bottom of my breast, and winding the hay on the skew a little, that the hempen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. I put a good piece of spare rope in the sledd, and the cross seat with the back to it, which was stuffed with our own wool, as well as two or three fur coats: and then just as I was starting, out came Annie, in spite of the cold, panting for fear of missing me, and with nothing on her head, but a lantern in one hand.

"Oh, John, here is the most wonderful thing! Mother has never shown it before; and I can't think how she could make up her mind. She

had gotten it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worthy fifty pounds, or a farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sledd. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Oh you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me. "Over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis; "but don't tell mother I said so, Annie. Only thank her very kindly."

With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sledd came after me as lightly as a dog might follow; and Annie with the lantern seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty lamp-post.

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the labouring trees. In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision: hills looked nigh and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-long-legs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapour girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, Could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sledd by any fall from the valley-cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow

chasm, and so to the very brink and verge where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to lay across from rock to rock and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sledd quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack-fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inwards, and I glided along the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hands up, and a crucifix or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck, and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my schoolfellow; but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift,

which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sledd, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sledd, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her; and when I told her not to speak she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sledd's too rapid way, and brought my grown love safely out, by the selfsame road which first had led me to her girlish fancy and my boyish slavery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out to lighten the sledd and to push behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest labour I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farmhouse.

Gwenny's nose was touched with frost before we had gone much further, because she would not keep it quiet and snug beneath the sealskin. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Eliza had taught me; and Gwenny scolding all the time, as if myself

had frozen it. Lorna was now so far oppressed with all the troubles of the evening and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moonlight—when we stole a glance at her beneath the dark folds of the cloak; and I thought that she was falling into the heavy snow-sleep whence there is no awaking.

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along at a merry pace, although with many joltings, which must have sent my darling out into the cold snow-drifts but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of many hindrances, we came home to the old courtyard, and all the dogs saluted us. My heart was quivering and my cheeks as hot as the Doones' bonfire, with wondering both what Lorna would think of our farmyard and what my mother would think of her. Upon the former subject my anxiety was wasted, for Lorna neither saw a thing nor even opened her heavy eyes. And as to what mother would think of her, she was certain not to think at all, until she had cried over her.

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sledd was at the open door with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one—that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sledd, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom wherever a speck of snow lay. Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keep out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin cloak, where Lorna lay unconscious and where her precious breath hung frozen, like a silver cobweb; but I caught up Betty's broom and flung it clean away over the corn-chamber; and then I put the others by and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said; "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her

black hair all dishevelled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weeping and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taime to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. Ther be vainer vish in the zea—Lor, but her be a booty!"

With this they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and pease, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right heartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember), and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come; and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do with it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the whiles of eating, and even while she licked the spoon: and then there came a message for me that my love was sensible and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Gwenny to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long ago; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereupon I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the pease upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I went to see my dear.

That sight I shall not forget till my dying head falls back and my breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Lorna, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fire-place. In her eyes no knowledge was of anything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning towards anything. Only both her lovely hands were entreating something to

spare her or to love her; and the lines of supplication quivered in her sad white face.

"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and everybody knew it. Then mother came to me alone and she said, "The frost is in her brain: I have heard of this before, John." "Mother, I will have it out," was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether: only you sit there and watch." For I felt that Lorna knew me and no other soul but me: and that if not interfered with, she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And presently the glance that watched me, as at distance and in doubt, began to flutter and to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to beam with trust and love, and then with gathering tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small, entreating hands found their way, as if by instinct, to my great protecting palms; and trembled there and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyond the presence of the other; both alike so full of hope, and comfort, and true happiness, if only the world would let us be. And then a little sob disturbed us, and mother tried to make believe that she was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she almost set her frock on fire from the great ash log, and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the clock-case pretending to be knitting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.

RODS AND KISSES.

All blessings ask a blessed mood;
The garnish here is more than meat;
Happy who takes sweet gratitude;
Next best, though bitter, is regret.

'Tis well if on the tempest's gloom
You see the covenant of God;
But far, far happier he on whom
The kiss works better than the rod.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE WOOPER.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning when we were thrang,

Our kirk was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That aye at the door chapt loud and lang.

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;

For a chap at the door, in braid daylight,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,

Wha stood without, half-cow'd, half-cheerie,
And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crouselly ben.

His coat was new, and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cozie and bein;

But an wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straikeit,
And looked about, like a body half glaiket,
On bonny sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.

"Ha ha!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean—

An elderlin' man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife; "I trow,
You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hemm'd and he law'd, and he screw'd in his
mouth,

And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands be-
tween;

For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"

"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douce and respektit."—"I care na a bodle,
I'll banck na' my hive, and my fancy's free."

Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;

For wooers that come when the sun shines bright
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud muttered he,

"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and
Tweed O,

Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and
widow,

May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,

For a' his loud bannin' cared little, I ween;

For an wooer that comes in braid daylight

Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

Complaint of the Bird in a Darkened Cage.
—"Ah!" the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering?—For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

On the Death of Young Children.—Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.¹ Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life: hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence, before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

The Prophetic Dew-drops.—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops,² that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noon-day: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them

in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop into heaven.

Female Tongues.—Hippil, the author of the book *Upon Marriage*, says—"A woman that does not talk must be a stupid woman. But Hippil is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men. In general, the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge.—However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artisans—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers—have this habit, as well as hypochondriacal tendencies, in common with women.—Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

Forgiveness.—Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

Great Men.—The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Hernhuters (the Moravian Brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods

¹ Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight—supposing them to live to old age.

² If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood—therefore is it that, in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world, our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

The Grandeur of Man in his Littleness.—Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Night.—The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought, in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night, as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

The Stars.—Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

Martyrdom.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus di Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.—Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

The Quarrels of Friends.—Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is, that we, hard fields of ice, shock together so harshly, whilst all the while, under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years, we are rapidly dissolving.

Dreaming.—But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tessellated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

Dignity of Man in Self-sacrifice.—That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child; in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit; but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases: with the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honour; with the republican, it is liberty.

Fancy.—Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

Derham remarks, in his Physico-theology, that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise; as, for instance, during the ringing of bells, &c. This must be the reason that the thundering of drums, cannons, &c., accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

—Translated by T. De Quincey.

THE SEED AND FRUIT.

BY LEWIS KINGSLEY.

'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine
 When in the press it's trampled on,
 But healing sacramental wine,
 The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
 Christ's life, free-given for our own.

'Tis not with angry stroke but kind,
 The sculptor hews the marble stone;
 His blows, their scars, if we will mind,
 But loose the angel there confined—
 An angel from a shapeless stone!

'Twas not in wrath, the psalmist old,
 His inspired hand swept o'er the strings
 And vexed his harp with beatings bold:
 A purer, holier music rolled
 E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
 When we its meaning full divine—
 From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
 By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
 From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
 All seeming ills shall prove to be
 Each one the seed for harvests near:
 "Though Christ was dead, he is not here;"
 There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
 Ere we the resurrection see.

*Harper's Magazine.*DANIEL O'ROURKE.¹

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower! I knew the man well; he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair and a red nose: and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from

the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and may be give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy-woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenough, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my


¹ The *Quarterly Review* said that this humorous tale was "a fine Dutch picture of nightmare, rivalling in its way the sublimer vision of Burns." It is from the *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*.

barren place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well; wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'Tis, sir,' says I; so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much; and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who tends mass well, and never flings stones at me nor mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog; besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuasion:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility, and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up, up, up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely:—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put

down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick).

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why then, sure, I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you; and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon; and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.'

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('twas true enough for him, but

how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cock-thrown.'

"Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you!" says I. "You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard." 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke," said he: 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"Dan," said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words

to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know me? The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to

keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land, if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia?' said I: 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue: I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: 'If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it's just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"If you must, you must," said he. 'There, take your own way,' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I

gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that:' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me,—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own!

"Get up," said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *serve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

BY LORD BYRON.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.¹

¹ The above stanzas were written in March, 1815, for Mr. Power, and were set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Byron wrote of them: "I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and

ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands." Again he said, on these lines, "I pique myself as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote."

THE MASQUERADE.

[Mrs. Holland, born (Barbara Wreaks) in Sheffield, 1779; died, 1844. She was the author of about seventy different works, chiefly novels and moral tales, which obtained for her extensive favour, although they are little known in the present day. She was twice married, first to Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, who died two years after the marriage. During her widowhood she conducted a school in Harrogate, until her second marriage, to Mr. Thomas Christopher Holland, the landscape-painter. Her principal works are: *The Daughter-in-law*; *Emily*; *Captives in India*; *The Clergyman's Widow*; *Decision*; *Integrity*; *Self-denial*; *Fortitude*; *Tales of the Manor*; &c.]

"You surely will not persist, Emma, to refuse accompanying Lady Forester and her party to the masquerade?" said Alicia Clinton to her young friend, with a look of supplication.

"I certainly shall, my dear."

"But she has sent you a ticket, my dear girl; and she has persuaded my grandmamma there is no harm in it, and so decidedly renewed my wishes on the subject, that really —"

"Do not finish your sentence by saying 'really you intend to go.' Remember, dear Alicia, the peculiarity of your own situation. An affianced bride, long parted from the chosen of her heart, and newly arrived in this great mart of pleasure, is placed in a more delicate and perilous situation than a wife; for although her bonds are equally sacred, they are less obvious. Do not go."

"You speak, Emma, with as much seriousness as if I were going to do a positively wrong thing,—to be guilty of some unfeminine impropriety of the most reprehensible nature. Surely I have a right to a little innocent amusement, when I go in good company?"

"Very true, Alicia; but you also know that different definitions are given by different persons to words and things, and that no young woman who has given herself to another can act always upon her own conviction. No person for a moment will doubt that our fancy balls in the country, where each assumed a character, were as innocent as they were gay; but I apprehend a London crowd of people in masks, who are thereby privileged to address you, be they who they may, is a very different affair, and might subject a gentlewoman of correct manners to very embarrassing feelings."

"Impossible! when she is with a party. I promise you not to leave Lady Forester for a moment: no, I'll hang upon her like a drowning creature, rather than subject myself to

any attentions that could by possibility give future pain to your brother."

"But will you be able to do that? You have often compared Charles, in days past, to Captain Wentworth in the admirable novel of *Persuasion*, not only on account of his person and profession, but for that acute sensibility, and even fastidious perception, of the honourable, modest, and virtuous, in female character; and whilst admiring him have said, 'Would I were like Anne Musgravé, for his sake!' Now do you, *can* you think, that on the eve of her lover's return from a long and dangerous voyage, she could have given even her wishes to a masquerade?"

"No, Emma, she would not, I grant you; but we know that when the story commences she was five or six years older than I am; and these 'tamers of the human breast,' disappointment and comparative poverty, had impaired her spirits, diminished her beauty, and rendered her a pensive, gentle, stay-at-home sort of a person. Now, try as I may, I cannot become like her, for I have had indulgent friends, a plentiful fortune, and an attached lover; I cannot become compliant, and meek, and dejected, do what I will."

"But you can be, and have been, constant, tender, and affectionate. You are capable of the heroism of self-denial, of sacrificing the love of admiration, and the stimulus of curiosity, to a deeper and more endeared motive of action!"

As Emma uttered the last words she withdrew, perceiving she had made an impression on her gay friend, who soon began thus to soliloquize:—

"If I thought dear Charles would come to-day, or to-morrow, it is true I should not think of going: but seamen are so uncertain, and I may never have another opportunity; for he is very particular, and thinks so much of me, that I question if he would deem me safe, even in his own protection; he is so ardent, so sincere, so unlike everybody one sees——"

The tide of tender recollections now beginning to flow in the young beauty's bosom, would have soon restored her to her wonted feelings, if the cunning tempter had not arrived at this moment, and influenced her decision by reiterating her former entreaties, and adding the blandishments of well-acted interest in her lovely young friend,—who was little aware that her company was sought not only to add brilliance to the dowager's evening parties, but for the purpose of ensnaring her person and fortune, as the prize of some one of her ladyship's favourites.

So short a period intervened between the time when Alicia's promise was exacted and that when she was to be called for, that she found herself much at a loss how to procure a dress, such as she could approve herself, or please her new and her former friend by adopting.

"I will not be a flower-girl," said she, "for everybody says the rooms will overflow with them; and Lady Forester would laugh at me as a nun, or a tragic muse, or a Quaker: and suppose I were Thalia, or Rosalind, or Perdita, or a sultana, or even Diana, Emma might see something in my dress that would be painful to her; and she is so good, and loves me so truly, I could not bear to wound her. I could better bear the sneer of Lady Forester when she talks of blue-stockings ladies, and sentimental country misses than grieve dear Emma."

In this dilemma her grandmother suggested the idea of her wearing the dress of one of her female ancestors, as she appeared at the court of George II., and which had been carefully preserved in the family since that time. It was accordingly tried on by an ancient waiting-woman, proud of understanding bygone fashions; and was found to be not only splendid in general effect, but exceedingly becoming, and so perfectly adapted to her height and shape, that Emma herself declared it unexceptionable.

Thus attired, Alicia joined the motley party of Lady Forester, who appeared in the costume of Maria Theresa; and she proceeded to the masquerade, assuming no particular character, and of course affecting no theatrical graces; but by no means unconscious of the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her manners, and under the full persuasion that the novelty of the scene on which she was entering, and the abilities of those with whom she must mingle, would not fail to elicit her talents, and render her wit still more conspicuous than her person. She concluded that all the former abodes of gaiety in which she had found herself happy, and the cause of happiness to others, must be eclipsed for ever by this.

But, alas! those spirits that "live i' the sunbeam" of young hearts, and light young eyes with rapture, refused on this eventful evening to visit Alicia. When she indeed found herself one in the midst of a crowd, at once brilliant and low, the motley group, in their numbers and incongruity, oppressed her spirits; and she felt much more inclined to moralize on their characters, than laugh at their absurdities. This feeling increased when-

ever a domino appeared, for to the wearers of this dress her active imagination appended the office of an inquisitor; and she shrunk from every one that approached, as if he had the power to read alike her thoughts and her situation, and report both to her disadvantage.

She was compelled to resign her reflections, and exert herself to recover those powers of mind, and, if possible, obtain that vivacity for which she was so generally admired; but her efforts to this end were paralyzed by the fulsome adulation of a grand Turk, who belonged to the party, and the teasing attentions of a beau of the last century, who considered himself privileged to address her. As neither of them had either wit, or even the technicalities which belonged to the forms they assumed, effrontery and stupidity appeared to Alicia their only characteristics; but she had not the power of even satirizing these tormentors, for the Hungarian queen, her chaperone, did not allow her the power of addressing her. Under the pretext of supporting her character, she threw her on the attentions of one or other so decidedly as to render her sense of impropriety extremely painful.

This increased to alarm, when she found the disciple of Lord Chesterfield vanished, and the officious Turk her sole attendant, at the very time when she lost Lady Forester, and the humble companion who accompanied her. As she insisted on following them immediately, she was compelled to accept the stranger's arm and guidance, and hear with burning cheek and heaving bosom his self-gratulations on her soft compliance, no longer uttered in the feigned voice he had previously adopted. Tears of vexation and self-reproach rose to her eye, which she cast round in vain for her conductress to this now hateful scene, when she was interrupted in her path by a mask, who appeared to personate a dumb slave, and, being arrayed in the Turkish costume, by his gestures invited her conductor to follow him.

Glad of any interruption, Alicia expressed her willingness to do so; but the representative of an imperial despot determinately resisted her entreaties in this respect, and dismissed the slave, who lost not a moment in darting through the crowd, and with more courage than complaisance compelled Lady Forester to return with him. Alicia's short but pointed reproof effectually silenced the sarcasms the *friend* was prepared to pour on our mortified heroine; in consequence of which, that amiable personage determined to mortify her, by remaining at the place till the latest moment, being fully aware of Alicia's desire to quit it.

Whatever might be her wishes, or those of the Turk, her friend, it was evident that their designs were in a great measure neutralized by the intrusion of the dumb slave, who seemed determined never to leave them, and who stood a battery of observations directed at him, if not to him, with a *sang froid* that really communicated the idea that he was deaf, as well as dumb. At length, however, he made a sudden start, and ran off, to the evident pleasure of the party; but Alicia had by this time so far recovered her self-possession, and was so certain from the extreme thinness of the rooms, that she must be soon relieved, that she determined to sustain with calmness the remainder of that wearisome time she was called on to endure.

At length their carriage drew up, and under the sickly daylight of a cold spring morning, Alicia drove home, exhausted and harassed, with feelings estranged from her companions, and penitent towards her beloved Emma.

As she arrived at the door of her revered relative, a post-chaise and four drove from it: the circumstance struck her as extraordinary; and she eagerly inquired of the servant in waiting, who was in the carriage that had driven thence.

"Captain Alderson, ma'am; he arrived last night after you were gone. Miss Alderson is up and in the breakfast parlour."

Thither Alicia went in extreme agitation. Joy that her lover had arrived, sorrow that she had been absent, and anger that he could have left the house without seeing her, were strangely mingled in her bosom; but fear for the consequences of that conduct which had cost her already so much vexation was her predominant sensation. Seizing the hand of Emma, she exclaimed—

"Tell me in a moment what is the meaning of all this? Charles (poor Charles, from whom we have been so long parted!) has been here and is gone!"

"Yes, he arrived unfortunately before you had left us half an hour. I was very sorry you lost the pleasure of receiving him, for he is looking so well, and is every way so entirely himself; so kind, and frank, and noble-hearted."

"But why did he go? How could he go without seeing me, knowing that I came to London to meet him?"

"He had promised a sick boy, his midshipman, not to part from him till he had given him in charge to his own widowed mother at Tunbridge. He sent an express to this lady, and ordered a post-chaise to be here at six,

before he came hither. It stood at the door half an hour, in the hope of your arrival, when, finding the patient became feverish from anxiety, he set out—a little vexed at your delay—but losing his own troubles in his cares for the invalid. You know how tender he is towards all who suffer."

Alicia threw down her mask, hastily unclasped her necklace, and, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, burst into a passion of tears. At length she exclaimed—

"And from such a man as this, so generous to others, so disinterested for himself, so confiding in me, I could flee to mingle in a crowd of strangers, to hear nonsense I despised, and witness folly I could not——"

"Were you not amused, then, after all?"

"No! not for a single half-hour: beyond the first five minutes (in which the novelty of the scene struck me) I found it insupportably dull. I tried to fancy I was in the carnival of Italy, of which one has read so much; but it would not do; there was no exhilarating sun above me, no flashes of merriment or beams of wit around me, and I was teased to death with two stupid coxcombs, who——"

"Were driven away by a third."

These words were not spoken by Emma. Alicia started, looked up, and with inexpressible emotion beheld Charles himself before her. The cause of his return was soon explained: he had met the anxious mother whom he sought, placed her son in her care, and returned immediately. Alicia heard this account—and her head again sunk on the bosom of Emma, anxious to hide there the traces of her past tears, and the blushes which now lighted her pale cheeks. The lover complained of his reception, adding that she "could give a better to a black slave."

"Ha!" cried Alicia, "is my past folly already known to you?"

The lover threw himself at her feet, in such an attitude as to show that he had himself been her attendant under that disguise.

Alicia's countenance was half smiles, half tears, as she extended her arms to raise him. She felt assured that Charles had read the mortification of her heart, and approved her manners, though he might blame her appearance at the masquerade; and in this sweet conviction she almost forgave herself, though she ingeniously told the solicitude of Emma to save her from committing an action, which, in her present circumstances, might be deemed one of folly and unkindness.

"My sister's kindness was worthy of herself, and beneficial to me," returned the lover: "for

finding her ticket on the mantle-piece, I was induced to avail myself of it, unknown to any one but my own servant, and by taking the only dress I could procure, to effect relief to you from evident annoyance. I cannot regret an incident which enabled me to read a new page in the heart of her to whom I have been so long and profoundly attached; but never again may I have the pain of fearing to find its innocent gaiety misconstrued, or its purity sullied, by the unfeminine absurdities of a public masquerade!"

WORK.

[Alice Cary, born 1820; died at New York, 12th February, 1871. An American poet who during a life of much suffering and some privation, produced many beautiful lyrics. Horace Greeley, who knew her well, said of her:—"I do not believe that she ever wrote one line that she did not thoroughly believe to be true, and calculated to convey instruction or pleasure—often both—to her readers. She concentrated all her powers and energies on the task of making truth more palpable and good, more acceptable to hungry, waiting souls." Her sister, Phebe, also wrote verse and prose for the magazines.]

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown:
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and hily.
Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand like a man—
The best way to *know* is to *do*!

Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.

Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

THE SONGSTRESS.¹

The opera was over. Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta, and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison with the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature), and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,² upon whose head, worn gray during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the siren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,³ who had be-

¹ The above is abridged from a little work published sometime ago at Leipzig, under the title of *Henrietta die schöne Sängerin*, which excited much attention in Germany. The story is founded on fact. The real name of the heroine was Mlle Sontag.

² Marshal Von Branchitzsch, then governor of Berlin.

³ Gemmstoff and Wilke.

come close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *coquise* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the hotel, or where?"

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied. The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. But, as the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) we turn with pleasure to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was anything but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling; but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer desanting in no-measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the *gasthof* were duly numbered, including a *young man* (of whom the rest knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was of superior presence, although his dress did not indicate a man of opulence.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's *salon* were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen," who in a moment or two entered the apartment.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about twelve o'clock), on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went that he absolutely slept in two waistcoats and a cravat of the finest mixture—and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried in the most fashionable attire—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Bruckbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Bruckbaner, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so

gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learned that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute passed before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize."¹

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

The beautiful songstress, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance. Werner, however, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

The others quitted the house, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere² carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer satisfactorily, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries). The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and be favoured with an interview in

the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and everything around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp.

"I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor.

"Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's *Titian*," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a chord had been touched, which continued to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and curious (womanlike) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for

¹ Matter-of-fact.

² Molliere, an officer of artillery.

it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in the *world*, and what in *your heart*: whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted her, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—

"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and yours. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?"

She did not answer, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her

leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects; that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the university. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully engaged to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learned with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the count; but assured his excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as literally speaking every place had been long engaged.

The count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it,

said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false

light. The prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well then, I will proceed to unfold to you the *whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I will not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother: and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to a private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble excellent girl, come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter*!" and at the same moment the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing towards the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happi-

ness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour:—and that our old friends of the — &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;

He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how sullen he would be.

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry philip when he'd done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite;
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?

A wound he may,
Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone.
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

WM. CARTWRIGHT (1651).

TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

[George Payn Rainsford James, born in London, 1801; died at Venice, 9th June, 1860. At the age of seventeen he began to contribute short tales and sketches to various periodicals. In 1825, by the advice of Washington Irving and encouraged by Sir Walter Scott, he wrote his first novel *Richelieu*. The success of that work was followed by a rapid stream of other novels, chiefly of an historical character. He produced nearly eighty different works, of which the most notable are: *Darnley*; *Henry Masterman*; *John Marston Hall*; *Arrah Nial*; *Goverie, or the King's Plot*; *Life of Edward the Black Prince*; *Morley Erastin*; *The Robber*; *The Huguenot*; *Henry of Guise*; *The King's Highway*; &c. &c. His works were popular, although they were condemned by some critics for their lack of invention in incident and character. Leigh Hunt made a fair estimate of the author: "I hail every fresh publication of James, though I half know what he is going to do with his lady and his gentleman, and his landscape, and his mystery, and his orthodoxy, and his criminal trial. But I am charmed with the new amusement which he brings out of old materials. I look on him as I look on a musician, famous for his 'variations.'" In 1852 Mr. James was appointed British consul at Richmond, Virginia, and afterwards consul at Venice.]

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, lying about ten miles from Faringdon House, were all awake, and up, and with anxious eyes gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in

her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe: let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A.D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the daytime. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are fleeing!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are fleeing! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those bloodthirsty fanatics. They are fleeing: do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the Round-heads who flee. Though Goring and his Cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that flee themselves. But look out, look out; your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though by this time the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and as they darted past the house she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are the rebels fleeing for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone; "they may be the followers and not the fliers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are fleeing, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer; and in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was at first the only sound; but the moment after, the

horse which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh seemed at once to express its sorrow, and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's-boy, Bridget: open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste: and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the Cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree, and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favour.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord hath smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here: wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get

you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster Roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair, as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say—that is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that, it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the Roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young Cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisting kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two Cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick, "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promise they had made to the stranger or their remonstrances to himself,

had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of Heaven, I will hang this Roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young Cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the Cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honour, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he stayed. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round for a moment in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he at length, "if he stayed but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fireplace, as if not to witness the escape of the Roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon

Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length he said in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether—"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and now I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel: and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and, under the name of lord-general, ruled with more power than a king. In the meanwhile Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs: and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Amongst the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much

desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to bear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay,—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself at once to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers, and ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying towards the Tower of London. His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed for some time with equal agony upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away, and left the prison.

It was in that great and unequalled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangour of trumpets and all the pomp and splendour both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce; and officers, dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal

figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout, broad-built man, with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there for ever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the *Institute of Government*, by which, amongst other things, the lord-general, Oliver Cromwell, was named lord-protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession towards the door of the hall; but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet. "An act of grace, lord-protector!" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldst thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; "somewhere I have seen thy face before; what wouldst thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Farringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him, "and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse,

stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and fleeing from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life, and was successful: otherwise, lord-protector, I tell thee, thou wouldest never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was as dark as thunder; and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now, let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers: her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on towards that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade which conveyed the usurper back to his palace passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendour in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the Tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!—Henry is pardoned!"

THE HEART'S PROPHECIES.

Be not amazed at life; 'tis still
The mode of God with his elect
Their hopes exactly to fulfil
In times and ways they least expect.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky
If they light in some noble family.
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business and the state
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.

Little the inexperienced wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo,
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock dressed,
Wears but a gayer livery at best;—
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat;
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deigned the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual man;
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cup in hand;
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
For mere board wages such their freedom sell;
Slaves to an hour and vassals to a bell;
And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but prisoners out upon parole.
Always the marks of slavery remain.
And they, though loose, still drag about their chain;

And where the mighty prospect after all?
A chaplainship served up and seven years' thrall,
The menial thing, perhaps, for a reward
Is to some slender benefice preferred;
With this proviso bound that he must wed
My lady's antiquated waiting-maid,
In dressing only skilled and marmelade.

JOHN OLDHAM (died 1688).

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

WORKERS IN ART.

[Samuel Smiles, born in Haddington, East Lothian, 23d December, 1812. Educated as a surgeon, and practised for some time in his native town. He renounced medicine for literature and railways. He succeeded Robert Nicol, the poet, as editor of the *Leeds Times*; but he has spent the greater part of his life as secretary, first to the Leeds and Thirsk, and then to the South-Eastern Railways. As an author he has won high reputation throughout Europe and America. His principal works are: *The Life of George Stephenson*, of which over 40,000 copies have been sold in this country, whilst two publishers have issued it in America; *Self-Help*—from which our extract is taken; this work has been translated into French, Italian, German, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, and Japanese; *The Lives of the Engineers*; *Industrial Biography*; *The Huguenots*, their Settlements, Industries, and Churches in England and Ireland; &c. He has also contributed many articles to the *Quarterly Review* on railways and similar subjects. Sir Stafford Northcote said: "No more interesting books have been published of late years than those of Mr. Smiles."]

Excellence in art, as in everything else, can only be achieved by dint of painstaking labour. There is nothing less accidental than the painting of a fine picture or the chiselling of a noble statue. Every skilled touch of the artist's brush or chisel, though guided by genius, is the product of unremitting study.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was such a believer in the force of industry, that he held that artistic excellence, "however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of Heaven, may be acquired." Writing to Barry he said, "Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment that he rises till he goes to bed." And on another occasion he said, "Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labour." But although diligent application is no doubt absolutely necessary for the achievement of the highest distinction in art, it is equally true that without the inborn genius no amount of mere industry, however well applied, will make an artist. The gift comes by nature, but is perfected by self-culture, which is of more avail than all the imparted education of the schools.

Some of the greatest artists have had to force their way upward in the face of poverty and manifold obstructions. Illustrious instances will at once flash upon the reader's mind. Claude Lorraine, the pastry-cook; Tintoretto, the dyer; the two Caravaggios, the one a colour-grinder, the other a mortar-carrier at the

Vatican; Salvator Rosa, the associate of bandits; Giotto, the peasant boy; Zingaro, the gipsy; Cavedone, turned out of doors to beg by his father; Canova, the stone-cutter; these, and many other well-known artists, succeeded in achieving distinction by severe study and labour, under circumstances the most adverse.

Nor have the most distinguished artists of our own country been born in a position of life more than ordinarily favourable to the culture of artistic genius. Gainsborough and Bacon were the sons of cloth-workers; Barry was an Irish sailor-boy, and MacIise a banker's apprentice at Cork; Opie and Romney, like Inigo Jones, were carpenters; West was the son of a small Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania; Northcote was a watchmaker, Jackson a tailor, and Etty a printer; Reynolds, Wilson, and Wilkie were the sons of clergymen; Lawrence was the son of a publican, and Turner of a barber. Several of our painters, it is true, originally had some connection with art, though in a very humble way,—such as Flaxman, whose father sold plaster casts; Bird, who ornamented tea-trays; Martin, who was a coach-painter; Wright and Gilpin, who were ship-painters; Chantrey, who was a carver and gilder; and David Cox, Stanfield, and Roberts, who were scene-painters.

It was not by luck or accident that these men achieved distinction, but by sheer industry and hard work. Though some achieved wealth, yet this was rarely, if ever, their ruling motive. Indeed, no mere love of money could sustain the efforts of the artist in his early career of self-denial and application. The pleasure of the pursuit has always been its best reward; the wealth which followed but an accident. Many noble-minded artists have preferred following the bent of their genius, to chaffering with the public for terms. Spagnoletto verified in his life the beautiful fiction of Xenophon, and after he had acquired the means of luxury, preferred withdrawing himself from their influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour. When Michael Angelo was asked his opinion respecting a work which a painter had taken great pains to exhibit for profit, he said, "I think that he will be a poor fellow so long as he shows such an extreme eagerness to become rich."

Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, Michael Angelo was a great believer in the force of labour; and he held that there was nothing which the imagination conceived that could not be embodied in marble, if the hand were made vigorously to obey the mind. He was himself one of the most indefatigable of workers; and he attri-

buted his power of studying for a greater number of hours than most of his contemporaries to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all he required for the chief part of the day when employed at his work; and very frequently he rose in the middle of the night to resume his labours. On these occasions it was his practice to fix the candle, by the light of which he chiselled, on the summit of a pasteboard cap which he wore. Sometimes he was too wearied to undress, and he slept in his clothes, ready to spring to his work so soon as refreshed by sleep. He had a favourite device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass upon it bearing the inscription, *Ancora imparo!* Still I am learning.

Titian, also, was an indefatigable worker. His celebrated "Pietro Martire" was eight years in hand, and his "Last Supper" seven. In his letter to Charles V. he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper' after working at it almost daily for seven years—*dopo sette anni lavorandovi quasi continuamente.*" Few think of the patient labour and long training involved in the greatest works of the artist. They seem easy and quickly accomplished, yet with how great difficulty has this ease been acquired. "You charge me fifty sequins," said the Venetian nobleman to the sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labour." "You forget," said the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Once when Domenichino was blamed for his slowness in finishing a picture which was bespoke, he made answer, "I am continually painting it within myself." It was eminently characteristic of the industry of the late Sir Augustus Calcott, that he made not fewer than forty separate sketches in the composition of his famous picture of "Rochester." This constant repetition is one of the main conditions of success in art, as in life itself.

No matter how generous nature has been in bestowing the gift of genius, the pursuit of art is nevertheless a long and continuous labour. Many artists have been precocious, but without diligence their precocity would have come to nothing. The anecdote related of West is well known. When only seven years old, struck with the beauty of the sleeping infant of his eldest sister whilst watching by its cradle, he ran to seek some paper, and forthwith drew its portrait in red and black ink. The little incident revealed the artist in him, and it was found impossible to draw him from his bent. West might have been a greater painter, had he not been injured by too early success: his fame, though great, was not purchased by

study, trials, and difficulties, and it has not been enduring.

Richard Wilson, when a mere child, indulged himself with tracing figures of men and animals on the walls of his father's house with a burned stick. He first directed his attention to portrait-painting; but when in Italy, calling one day at the house of Zucarelli, and growing weary with waiting, he began painting the scene on which his friend's chamber window looked. When Zucarelli arrived, he was so charmed with the picture that he asked if Wilson had not studied landscape, to which he replied that he had not. "Then I advise you," said the other, "to try; for you are sure of great success." Wilson adopted the advice, studied and worked hard, and became our first great English landscape-painter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, forgot his lessons, and took pleasure only in drawing, for which his father was accustomed to rebuke him. The boy was destined for the profession of physick, but his strong instinct for art could not be repressed, and he became a painter. Gainsborough went sketching, when a school-boy, in the woods of Sudbury; and at twelve he was a confirmed artist: he was a keen observer and a hard worker,—no picturesque feature of any scene he had once looked upon escaping his diligent pencil. William Blake, a hosier's son, employed himself in drawing designs on the backs of his father's shop-bills, and making sketches on the counter. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colours was purchased for him, and his father, desirous of turning his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays! Out of this trade he gradually raised himself, by study and labour, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Hogarth, though a very dull boy at his lessons, took pleasure in making drawings of the letters of the alphabet, and his school exercises were more remarkable for the ornaments with which he embellished them, than for the matter of the exercises themselves. In the latter respect he was beaten by all the blockheads of the school, but in his adornments he stood alone. His father put him apprentice to a silversmith, where he learned to draw, and also to engrave spoons and forks with crests and ciphers. From silver-chasing he went on to teach himself engraving on copper, principally griffins and monsters of heraldry, in the course of which practice he became ambitious to delineate the varieties of human character.

The singular excellence which he reached in this art was mainly the result of careful observation and study. He had the gift, which he sedulously cultivated, of committing to memory the precise features of any remarkable face, and afterwards reproducing them on paper; but if any singularly fantastic form or *outré* face came in his way he would make a sketch of it on the spot, upon his thumb-nail, and carry it home to expand at his leisure. Everything fantastical and original had a powerful attraction for him, and he wandered into many out-of-the-way places for the purpose of meeting with character. By this careful storing of his mind he was afterwards enabled to crowd an immense amount of thought and treasured observation into his works. Hence it is that Hogarth's pictures are so truthful a memorial of the character, the manners, and even the very thoughts of the times in which he lived. True painting, he himself observed, can only be learned in one school, and that is kept by Nature. But he was not a highly cultivated man, except in his own walk. His school education had been of the slenderest kind, scarcely even perfecting him in the art of spelling; his self-culture did the rest. For a long time he was in very straitened circumstances, but nevertheless worked on with a cheerful heart. Poor though he was, he contrived to live within his small means, and he boasted, with becoming pride, that he was "a punctual paymaster." When he had conquered all his difficulties and become a famous and thriving man, he loved to dwell upon his early labours and privations, and to fight over again the battle which ended so honourably to him as a man and so gloriously as an artist. "I remember the time," said he on one occasion, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets."

"Industry and perseverance" was the motto of the sculptor Banks, which he acted on himself, and strongly recommended to others. His well-known kindness induced many aspiring youths to call upon him and ask for his advice and assistance; and it is related that one day a boy called at his door to see him with this object, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks over-hearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if you please, to

be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo—and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home—sketched and worked with redoubled diligence—and, at the end of the month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better; but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door, his drawing much improved; and Banks bid him be of good cheer, for if spared he would distinguish himself. The boy was Mulready; and the sculptor's augury was amply fulfilled.

The fame of Claude Lorraine is partly explained by his indefatigable industry. Born at Champagne, in Lorraine, of poor parents, he was first apprenticed to a pastry-cook. His brother, who was a wood-carver, afterwards took him into his shop to learn that trade. Having there shown indications of artistic skill, a travelling dealer persuaded the brother to allow Claude to accompany him to Italy. He assented, and the young man reached Rome, where he was shortly after engaged by Agostino Tassi, the landscape-painter, as his house-servant. In that capacity Claude first learned landscape-painting, and in course of time he began to produce pictures. We next find him making the tour of Italy, France, and Germany, occasionally resting by the way to paint landscapes, and thereby replenish his purse. On returning to Rome he found an increasing demand for his works, and his reputation at length became European. He was unwearied in the study of nature in her various aspects. It was his practice to spend a great part of his time in closely copying buildings, bits of ground, trees, leaves, and such like, which he finished in detail, keeping the drawings by him in store for the purpose of introducing them in his studied landscapes. He also gave close attention to the sky, watching it for whole days from morning till night, and noting the various changes occasioned by the passing clouds and the increasing and waning light. By this constant practice he acquired, although it is said very slowly, such a mastery of hand and eye as eventually secured for him the first rank among landscape-painters.

Turner, who has been styled "the English Claude," pursued a career of like laborious industry. He was destined by his father for his own trade of a barber, which he carried on in

London, until one day the sketch which the boy had made of a coat of arms on a silver salver having attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving, the latter was urged to allow his son to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to follow art as a profession. Like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that his circumstances were so straitened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble it might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half-a-crown a night to wash in skies in Indian ink upon other people's drawings, getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertness. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slurring over his work because he was ill-remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus laboured was sure to do much; and his growth in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." But Turner's genius needs no panegyric; his best monument is the noble gallery of pictures bequeathed by him to the nation, which will ever be the most lasting memorial of his fame.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."—Isaiah xliiv. 4.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining
Of the greenest darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

—*The Christian Year.*

SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree;
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay—
And why should not I be as merry as they?

M. R. MITFORD.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither; that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's

houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, uncompensated, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my

life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" so say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As, for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children

have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good-man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take

to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose: till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has often been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good-man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that “decent affection and complacent kindness” towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation she will cry, “I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. — as a great wit.” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, “This, my dear, is your good Mr. —.” One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. — speak of me before marriage, and that

she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations: for from her husband's representations of me she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words): the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. — did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners; for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum; therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of —.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations.

Let them amend and change their manners,
or I promise to record the full-length English
of their names, to the terror of all such des-
perate offenders in future.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.¹

Jack Doran's cottage, from a bare hillside,
Look'd out across the bogland black and wide,
Where some few ridges broke the swarthy soil,
A patch of culture, won with patient toil.
The walls were mud, around an earthen floor,
Straw-ropes held on the thatch, and by his door
A screen of wattles fenced the wind away,
For open wide from morn till dusk it lay,
A stool perhaps across, for barring out
The too familiar porker's greedy snout.
Thieves were undreamt-of, vagrants not repell'd,
The poor man's dole the pauper's budget swell'd,
A gift of five potatoes, gently given,
Or fist of meal, repaid with hopes of Heaven.

There Jack and Maureen, Neal their only son,
And daughter Bridget, saw the seasons run;
Poor but contented peasants, warm and kind,
Of hearty manners, and religious mind;
Busy to make their little corner good,
And full of health, upon the homeliest food.
They tasted flesh-meat hardly thrice a year,
Crock-butter, when the times were not too dear,
Salt herring as a treat, as luxury
For Sunday mornings and cold weather, tea;
Content they were if milk the noggins crown'd,
What time their oatmeal-strabout went round,
Or large potatoes, teeming from the pot,
Descended to the basket, smoking hot,—
Milk of its precious butter duly stript,
Wherewith to Lismamoy young Biddy tripp'd.
Not poor they seem'd to neighbours poorer still,
As Doran's father was, ere bog and hill
Gave something for his frugal fight of years
'Gainst marsh and rock, and furze with all its
spears,

¹ From *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, or the New Land-
lord*, a poem in twelve chapters (Macmillan & Co.)
In his preface to a new edition (1889) Mr. Allingham
says: "Seven centuries are nearly finished since the
political connection began between England and
Ireland; and yet Ireland remains to this hour not a
well-known country to the general British public. To
do something, however small, towards making it better
understood, is the aim of this little book." He adds
that since the poem "first appeared in *Fraser's Mag-
azine*, the aspect of Irish affairs has changed in several
particulars," and refers, with satisfaction, to the in-
creased attention given to them by Parliament.

And round the cottage an oasis green
Amidst the dreary wilderness was seen.
Two hardy cows the pail and churn supplied,
Short-legg'd, big-boned, with rugged horns and
wide,

That each good spot among the heather knew,
And every blade that by the runnels grew,
Roved on the moor at large, but meekly came
With burden'd udders to delight the dame,
And in its turn the hoarded stocking swell'd
Which envious neighbours in their dreams be-
held;

At thought whereof were bumpkins fain to cast
Sheep's eyes at comely Bridget as she pass'd
With napkin-shaded basket many a morn;
But every bumpkin Bridget laugh'd to scorn.

Who at an evening dance more blithe than
she?—

With steps and changes, modest in their glee,
So true she foots it, and so hard to tire,
Whilst Phil the Fiddler's elbow jerks like fire,
That courting couples turn their heads to look,
And elders praise her from the chimney-nook
Amidst their pipes, old stories, and fresh news.
From twenty decent boys might Bridget choose;
For, put the jigs aside, her skill was known
To help a neighbour's work, or speed her own,
And where at *kemp* or *kayley*² could be found
One face more welcome, all the country round?
Mild oval face, a freckle here and there,
Clear eyes, broad forehead, dark abundant hair,
Pure placid look that show'd a gentle nature,
Firm, unperplex'd, were hers; the Maiden's
stature

Graceful arose, and strong, to middle height,
With fair round arms, and footstep free and
light;

She was not showy, she was always neat,
In every gesture native and complete,
Disliking noise, yet neither dull nor slack,
Could throw a rustic banter briskly back,
Reserved but ready, innocently shrewd,—
In brief, a charming flower of Womanhood.

The girl was rich, in health, good temper,
beauty,

Work to be done, amusement after duty,
Clear undistracted mind, and tranquil heart,
Well-wishers, in whose thoughts she had her
part,

A decent father, a religious mother,
The pride of all the parish in a brother,
And Denis Coyle for sweetheart, where the voice
Of Jack and Maureen praised their daughter's
choice.

² *Kemp*, a meeting of girls for sewing, spinning, or
other work, ending with a dance. *Kayley*, a casual
gathering of neighbours for gossip.

More could she ask for? grief and care not yet,
Those old tax-gatherers, dunn'd her for their
debt;
Youth's joyous landscape round her footsteps lay,
And her own sunshine made the whole world gay.

Jack and his wife, through earlier wedded
years,
Untroubled with far-sighted hopes and fears,
Within their narrow circle not unskill'd,
Their daily duties cautiously fulfill'd
Of house and farm, of bargain and of pray'r;
And gave the Church and gave the Poor a share;
Each separate gift by angels put in score
As plain as though 'twere chalk'd behind the
door.

The two themselves could neither write nor read,
But of their children's lore were proud indeed,
And most of Neal, who step by step had pass'd
His mates, and trod the master's heels at last.

When manly, godly counsels took the rule,
And open'd to her young a freer school,
Poor Erin's good desire was quickly proved;
Learning she loves, as long ago she loved.
The peasant, sighing at his own defect,
Would snatch his children from the same neglect;
From house and hut, by hill and plain, they pour
In tens of thousands to the teacher's floor;
Across the general island seems to come
Their blended voice, a pleasing busy hum.
Our little Bridget, pretty child, was there,
And Neal, a quick-eyed boy with russet hair,
Brisk as the month of March, yet with a grace
Of meditative sweetness in his face;
To Learning's Temple, which made shift to stand
In cowhouse form on great Sir Ulick's land
(Who vex'd these schools with all his pompous
might

Nor would, for love or money, grant a site),
Each morn with merry step they cross'd the hill,
And soon could read with pleasure, write with
skill,

Amaze from print their parents' simple wit,
Decipher New-world letters crampily writ;
But Neal, not long content with primers, redd
"Rings round him," as his mother aptly said;
Sought far for books, devour'd whate'er he
found,
And peep'd through loopholes from his narrow
bound.

Good Maureen gazed with awe on pen and ink,
On books with blindest reverence. Whilst we
think

The Dark and Middle Ages flown away,
Their population crowds us round to-day;
So slowly moves the world. Our dame believed,
Firmly as saints and angels she received,
In witchcraft, lucky and unlucky times,
Omens and charms, and fairy-doctors' rhymes
VOL. IV.

To help a headache, or a cow fall'n dry;
Strong was the malice of an evil eye;
She fear'd those hags of dawn, who skimm'd the
well,

And robb'd the churning by their May-day spell;
The gentle race, whom youngsters now neglect,
From Mary never miss'd their due respect;
And when a little whirl of dust and straws
Rose in her pathway, she took care to pause
And cross herself; a twine of rowan-spray.
An ass's shoe, might keep much harm away;
Saint Bridget's candle, which the priest had
blest,

Was stored to light a sick-bed. For the rest,
She led a simple and contented life,
Sweet-temper'd, dutiful, as maid and wife;
Her husband's wisdom from her heart admired,
And in her children's praises never tired.

Jack was a plodding man, who deem'd it best
To hide away the wisdom he possess'd;
Of scanty words, avoiding all dispute;
But much experience in his mind had root;
Most deferential, yet you might surprise
A secret scanning in the small gray eyes;
Short, active, though with labour's trudge, his
legs;
His knotted fingers, like rude wooden pegs,
Still firm of grip; his breath was slow and deep;
His hair unbleach'd with time, a rough black
heap.

Fond, of a night to calmly sit and smoke,
While neighbours plied their argument or joke,
To each he listen'd, seldom praised or blamed,
All party-spirit prudently disclaim'd,
Repeating, with his wise old wrinkled face,
"I never knew it help a poor man's case;"
And when they talk'd of "tyrants," Doran said
Nothing, but suck'd his pipe and shook his head.

In patient combat with a barren soil,
Jack saw the gradual tilth reward his toil,
Where first his father as a cottier came
On patch too poor for other man to claim.
Jack's father kept the hut against the hill
With daily eightpence earned by sweat and skill;
Three sons grew up; one hasted over sea,
One married soon, fought hard with poverty,
Sunk, and died young; the eldest boy was Jack,
Young herd and spadesman at his father's back,
With every hardship sturdily he strove,
To fair or distant ship fat cattle drove.
(Not theirs, his father had a single cow),
And cross'd the narrow tides to reap and mow.
A fever burn'd away the old man's life;
Jack had the land, the hovel, and a wife;
And in the chimney's warmest corner sat
His good old mother, with her favourite cat.

Manus, now dead (long since, on "cottier-take,"
Allow'd cheap lodgment for his labour's sake),

Contriving days and odd half-days to snatch,
By slow degrees had tamed the savage patch
Beside his hut, driven back the stubborn gorse,
Whose pounded prickles meanwhile fed his
horse;

And crown'd the cut-out bog with many a sheaf
Of speckled oats, and spread the dark-green leaf
Where plaited white or purple blooms unfold
To look on summer with an eye of gold,
Potato-blossoms, namely. Now, be sure,
A larger rent was paid; nor, if secure
Of foot-sole place where painfully he wrought,
Would Manus grumble. Year by year he sought
A safeguard; but the Landlord still referr'd
Smoothly to Agent, Agent merely heard,
And answer'd—"We'll arrange it by-and-by;
Meanwhile, you're well enough, man; let it
lie,"—

Resolved to grant no other petty lease,
The ills of petty farming to increase.
Old Manus gone, and Bloomfield's father gone,
Sir Ulick Harvey's guardian rule came on;
And so at last Jack found his little all
At Viceroy Pigot's mercy, which was small.
With more than passive discontent he look'd
On tenancies like Jack's, and ill had brook'd
The whisper of their gains. He stood one day,
Filling the petty household with dismay,
Within their hut, and saw that Paudeen Dhu,
The bailiff, when he called it "snug," spoke
true.

The patch'd, unpainted, but substantial door,
The well-fill'd dresser, and the level floor,
Clean chairs and stools, a gaily-quilted bed,
The weather-fast though grimy thatch o'erhead,
The fishing rods and reels above the fire,
Neal's books, and comely Bridget's neat attire,
Express'd a comfort which the rough neglect
That reign'd outside forbade him to expect.
Indeed, give shrewd old cautious Jack his way,
The house within had shown less neat array,
Who held the maxim that, in prosperous case,
'Tis wise to show a miserable face;
A decent hat, a wife's good shawl or gown
For higher rent may mark the farmer down;
Beside your window shun to plant a rose
Lest it should draw the prowling briliff's nose,
Nor deal with whitewash, lest the cottage lie
A target for the bullet of his eye;
Rude be your fence and field—if trig and trim
A cottier shows them, all the worse for him.
To scrape, beyond expenses, if he can,
A silent stealthy penny, is the plan
Of him who dares it—a suspected man!
With tedious, endless, heavy-laden toil,
Judged to have thieved a pittance from the
soil.

But close in reach of Bridget's busy hand
Dirt and untidiness could scarcely stand;

And Neal, despite his father's sense of guilt,
A dairy and a gable-room had built,
And by degrees the common kitchen graced
With many a touch of his superior taste.

The peasant draws a low and toilsome lot;
Poorer than all above him?—surely not.
Conscious of useful strength, untaught to care
For smiling masquerade and dainty fare,
With social pleasures, warmer if less bland,
Companionship and converse nigh at hand,
If sad, with genuine sorrows, well-defined,
His life brought closer to a simpler mind;
He's friends with earth and cloud, plant, beast,
and bird;

His glance, by oversubtleties unblurr'd,
At human nature, flies not much astray;
Afoot he journeys but enjoys the way.
Th' instinctive faith, perhaps, of such holds best
To that ideal truth, the power and zest
Of all appearance; limitation keeps
Their souls compact; light cares they have,
sound sleeps;
Their day, within a settled course begun,
Brings wholesome task, advancing with the sun,
The sure result with satisfaction sees,
And fills with calm a well-earn'd hour of ease.
Nay, gold, whose mere possession less avails,
Far-glittering, decks the world with fairy-tales.
Who grasp at poison, trigger, cord, or knife?—
Seldom the poorest peasant tires of life.

Mark the great evil of a low estate;
Not Poverty, but Slavery,—one man's fate
Too much at mercy of another's will.
Doran has prosper'd, but is trembling still.
Our Agent's lightest word his heart can shake,
The Bailiff's bushy eyebrow bids him quake.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH

TOMASO AND PEPINA.

[William Gilbert, born in London, 1806—a descendant of an old Salisbury family. He was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and M.D. of Paris; but he retired from the profession of medicine about thirty-five years ago. In literature he has earned a high reputation as a novelist. Critics have repeatedly compared his style to that of Defoe, and occasionally he displays some of those characteristics which most distinguished Hawthorne. He died in 1889. His chief works are: *Shirley Hall Asylum*; *De Profundis*; *Dr. Austin's Guests*; *The Wizard of the Mountain*, &c. From the last-mentioned work (published by Chatto & Windus) we quote the following tale.]

On a small farm in the Bresciano lived an old working couple, Tomaso and Pepina. They were frugal, industrious, and pious. The few inhabitants of the secluded village in which they resided much respected them; but beyond that they were unknown. Besides their other good qualities, they were very much attached to each other; and both being by nature amiably disposed, their lives had passed very happily in each other's society. Though not poor, they were far from being rich, yet they did not envy their richer neighbours, but were content with what God had given them. They had but one cause for anxiety. The little farm on which they lived was not their own; and the landlord had frequently spoken of dispossessing them, in order to add the land to his own farm. But something or other had always turned up to induce him to delay carrying his idea into practice, prior to the date of our narrative, when they received a peremptory notice to quit within the space of a week.

By a singular coincidence, on the same day they received this order, intelligence reached them that a cousin of Tomaso's, an old bachelor, who resided near Menaggio, and whom he had not seen for more than thirty years, was dead, and had left Tomaso his farm, with the house and furniture. The worthy couple, late in life though it was for them to remove to a new dwelling, determined to go and reside in it. Many long and anxious debates took place, however, before they came to this resolution. Their principal objection was that they were not acquainted with any one in the neighbourhood of the new dwelling, and that they should leave behind them friends whom they loved and respected. They had but one alternative, however—they must remove, or starve; and they chose the former, sorely as it grieved them to do so. As they had heard on good authority that the house left them was amply furnished,

they sold all they had in their old dwelling with the exception of a modest stock of clothing, which could be tied up in a bundle. After a painful leave-taking with their friends, they engaged the driver of a cart, who was returning to Lecco, to carry them with him so far on their journey, as they intended to make that town their first halting-place.

For some time after they had quitted the village both husband and wife gave full vent to their tears; while the driver of the cart, prompted by a feeling of delicacy, pretended not to see them, but walked quietly beside his horse's head, looking straight along the road before him. After they had been about an hour on their journey, Tomaso said to his wife—

"It's very hard for people at our time of life to be turned out of house and home at a week's notice, isn't it, Pepina?"

"So it is, dear," was the reply; "but still we ought to be thankful that we have another good home to go to, when so many poor creatures are wandering about in these hard times without a roof to shelter them."

"True, wife; but for all that, it's a hard thing to have to leave against one's will. I trust we shall be as happy in our new home as we were in our last."

"There's little fear of that," said Pepina; "our happiness will be, in a great measure, in our own hands. I have no doubt we shall be as happy in the new house as we have been in the one we have left."

"It will be no fault of mine if we are not," said Tomaso.

"That I know," said his wife. "You have been a good husband to me for the last fifty years, and I am sure there is no danger of your changing now."

"Fifty years!" said the driver, who, finding his passengers had so far recovered as to allow them the use of their tongues, had gradually slackened his pace, and had fallen back from the horse's head in a line with Tomaso and Pepina as they were seated in the cart. "Fifty years! Why, you don't mean to say you have been married so long as that."

"Very nearly," said Pepina; "we want only five days of it. Next Sunday we shall have been married fifty years."

"And a very happy time we have had of it," said Tomaso. "I should like to live as much longer."

"I don't know that we should gain much by it," said his wife. "At our time of life we have as many infirmities as we can well bear; and how many we should have when we had

lived fifty, or even twenty years more, would be even terrible to think of. No, old man, we are better off as we are, unless we could find somebody to make us young again, and that is not very likely, I should think."

"I don't know that," said the driver, who was a native of Lecco. "There is a wonderful astrologer in our parts, who, they say, can make people young again. Not that I know any case of the kind; though, I must say, I have heard of some extraordinary things he has done, which no common man could do."

"Where does he live?" inquired Pepina.

"In the slope of the mountains, behind the horns of Cantù."

"But perhaps," said Pepina, with a pious shudder, "he may be in league with the Evil One."

"I know nothing about that," said the driver in a somewhat careless tone; "but I should rather think he is not. I never heard of him doing any harm to any one, but I have heard of a good many he has been kind to, especially the poor."

"That don't look as if there was much wrong in him," said both husband and wife at the same time.

Conversation was carried on in this amicable manner until the cart arrived at Lecco, when Tomaso and his wife bade adieu to the friendly driver. Carrying the bundle which contained their clothes, they proceeded to a small inn, where they engaged a room for the night, determining to continue their journey the next day. In the evening they entered into conversation with some of the inmates of the house; and, by chance, the Innominato and his wonderful powers were mentioned. Tomaso and his wife (who had felt greatly interested in the details given by the driver respecting that singular individual) listened attentively, and made many inquiries. The answers they received had only the effect of greatly increasing their curiosity. When they retired for the night, Tomaso said to his wife, —

"I wish we could only find out the place where that astrologer lives. If we could, I should be much tempted to pay him a visit to-morrow."

"For what purpose?" inquired Pepina.

"I should like to know whether he could make us young again. If he could, it would go a great way to reconcile me to our removal."

"I should like it as much as you," said the old woman. "But if he can do so, I am afraid he would require more money than we have to give him."

"That we should know more about when

we saw him," said Tomaso. "Even though we found that he wanted more than we could pay, we should be no worse off than we are now. But from what the driver told us, as well as what we heard this evening, he is not likely to be hard upon a poor old couple. I'll tell you what I will do. To-morrow I will inquire if he lives far from here, and, if not, we will go and see him. It will do us no harm, even though we come back no better off than when we went."

"With all my heart," said the old woman.

"I am sure, if we succeed, it would give me as much pleasure as it would you."

Next morning Tomaso rose at daybreak, and made many inquiries respecting the astrologer's abode, and the best method of reaching it. He found that they could arrive at it in the course of the day; so the old couple, after making a hearty breakfast, Tomaso shouldering his bundle, started for the castle of the Innominato ["the Wizard of the Mountain"]. It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Hospice, where they remained while a servant took in their message. In a few minutes he returned and informed them that, if they would follow him to the castle, his master would see them immediately. On their arrival they were ushered into the presence of the Innominato, whom they found in his study, engaged in some chemical experiments, assisted by one of his servants. So deeply intent was he in his work, that it was some minutes before he was aware of their presence—a somewhat fortunate circumstance for them; for they were so overwhelmed by the mysterious aspect of the place, and the imposing appearance of the astrologer, that it is probable neither would have been able to address him. But presently the astrologer turned round, and seeing his two visitors, and the expression of bewilderment on their countenances, he addressed them with great kindness of tone and manner. After requesting them to be seated, he inquired the purpose of their visit.

"Learned sir," said Tomaso—rising from his seat, and, evidently in great fear, bowing to the astrologer most obsequiously—"we have heard that you are very kind to poor people, and that you can perform very wonderful things, so we have come to ask you to do us a great favour. At the same time, we hope you will not be offended at our boldness; and we are ready to pay you as much as we can afford."

"As you say you do not intend to offend me," said the astrologer, "I will take no offence. At the same time, understand that I

accept money from no one. Tell me plainly and conscientiously what you wish, and I will oblige you if I can; for, by aid of my science, I know you are a worthy old couple."

"Many thanks, Illustrissimo," said Tomaso, greatly encouraged by his kind reception; "we are much obliged to you for your good opinion. The truth is, we are much attached to each other, and have lived a very happy life together for many years. What we want to ask you is, whether you could make us young again, as we are now getting very old. We have been married fifty years come next Sunday."

"I am sorry I have not the power to oblige you," said the astrologer. "One of you I could make young again, but not both; that is far beyond my power. If that will meet your views, and you can settle between you which of the two it shall be, I am ready to oblige you."

For some seconds Tomaso and his wife remained silent, looking at each other in a state of great perplexity. At last Pepina said—

"I am obliged to your excellency for the offer, but, for my own part, I decline it. I should like to be young again if my husband could be so too; but I have no wish to change if he must remain old. Whatever good I may get I always like to share it with him."

"And I am of the same opinion," said Tomaso. "I have no wish to be young if she is to remain old. We will now leave you, sir, if you cannot make us both young; but, at the same time, we are much obliged to you for your condescension in receiving us." So saying, he rose, and taking up his bundle, prepared to depart.

"Stop one moment," said the astrologer. "I wish to oblige you as far as I can, and I have another proposition to make, though I hardly think you will agree to it. I cannot make you both young—my power being limited—but I can divide the gift. I can make one of you young and beautiful in appearance, but whichever of you it may be, must retain the grave method of thinking and speaking of old age. The other must keep the appearance of age, but shall have the mind and spirits of youth—gay, buoyant, and enthusiastic. Now what do you say to my offer? If you are satisfied with it, you can decide between yourselves which portion of the gift you would each like to accept."

Again Tomaso and his wife were silent for some seconds, both being evidently inclined to accept the offer of the astrologer.

"I see," he continued, "that you both like the idea. Before you definitely decide, how-

ever, let me urge you to consider well what you are about to accept, as very likely you will both be exposed to the ridicule of your friends when you return home."

"We are not going to our old home," said Tomaso, "but to a farm near Menaggio, where nobody knows us. We have hitherto lived in the Bresciano."

"That entirely alters the case," said the astrologer. "But other inconveniences may possibly arise, therefore think well over the matter before you decide."

"I have made up my mind, sir," said Tomaso. "Give me but the spirits of youth, and I am perfectly content to wear the appearance of old age."

"And what do you say?" said the astrologer, addressing Pepina.

The old woman hung her head with an absurd appearance of modesty, but made no reply.

"If you do not give me an answer," said the astrologer, "I can do nothing for either."

Still Pepina was silent.

"Then the bargain is dropped," said the astrologer, turning again to the experiment he was performing, "and we will say no more about it."

"I will do just as my husband pleases, sir," said Pepina quickly, and evidently alarmed.

"And I wish her to be young and beautiful," said Tomaso, "but to remain discreet and steady, as she now is."

"Very well," said the astrologer, "then we are all agreed. Go now to the Hospice, where you can remain for the night. But remember, you must, without a lamp or any other light, rise before daybreak and start on your journey. As the sun rises, you will gradually undergo the transformation you wish—the one in mind and the other in body. One word more. You are a good old couple, and in case you should find that you do not like your altered condition after you have tried it, I will give you an opportunity of returning to your present state, should you desire it. On Sunday next you say you will have been married fifty years. If at any time before midnight on Saturday you should both wish to be restored to your former condition of life, you can do so; but remember, you must be agreed on the subject. Now you can leave me."

The old couple now quitted the presence of the Innominato, and descended to the Hospice, where a good supper had been prepared for them. After partaking of it they retired to their room, but not to sleep—so fearful and anxious were they lest the sun might rise be-

fore they awoke and were able to carry out the instructions of the astrologer.

It wanted considerably more than an hour of daybreak when they left the house to commence their journey. For some time their progress was trifling, for the night was dark, their eyesight dim, and the path somewhat difficult to keep. After they had proceeded about a mile from the castle, the old man commenced to sing, at the top of his cracked voice, a warrior's song, which drew from Pepina rather a sharp remark on the folly of his behaviour—singing in such an absurd manner, instead of carefully looking which way they were going, while they were on the edge of a precipice. Tomaso, in obedience to his wife's wishes, stopped his singing for some minutes, but he soon burst out again still louder than before, at the same time using the most ludicrous gesticulations, as if he saw an enemy before him whom he was about to attack. Pepina now got fairly angry, and fractionally told him not to make an old fool of himself. Tomaso stopped his singing a second time, and good-naturedly turned round to say something conciliatory to his wife, when a faint ray of the coming dawn passing through a cleft in the mountains allowed him to gain a tolerably distinct view of her face. He gazed at her in silent astonishment, for she now appeared a buxom woman of about fifty years of age—stout, well-made, erect, and hearty. Pepina seemed at a loss to understand her husband's astonishment, and somewhat angrily inquired what he saw to make him stare at her in that silly manner.

"See in you?" said Tomaso, almost breathless with surprise—"see in you? Why, a very handsome woman. Don't you think that is a very good excuse for staring at you? I declare you are twice as plump as you were before we went to the astrologer."

Pepina now felt her own arms, and then took as good a look at her person as the faint light of day would enable her to do. She could easily perceive that her form was greatly changed for the better. She, however, expressed no pleasure at this, but said, in a fractionally tone—

"It was well worth while, indeed, to spend the whole of yesterday, wearing the soles off one's feet, to find out that conjuror, and then to be made fifty years of age! I suspect he is only a cheat after all. He promised me I should become young and beautiful, and he has made me fifty, if I'm a day. I would just as soon have kept as I was."

"Come, come, wife," said Tomaso, "don't be ungrateful. For a person at your time of life

to have twenty years taken off their head in less than an hour is really a good deal gained."

"My time of life!" said Pepina, "my time of life, indeed! Look at your own. I can walk upright, at any rate, and that's more than you can do, try as much as you please."

They now entered a narrow valley hung with high trees, which so completely shut out the little light as to leave them again in total darkness. Here Pepina, finding that her husband moved along with great difficulty, offered to carry the bundle for him, saying that she was far stronger than he was. Tomaso took this offer very ill, and he told her he was not a man to require assistance from her or any other woman; and by way of proving his words hurried on before her, stumbling continually as he went. His ill-humour, however, soon vanished, and he again commenced to sing his warrior's song in the same absurd manner as before.

The road now opened up, being no longer overshadowed by trees. The daylight had now also increased so much that they could see a considerable distance before them. Tomaso still continued in front, singing his song, and taking no notice of his wife, who followed him silently and sedately.

Again their path lay along the side of a deep precipice, at the bottom of which rushed a swollen mountain-stream. Tomaso, on hearing the noise, looked below for a moment, and then continued his road, singing as lustily as ever. He also amused himself by walking at the extreme edge of the precipice, to Pepina's intense terror, for he stumbled incessantly, and appeared much fatigued.

"Come away from that dangerous place, you silly old man," she said. "Do you wish to break your neck? Come away, I say, and give me the bundle, for I see you are so tired you can hardly get along."

"That is not true," said Tomaso, turning round; "I was never stronger." Here he stopped speaking, and looked for some minutes in speechless astonishment at his wife, who now appeared a very handsome woman of thirty years of age. When she had reached him, she inquired what was the matter, that he had so suddenly become silent.

"Pepina," he said, "I cannot take my eyes off you. I never in my life saw a more beautiful woman than you have become. Give me a kiss."

"Nonsense, you silly old man," was her reply; "hold your tongue, and do not make a fool of yourself. Go on again, and keep away from the edge of the precipice."

But far from obeying her, Tomaso walked by her side, and attempted to make himself as agreeable as possible by saying all the sweet things which came into his head; to all of which Pepina lent either a deaf ear, or upbraided him for his folly. Finding his compliances still more ill-tempered, he determined to try what singing would do, and immediately commenced a love-song, which he sang in a most impressive manner, but in so cracked a voice that he made himself perfectly ridiculous. It was not, however, without its effect on Pepina, who began to cry, and her husband, mistaking the cause, attempted to give a still more impassioned and pathetic tone to his voice, and by so doing made himself more absurd than ever.

Pepina still continuing to cry, her husband said to her.—“Why do you weep, my dear? Are you unhappy?” evidently thinking at the moment that she had melted into tears at the sweetness of his singing.

“Unhappy?” she replied; “how can I be otherwise, when I see an old man, who ought to know better, behaving so absurdly? You ought to be ashamed, croaking there like an old raven, and imagining that you are singing. If you have no respect for yourself, you ought at least to have a little for your wife’s feelings.”

Tomaso turned round to return her a sharp answer, but she looked so beautiful that he had not the heart to say anything unkind, and the pair walked on together for some time in silence; Tomaso, however, keeping close by the side of his wife.

Pepina, who had now dried her tears, wished in her turn to say something agreeable to her spouse, by way of smoothing away any little rancour against her that might still remain in his mind, and asked him in a kind tone whether he found his rheumatism better.

“My rheumatism!” he replied, tartly; “when I complain to you of it, you may then speak to me about it. I am no more rheumatic than you are. At the same time, I hope you don’t suffer from your corns this morning as you did yesterday?”

“My corns; indeed!” said Pepina, with a toss of her head, and stopping to put out one of the prettiest little feet that could be seen in all Lombardy. “I should like to know where you would find them. But don’t let us quarrel any more; but give me the bundle, for you must be getting tired, and I am a good deal stronger than you are.”

Tomaso had too much gallantry to allow her to carry the bundle; and they now continued

amicably enough on their road till they came to a roadside inn, at which they determined to stop for breakfast. They seated themselves at a table near the door, and the landlord soon spread before Tomaso some bread, cheese, and wine; his wife contenting herself with a cup of new milk, some fruit, and bread. When they had finished their meal, their host entered into conversation with them by asking how far they had travelled that morning. Tomaso told him only a few miles, saying nothing about his visit to the castle of the Innominate, and he then asked the landlord if they were far distant from Bellaggio.

“About four hours’ walk,” said the landlord. “Are you going to see any of the gay doings which are going on there?”

“I did not know that there were any,” said Tomaso, delighted at the idea, while Pepina appeared to receive the news with perfect indifference. “What sort of gay doings are they?”

“Oh! there are a number of soldiers there, and very handsome young fellows they are; and they have excellent music.”

“How fortunate!” said Tomaso.

“All the pretty girls for miles round are gathering there,” continued the landlord; “and the soldiers, who are very gallant, dance with them every evening.”

Tomaso’s expression of countenance fell considerably at this information.

“If you are going to stop there any time, you had better take care,” said the landlord, laughing, “or one of them will be running away with your pretty grand-daughter, as I suppose she is.”

“You have made a very great mistake, my friend,” said Tomaso, angrily. “She is my wife.”

The landlord had so much difficulty in restraining his laughter at this information, that Tomaso noticed it, and was upon the point of saying something uncivil, when Pepina, fearing there might be an altercation, put in that they only intended stopping the night at Bellaggio, and then crossing over to the other side of the lake next morning.

“I think you would do wisely, old gentleman, if you kept to that resolution,” said the landlord; “for, otherwise, I can assure you your pretty wife will have a great many admirers.”

Tomaso was exceedingly displeased at the landlord’s remark, and answered him very sharply. Even Pepina told him that he ought not to talk such nonsense, and that there was no one handsomer in her eyes than her husband;

at which the landlord burst into a very loud and rude laugh. Tomaso now got thoroughly into a passion, and after abusing the landlord soundly, he threw their reckoning on the table, and, snatching up his bundle, he and Pepina started on their journey again.

For some time they walked on silently together: Tomaso evidently sulky, though he said nothing. The truth was, he felt annoyed at the indifference Pepina showed to the landlord's remarks when he spoke of her beauty; and he seemed to think that she ought to have considered them as an insult, and shown proper and becoming spirit on the occasion. He then began to conjure up in his mind the possibility of her wishing to dance with the handsome young soldiers at Bellaggio. In all this, however, he did his wife a great injustice. The fact was, she cared nothing for gaieties of the kind. Her feelings were those of advanced age, she having, of course, undergone no mental change when she became beautiful; and although she might not have been, at the moment, angry when the landlord paid her the compliments (what woman would have been?), they had scarcely been uttered than they were forgotten, and her mind had reverted to the domestic duties she would have to perform at the new house, and what sort of a dwelling it would prove.

When they had arrived within two or three miles of Bellaggio, Tomaso, who had remained sullen and uneasy during the whole of the afternoon, suddenly complained of fatigue, and proposed to stay the night at a poor-looking little inn, instead of going further on. Pepina, however, not liking the appearance of the place, advised that they should continue their journey; whereupon Tomaso got into a great passion, and accused her of wishing to mix in the gaieties of Bellaggio, when nothing could have been further from the poor woman's thoughts. Her idea was simply that they would be able to find a more comfortable bed at Bellaggio than at the house where her husband proposed to remain. After they had passed the little inn a few hundred yards, Tomaso positively refused to go further, and Pepina, getting angry in her turn, was determined to go on; and her husband, telling her that she should, in that case, do it by herself, returned alone and inquired of the landlord whether he could give him a bed, and received in reply that he had not an unoccupied room in the house, it being full of soldiers who had been quartered on him.

On hearing this, Tomaso immediately left and hurried on after his wife. When they had

arrived within two miles of their destination, they seated themselves on a bank by the side of the path, as they both began to feel fatigued by the unusual amount of exertion they had undergone. Presently they heard a noise in a thick clump of shrubs before them, as if some one was, with difficulty, making a way through, and a moment afterwards a young soldier made his appearance. He was remarkably handsome, and his fine figure appeared to still greater advantage from the attractive style of his uniform. His features were regular, and though he was somewhat sunburnt, this in no way detracted from his martial look; but his face at the time was rather flushed, for he was to all appearance partially intoxicated. For a moment he seemed surprised at the singular-looking couple before him, but recovering himself, he cast an impudent look on Pepina, and said,—

"What, tired, my pretty girl? I hope you are going my way, and then I can have the pleasure of offering you my arm."

"I neither want your arm nor your acquaintance," said Pepina. "Go on your way and leave us alone."

"Come, come, now," said the soldier, in a cajoling manner, and advancing close to her, "do not speak in that cruel manner. Ill-temper doesn't become such a pretty countenance, does it, old gentleman? Is this pretty girl your daughter or your grand-daughter?"

"Neither," said Tomaso, rising from the bank in a great passion at the impertinent behaviour of the soldier. "That lady is my wife."

"Your wife? Nonsense!" said the soldier. "You don't mean to tell me that that lovely creature could ever have chosen such a withered old baboon as you are?"

"I told you the truth," said Tomaso; "and what is more, if I hear any further impertinence from you, I will chastise you so severely that you will not forget the lesson the longest day you live."

The only answer the soldier gave to Tomaso's threat was a loud laugh, and then walking up to Pepina, who had also risen from the bank, and putting his arm round her waist, he said to her,—

"Come with me, my dear, and never mind him. You are far too handsome to be the wife of such a crabbed old fool as he is."

Pepina, enraged at the soldier's impertinence, told him to leave her alone; and by way of giving point to her words, she gave him a sound box on the ear.

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" said the sol-

dier. "There is the same penalty for that all the world over, and I claim it now." So saying, he put his arm round her neck and gave her a hearty kiss.

Both husband and wife now set upon him, and buffeted him soundly; indeed, so sudden and hearty were they in their attacks, that the soldier was completely taken by surprise. He struggled violently to disengage himself, but found it no easy matter, for their combined strength was quite equal to his own. At last, however, by a violent effort, he managed to release himself, and standing at a short distance, he remained for some moments to gather his scattered wits, so completely had they been dispersed by the vigorous attack of his two assailants. When he had somewhat succeeded, he said to Pepina,—

"I forgive you, young lady, for I cannot revenge myself upon you; but that amiable old gentleman shall suffer for his behaviour to-morrow morning, I can tell him. I suppose you are going to Bellaggio, and unfortunately I am going the other way. I am already somewhat behind time, and my sergeant is not particularly forgiving, so I must be off. But we shall meet again, old gentleman, and then, if you do not give me satisfaction, I will cudgel your old body till it is black and blue all over. Two hours after daybreak to-morrow I will be with you; so look for me." Saying this, he started off in the direction of the inn they had lately passed.

Tomaso and his wife now continued their road to Bellaggio, naturally very indignant at the behaviour of the soldier. Little conversation passed between the old couple, and at last there was a dead silence, which continued till darkness had set in. When they had come to within about a quarter of an hour's walk of Bellaggio, Pepina's attention was aroused by the sound of some one sobbing bitterly, and on listening more attentively, she found that it proceeded from Tomaso, who was walking a few paces in advance of her. She hastened up to him and found her suspicions were correct, and that he was crying like a child.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she said to him. "Why do you cry? It is not, I hope, at the rude behaviour of the soldier. I think we have given him a good lesson, and we may now treat him with contempt."

"I do not care one straw about him; and if he puts his threat into force to-morrow, I think he will find me as completely his match as he did to-day," said Tomaso, totally ignoring the part Pepina had taken in the fray, which had been far more effective than his own. "I am

unhappy from another cause. You are, in appearance, young and beautiful, while I am old and decrepit. All admire you, and all will ridicule me for having a wife so young and handsome: and I see that my life will, for the future, be one of utter misery, for I love you dearly, and cannot bear the idea of others paying you the attentions you will receive. I am afraid I made a very foolish bargain after all."

"But there is no difficulty in getting off it, you know, dear," said Pepina. "The astrologer told us that, if we repented of the transaction, we could change to our former condition any time before next Sunday, when we shall have been married fifty years."

"But if I do change," said Tomaso, still crying, "I do not see that I shall gain much by it. I shall then have an old man's mind in an old man's body; while you will still remain in person young and beautiful."

"But why should I remain young and beautiful?" said Pepina, artlessly. "He gave me the power to change if I wished it, as fully as he did to you."

"And you would really give up youth and beauty to please me?" said Tomaso, in a tone of mingled surprise and delight.

"Certainly," said his wife, "Why not? Just let us at once wish ourselves old again in mind and body, and so put an end to all unpleasantness between us."

Tomaso, of course, willingly agreed to this suggestion, and the transformation immediately took place. How it was effected it was impossible to say, so dense was the darkness around them. Tomaso's mind was now again that of an old man, while Pepina's form was once more that of an old woman, her body bent, and her step slow and difficult. At last they contrived to reach Bellaggio in safety, and they put up for the night at a little inn at the entrance to the town.

Next morning Tomaso rose early, and proceeded to the water-side to engage a boat to carry him and his wife over to Menaggio. Having secured one, he told the boatman to remain in readiness, as he would return in a few minutes. He then left the water-side, and was on his way back to the inn to fetch Pepina and settle with the landlord, when he heard some one calling out to him, "Stop, I say, you old baboon. You shan't escape me so easily as that."

On hearing the voice, Tomaso turned round and beheld the soldier of the previous evening, with a couple of swords under his arm, and a dozen of his comrades at his heels, advancing towards him.

"So I have found you, my friend," said the soldier. "You see I am a man of my word. And now, in the presence of my honourable comrades, I intend to wipe off the stain you put on my honour yesterday evening."

"Leave me alone," said Tomaso. "I want to have nothing to say to you."

"That I can easily imagine," said the soldier; "and I am perfectly willing to admit that it is not an unreasonable wish on your part. But, my friend, I take a totally different view of the case, and satisfaction for the insult you offered me yesterday I will have. I have brought with me a couple of good swords, so that you can have no excuse. Choose which you like, and you shall have fair play. By-the-by, where is your pretty wife? Yes, you may laugh, comrades," he continued; "but this old fellow has one of the handsomest girls for a wife I ever saw in my life. That I will say, although she was not particularly civil to me last night. No matter; I shall easily find the means to get into her good graces; and my first step shall be to rid her of her ugly old husband. I am sure she will be grateful to me for that, so this will be something gained. I only wish she were here now to see the pains I am taking to make her a widow."

This wish was immediately accomplished, for Pepina, who, witnessing the scene from the window of the inn, had guessed the soldier's intentions, now rushed through the crowd, and after buffeting the fellow's face severely, she seized him by the hair, which she pulled out by handfuls at a time—the soldier in vain attempting to rid himself of her.

"Comrades," he called out, "for heaven's sake take away this hag; I shall not have a hair left on my head if you don't."

But his companions, instead of assisting him, roared with laughter, and asked him jeeringly if this was the young beauty he had been raving so much about.

How long Pepina would have kept up the struggle it is impossible to say, had it not been put a stop to by the captain of the soldiers, who came forward to inquire the cause of the tumult.

"What is all this about?" he asked, as soon as some of the men, in obedience to his orders, had released their comrade from Pepina's clutches.

"He wanted to murder my husband, who is an infirm old man, and I am protecting him."

"And most efficiently, it appears," said the captain. "And now what is your version of the story?" he continued, addressing the soldier.

"In the first place, captain," said the soldier,

"this hag is not the fellow's wife"—here he was interrupted by Pepina, who burst from the men holding her, and rushing on the soldier, assailed him even more vigorously than before, exclaiming at the same time, "How dare you say I am not his wife, when I have been married to him for fifty years? I will soon prove to you that I am."

Pepina was again drawn away from the soldier, and the captain inquired of Tomaso whether she was really his wife.

"She is, your excellency."

"Have you any complaint to make against the soldier?"

"I have, your excellency; and a great one too. He met us yesterday evening, and grossly insulted my wife; indeed, we had great difficulty in getting away from him."

"Well, what have you to say in your defence?" said the captain, turning to the soldier.

"I never insulted the old woman, captain, nor did I ever see her before. It is true I saw this fellow yesterday, but he was with a very beautiful young woman whom he called his wife."

The captain then inquired of Pepina whether she was with her husband the previous evening, and whether any other person had been with them. He received for answer that there was no one else present, and that she had not quitted her husband's society even for a minute during the whole of the day.

"Now," said the captain to the soldier, "one thing is clear to me; and that is, that you must have been drunk again yesterday evening; for no one in his sober senses could have mistaken this old woman for a handsome young girl. I have warned you many times that your drinking habits would at last bring you into disgrace, and you have paid no attention to these warnings. But I will now give you a lesson you will not easily forget. For one month you shall remain in irons; and the next time I hear any complaint against you, the sentence shall be confinement in irons for one year. Take him into custody," said the captain to his attendants, "and see that my orders are carried out."

The soldier was immediately removed, and the crowd shortly afterwards dispersed.

Tomaso, accompanied by his wife, and carrying his bundle, then went to the boat which he had engaged, and they were rowed across the lake to Menaggio. In the evening they arrived at their new dwelling, which they found very commodious, and in excellent condition. They resided in it during the remainder of their lives, without anything worthy of notice occurring to mar their happiness.

EXMOOR HARVEST-SONG.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

The corn, oh the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yellow:
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.

(Chorus.)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The wheat, oh the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red:
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labour sweet.

(Chorus.)

The wheat, oh the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard abowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.

(Chorus.)

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!
We'll go amowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down;
When all is in the mow-yard, we'll stop, and thank the Lord.

The oats, oh the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats!
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight:
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.

(Chorus.)

The oats, oh the oats, and the silver, silver oats!
Here's to the oats with the backstone on the board!
We'll go among them, when the barley has been laid in rotes:
When all is home to mow-yard, we'll kneel and thank the Lord.

The corn, oh the corn, and the blessing of the corn!
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon,
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yellow,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.

(Chorus.)

The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn, with our bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it, before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord.

—From Lorna Doone.

A VISION OF MIGHTY BOOK-HUNTERS.

[John Hill Barton, LL.D., F.R.S.E., born at Aberdeen, 22d August, 1809. Educated at Marischal College; called to the Scottish bar in 1831; appointed secretary to the Prison Board, Scotland, in 1854, and subsequently historiographer-royal for Scotland. Mr. Barton contributed to the *Westminster* and *Edinburgh Reviews* and to *Blackwood*. His principal works are: *The Life and Correspondence of David Hume*; *Lives of Elton, Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Collieston*; *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*; *History of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection*; *History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688*; *The Scot Abroad*; *The Book-Hunter*, &c. He died in 1881.]

As the first case, let us summon from the shades my venerable friend Archdeacon Meadow, as he was in the body. You see him now—tall, straight, and meagre, but with a grim dignity in his air which warms into benignity as he inspects a pretty little clean Elzevir, or a tall portly Stephens, concluding his inward estimate of the prize with a peculiar grunting chuckle, known by the initiated to be an important announcement. This is no doubt one of the milder and more inoffensive types, but still a thoroughly confirmed and obstinate case. Its parallel to the classes who are to be taken charge of by their wiser neighbours is only too close and awful; for have not sometimes the female members of his household been known on occasion of some domestic emergency—or, it may be, for mere sake of keeping the lost man out of mischief—to have been searching for him on from bookstall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns? Then, again, can one forget that occasion of his going to London to be examined by a committee of the House of Commons, when he suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible? All were fish that came to his net. At one time you might find him securing a minnow for sixpence at a stall—and presently afterwards he outbids some princely collector, and secures with frantic impetuosity, “at any price,” a great fish he has been patiently watching year after year. His hunting-grounds were wide and distant, and there were mysterious rumours about the numbers of copies, all identically the same in edition and minor individualities, which he possessed of certain books. I have known him,

indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, “Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them.”

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophsisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed my path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience.

Cruel as it may seem, I must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realized at the period of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen in passing the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from

the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the church so disguised.

The archdeacon lay under what, among a portion of the victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is, with a certain school of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"I will frankly confess," rejoined Lysander, "that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal—." "Hold, my friend," again exclaimed Philemon, "you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever read books?"

Yes, the archdeacon read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks, for ardent students to cultivate

into a rich harvest. In him truly the bibliomania may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralized on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-morochoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man: neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be.

It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the

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indeed, when beaten at an auction, turn round resignedly and say, “Well, so be it—but I daresay I have ten or twelve copies at home, if I could lay hands on them.”

It is a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no hope for the patient after this. It rends at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment to its propensities. The Archdeacon had long passed this stage ere he crossed my path, and had become thoroughly hardened. He was not remarkable for local attachment; and in moving from place to place, his spoil, packed in innumerable great boxes, sometimes followed him, to remain unreleased during the whole period of his tarrying in his new abode, so that they were removed to the next stage of his journey through life with modified inconvenience.

Cruel as it may seem, I must yet notice another and a peculiar vagary of his malady. He had resolved, at least once in his life, to part with a considerable proportion of his collection—better to suffer the anguish of such an act than endure the fretting of continued restraint. There was a wondrous sale by auction accordingly; it was something like what may have occurred at the dissolution of the monasteries at the Reformation, or when the contents of some time-honoured public library were realized at the period of the French Revolution. Before the affair was over, the Archdeacon himself made his appearance in the midst of the miscellaneous self-invited guests who were making free with his treasures. He pretended, honest man, to be a mere casual spectator, who, having seen in passing the announcement of a sale by auction, stepped in like the rest of the public. By degrees he got excited, gasped once or twice as if mastering some desperate impulse, and at length fairly bade. He could not brazen out the effect of this escapade, however, and disappeared from

the scene. It was remarked, however, that an unusual number of lots were afterwards knocked down to a military gentleman, who seemed to have left portentously large orders with the auctioneer. Some curious suspicions began to arise, which were settled by that presiding genius bending over his rostrum, and explaining in a confidential whisper that the military hero was in reality a pillar of the church so disguised.

The archdeacon lay under what, among a portion of the victims of his malady, was deemed a heavy scandal. He was suspected of reading his own books—that is to say, when he could get at them; for there are those who may still remember his rather shamefaced apparition of an evening, petitioning, somewhat in the tone with which an old schoolfellow down in the world requests your assistance to help him to go to York to get an appointment—petitioning for the loan of a volume of which he could not deny that he possessed numberless copies lurking in divers parts of his vast collection. This reputation of reading the books in his collection, which should be sacred to external inspection solely, is, with a certain school of book-collectors, a scandal, such as it would be among a hunting set to hint that a man had killed a fox. In the dialogues, not always the most entertaining, of Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, there is this short passage:—"‘I will frankly confess,’ rejoined Lysander, ‘that I am an arrant *bibliomaniac*—that I love books dearly—that the very sight, touch, and mere perusal——.’ ‘Hold, my friend,’ again exclaimed Philemon, ‘you have renounced your profession—you talk of *reading* books—do *bibliomaniacs* ever *read* books?’”

Yes, the archdeacon read books—he devoured them; and he did so to full prolific purpose. His was a mind enriched with varied learning, which he gave forth with full, strong, easy flow, like an inexhaustible perennial spring coming from inner reservoirs, never dry, yet too capacious to exhibit the brawling, bubbling symptoms of repletion. It was from a majestic heedlessness of the busy world and its fame that he got the character of indolence, and was set down as one who would leave no lasting memorial of his great learning. But when he died, it was not altogether without leaving a sign; for from the casual droppings of his pen has been preserved enough to signify to many generations of students in the walk he chiefly affected how richly his mind was stored, and how much fresh matter there is in those fields of inquiry where compilers have left their dreary tracks, for ardent students to cultivate

into a rich harvest. In him truly the *bibliomania* may be counted among the many illustrations of the truth so often moralized on, that the highest natures are not exempt from human frailty in some shape or other.

Let us now summon the shade of another departed victim—Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq. He too, through a long life, had been a vigilant and enthusiastic collector, but after a totally different fashion. He was far from omnivorous. He had a principle of selection peculiar and separate from all others, as was his own individuality from other men's. You could not classify his library according to any of the accepted nomenclatures peculiar to the initiated. He was not a black-letter man, or a tall-copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English-dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-moroecoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of an antiquarian, or a *belles-lettres*, or a classical collector. There was no way of defining his peculiar walk save by his own name—it was the Fitzpatrick-Smart walk. In fact, it wound itself in infinite windings through isolated spots of literary scenery, if we may so speak, in which he took a personal interest. There were historical events, bits of family history, chiefly of a tragic or a scandalous kind—efforts of art or of literary genius on which, through some intellectual law, his mind and memory loved to dwell; and it was in reference to these that he collected. If the book were the one desired by him, no anxiety and toil, no payable price, was to be grudged for its acquisition. If the book were an inch out of his own line, it might be trampled in the mire for aught he cared, be it as rare or costly as it could be.

It was difficult, almost impossible, for others to predicate what would please this wayward sort of taste, and he was the torment of the book-caterers, who were sure of a princely price for the right article, but might have the wrong one thrown in their teeth with contumely. It was a perilous, but, if successful, a gratifying thing to present him with a book. If it happened to hit his fancy, he felt the full force of the compliment, and overwhelmed the giver with his courtly thanks. But it required great observation and tact to fit one for such an adventure, for the chances against an ordinary thoughtless gift-maker were thousands to one; and those who were acquainted with his strange nervous temperament, knew that the

existence within his dwelling-place of any book not of his own special kind would impart to him the sort of feeling of uneasy horror which a bee is said to feel when an earwig comes into its cell. Presentation copies by authors were among the chronic torments of his existence. While the complacent author was perhaps pluming himself on his liberality in making the judicious gift, the recipient was pouring out all his sarcasm, which was not feeble or slight, on the odious object, and wondering why an author could have entertained against him so steady and enduring a malice as to take the trouble of writing and printing all that rubbish with no better object than disturbing the peace of mind of an inoffensive old man. Every tribute from such *dona ferentes* cost him much uneasiness and some want of sleep—for what could he do with it? It was impossible to make merchandise of it, for he was every inch a gentleman. He could not burn it, for under an acrid exterior he had a kindly nature. It was believed, indeed, that he had established some limbo of his own, in which such unwelcome commodities were subject to a kind of burial or entombment, where they remained in existence, yet were decidedly outside the circle of his household gods.

These gods were a pantheon of a very extraordinary description, for he was a hunter after other things besides books. His acquisitions included pictures, and the various commodities which, for want of a distinctive name, auctioneers call "miscellaneous articles of vertu." He started on his accumulating career with some old family relics, and these, perhaps, gave the direction to his subsequent acquisitions, for they were all, like his books, brought together after some self-willed and peculiar law of association that pleased himself. A bad, even an inferior picture he would not have—for his taste was exquisite—unless, indeed, it had some strange history about it, adapting it to his wayward fancies, and then he would adopt the badness as a peculiar recommendation, and point it out with some pungent and appropriate remark to his friends. But though, with these peculiar exceptions, his works of art were faultless, no dealer could ever calculate on his buying a picture, however high a work of art or great a bargain. With his ever-accumulating collection, in which tiny sculpture and brilliant colour predominated, he kept a sort of fairy world around him. But each one of the mob of curious things he preserved had some story linking it with others, or with his peculiar fancies, and each one had its precise place in a sort of *epos*, as certainly as each

of the persons in the confusion of a pantomime or a farce has his own position and functions.

After all, he was himself his own greatest curiosity. He had come to manhood just after the period of gold-laced waistcoats, small-clothes, and shoe-buckles, otherwise he would have been long a living memorial of these now antique habits. It happened to be his lot to preserve down to us the earliest phase of the pantaloon dynasty. So, while the rest of the world were booted or heavy shod, his silk-stockinged feet were thrust into pumps of early Oxford cut, and the predominant garment was the surtout, blue in colour, and of the original make before it came to be called a frock. Round his neck was wrapped an ante-Brummelite neckerchief (not a tie), which projected in many wreaths like a great poultice—and so he took his walks abroad, a figure which he could himself have turned into admirable ridicule.

One of the mysteries about him was, that his clothes, though unlike any other person's, were always old. This characteristic could not even be accounted for by the supposition that he had laid in a sixty years' stock in his youth, for they always appeared to have been a good deal worn. The very umbrella was in keeping—it was of green silk, an obsolete colour ten years ago—and the handle was of a peculiar crosier-like formation in cast-horn, obviously not obtainable in the market. His face was ruddy, but not with the ruddiness of youth; and, bearing on his head a Brutus wig of the light-brown hair which had long ago legitimately shaded his brow, when he stood still—except for his linen, which was snowy white—one might suppose that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and had been sprinkled with the frowzy mouldiness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things, in which a semblance to the freshness of living nature is vainly attempted to be preserved. So if he were motionless; but let him speak, and the internal freshness was still there, an ever-blooming garden of intellectual flowers. His antiquated costume was no longer grotesque—it harmonized with an antiquated courtesy and high-bred gentleness of manner, which he had acquired from the best sources, since he had seen the first company in his day, whether for rank or genius. And conversation and manner were far from exhausting his resources. He had a wonderful pencil—it was potent for the beautiful, the terrible, and the ridiculous; but it took a wayward wilful course, like everything else about him. He had a brilliant pen, too, when he

chose to wield it; but the idea that he should exercise any of these his gifts in common display before the world, for any even of the higher motives that make people desire fame and praise, would have sickened him. His faculties were his own as much as his collection, and to be used according to his caprice and pleasure. So fluttered through existence one who, had it been his fate to have his own bread to make, might have been a great man. Alas for the end! Some curious annotations are all that remain of his literary powers—some drawings and etchings in private collections all of his artistic. His collection, with its long train of legends and associations, came to what he himself must have counted as dispersal. He left it to his housekeeper, who, like a wise woman, converted it into cash while its mysterious reputation was fresh. Huddled in a greatauction-room, its several catalogued items lay in humiliating contrast with the decorous order in which they were wont to be arranged. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The Book-Hunter.

THE RETURN.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come! they come!"

And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came;
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain, in wonder lost were they.
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold:
But soon the light of young remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblest'd,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe, as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who, in his gaily of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING-HOUSE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.¹

On a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions, I stopped one evening with a fellow-traveller at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse-thief. As we sat around the tavern hearth, after supper, we heard the particulars of the rogue's capture and escape fully discussed; then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco-smoke; until, at the close of an exciting story, one of the natives turned to my travelling acquaintance, and, with a broad laugh, said, "Kin you beat that, stranger?"

"Well, I don't know,—maybe I could if I should try. I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse-stealing as you tell of, but I knew a man who stole a meeting-house once."

"Stole a meetin'-house! That goes a little beyant anything yit," remarked another of the honest villagers. "Ye don't mean he stole it and carried it away?"

"Stole it and carried it away," repeated my travelling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair. "And, more than all that, I helped him."

"How happened that?—for you don't look much like a thief yourself."

All eyes were now turned upon my friend, a plain New England farmer, whose honest homespun appearance and candid speech commanded respect.

"I was his hired man, and I acted under orders. His name was Jedwort—Old Jedwort the boys called him, although he wasn't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened, which I'll make as straight a story of as I can, if the company would like to hear it."

"Sartin, stranger! sartin! about stealin' the meetin'-house," chimed in two or three voices.

My friend cleared his throat, put his hair behind his ears, and with a grave, smooth face, but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd gray eye, began as follows:—

"Jedwort, I said his name was; and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morning. He stood leaning on the front gate

—or rather on the post, for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child couldn't have leaned on't without breaking it down. And Jedwort was no child. Think of a stoutish, stooping, duck-legged man, with a mountainous back, strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt,—and you have him. That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it, for the last fifteen years and more, until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders like a turtle's from its shell. His arms hung, as he walked, almost to the ground. Being curved with the elbows outward, he looked for all the world, in a front view, like a waddling interrogation-point enclosed in a parenthesis. If man was ever a quadruped, as I've heard some folks tell, and rose gradually from four legs to two, there must have been a time, very early in his history, when he went about like Old Jedwort.

"The gate had been a very good gate in its day. It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle. That was some twenty years before, and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since.

"Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking. He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him; and I judge there must have been something about him more than common, or he never could have got such a wife. But then women do marry sometimes unaccountably.

"I speak with feeling on this subject, for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs. Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest. She was the patientest creature you ever saw. She was even too patient. If I had been tied to such a cub, I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wild cat; there would have been one good fight; and one of us would have been living, and the other would have been dead, and that would have been the end of it. But Mrs. Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries, and a large number of children. She had had nine of these, and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting-house in the way I am going on to tell you. There was Maria, the oldest girl, a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen. Then there were the two boys, Dave and Dan, fine young fellows, spite of their father. Then came Lottie and Susie, and then Willie, a little four-year-old.

¹ From *Coupon Bonds, and other Stories*. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. See *Casquet of Literature*, p. 393, vol. ii.

"It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had. For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw. It was avarice that had spoiled him, and came so near turning him into a beast. The boys used to say he grew so bent looking in the dirt for pennies. That was true of his mind, if not of his body. He was a poor man, and a pretty respectable man, when he married his wife; but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property than he grew crazy for more. There are a good many men in the world, that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way. They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of comforts, and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year; and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children, who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners, and less in stocks and bonds.

"Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess. A dollar looked so big to him, and he held it so close, that at last he couldn't see much of anything else. By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbours' opinions. His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls, because he was too mean to buy them shoes. It was pitiful to see a nice, interesting girl like Maria, go about looking as she did, while her father was piling his money into the bank. She wanted to go to school and learn music, and be somebody; but he wouldn't keep a hired girl, and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework; and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition, than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe-handle.

"The only way his wife could ever get anything new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy, and selling it behind his back. 'You needn't say anything to Mr. Jedwort about this batch of butter,' she would hint to the storekeeper; 'but you may hand the money to me, or I will take my pay in goods.' In this way a new gown, or a piece of cloth for the boys' coats, or something else the family needed, would be smuggled into the house, with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from.

"The house inside was kept neat as a pin; but everything around it looked terribly shift-

less. It was built originally in an ambitious style, and painted white. It had four tall front pillars, supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch,—lifting up the eyebrows of the house, if I may so express myself, and making it look as if it was going to sneeze. Half the blinds were off their hinges, and the rest flapped in the wind. The front-door step had rotted away. The porch had once a good floor, but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig-pen, until not a bit of floor was left.

"But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning. We had all noticed him; and as Dave and I brought in the milk, his mother asked, 'What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there, looking up the road; or else he's walking up that way in a brown study.'

"'He's got his eye on the old meeting-house,' says Dave, setting down his pail. 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week.'

"That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to. But after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me.

"'Stark,' says he at last, 'you've always insisted on't that I wasn't an enterprisin' man.'

"'I insist on't still,' says I; for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes. 'If I had this farm, I'd show you enterprise. You wouldn't see the hogs in the garden half the time, just for want of a good fence to keep 'em out. You wouldn't see the very best strip of land lying waste, just for want of a ditch. You wouldn't see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by-and-by you won't be able to see it for the weeds and thistles.'

"'Yes,' says he, sarcastically, 'ye'd lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye'd ever git back agin, I've no doubt. But I believe in economy.'

"That provoked me a little, and I said, 'Economy! you're one of the kind of men that'll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack-knife worth a shilling. You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn—to say nothing of the inconvenience.'

"'Wal, Stark,' says he, grinning and scratching his head, 'I've made up my mind to have a bigger barn, if I have to steal one.'

"'That won't be the first thing you've stole neither,' says I.

"'He flared up at that. 'Stole?' says he. 'What did I ever steal?'

"'Well, for one thing, the rails the freshest last spring drifted off from Talcott's land onto yours, and you grabbed: what was that but stealing?'

"'That was luck. He couldn't swear to his rails. By the way, they'll jest come in play now.'

"'They've come in play already,' says I. 'They've gone on to the old fences all over the farm, and I could use a thousand more without making much show.'

"'That's 'cause you're so dumb'd extravagant with rails, as you are with everything else. A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there, as well as not. Harness up the team, boys, and git together enough to make about ten rods o' zigzag, two rails high.'

"'Two rails?' says Dave, who had a healthy contempt for the old man's narrow, contracted way of doing things. 'What's the good of such a fence as that?'

"'It'll be,' says I, 'like the single bar in music. When our old singing-master asked his class once what a single bar was, Bill Wilkins spoke up and said, 'It's a bar that horses and cattle jump over, and pigs and sheep run under.' What do you expect to keep out with two rails?'

"'The law, boys, the law,' says Jedwort. 'I know what I'm about. I'll make a fence the law can't run under nor jump over; and I don't care a cuss for the cattle and pigs. You git the rails, and I'll rip some boards off 'm the pig-pen to make stakes.'

"'Boards a'n't good for nothin' for stakes,' says Dave. 'Besides, none can't be spared from the pig-pen.'

"'I'll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig-pens,' says Jedwort. 'Bring along the rails, and dump 'em out in the road for the present, and say nothin' to nobody.'

"'We got the rails, and he made his stakes; and right away after dinner he called us out. 'Come, boys,' says he, 'now we'll astonish the natives.'

"'The waggon stood in the road, with the last jag of rails still on it. Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crowbar and axe, while we were hitching up the team.

"'Now, drive on, Stark,' says he.

"'Yes; but where shall I drive to?'

"'To the old meetin'-house,' says Jedwort, trudging on ahead.

"'The old meeting-house stood on an open common, at the north-east corner of his farm.

A couple of cross-roads bounded it on two sides; and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort's overgrown stone wall. It was a square, old-fashioned building, with a low steeple, that had a belfry, but no bell in it, and with a high square pulpit and high straight-backed pews inside. It was now some time since meetings had been held there; the old society that used to meet there having separated, one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village, and the other a fine new church at the Centre.

"'Now, the peculiarity about the old church property was, that nobody had any legal title to it. A log meeting-house had been built there when the country was first settled and land was of no account. In the course of time that was torn down, and a good framed house put up in its place. As it belonged to the whole community, no title, either to the house or land, was ever recorded; and it wasn't until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of. While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over, Jedwort was on hand to settle it by putting in his claim.

"'Now, boys,' says he, 'ye see what I'm up to.'

"'Yes,' says I, provoked as I could be at the mean trick, 'and I knew it was some such mischief all along. You never show any enterprise, as you call it, unless it is to get the start of a neighbour.'

"'But what are you up to, pa?' says Dan, who didn't see the trick yet.

"'The old man says, 'I'm goin' to fence in the rest part of my farm.'

"'What rest part?'

"'This part that never was fenced; the old meetin'-house common.'

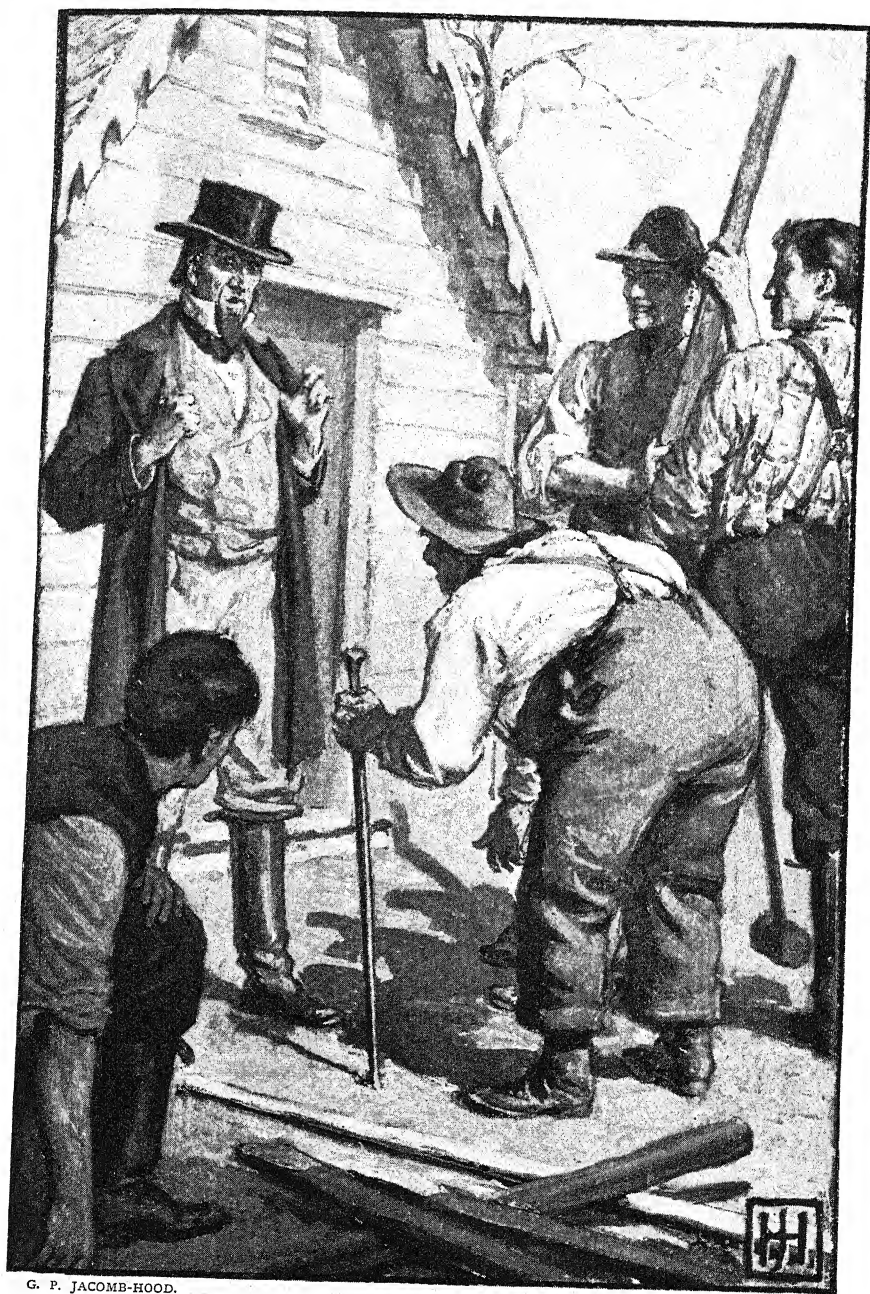
"'But, pa,' says Dave, disgusted as I was, 'you've no claim on that.'

"'Wal, if I ha'n't, I'll make a claim. Give me the crowbar. Now, here's the corner, nigh as I can squint;' and he stuck the bar into the ground. 'Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides. Now work spry, for there comes Deacon Talcott.'

"'Wal, wal!' says the Deacon, coming up, puffing with excitement; 'what ye doin' to the old meetin'-house?'

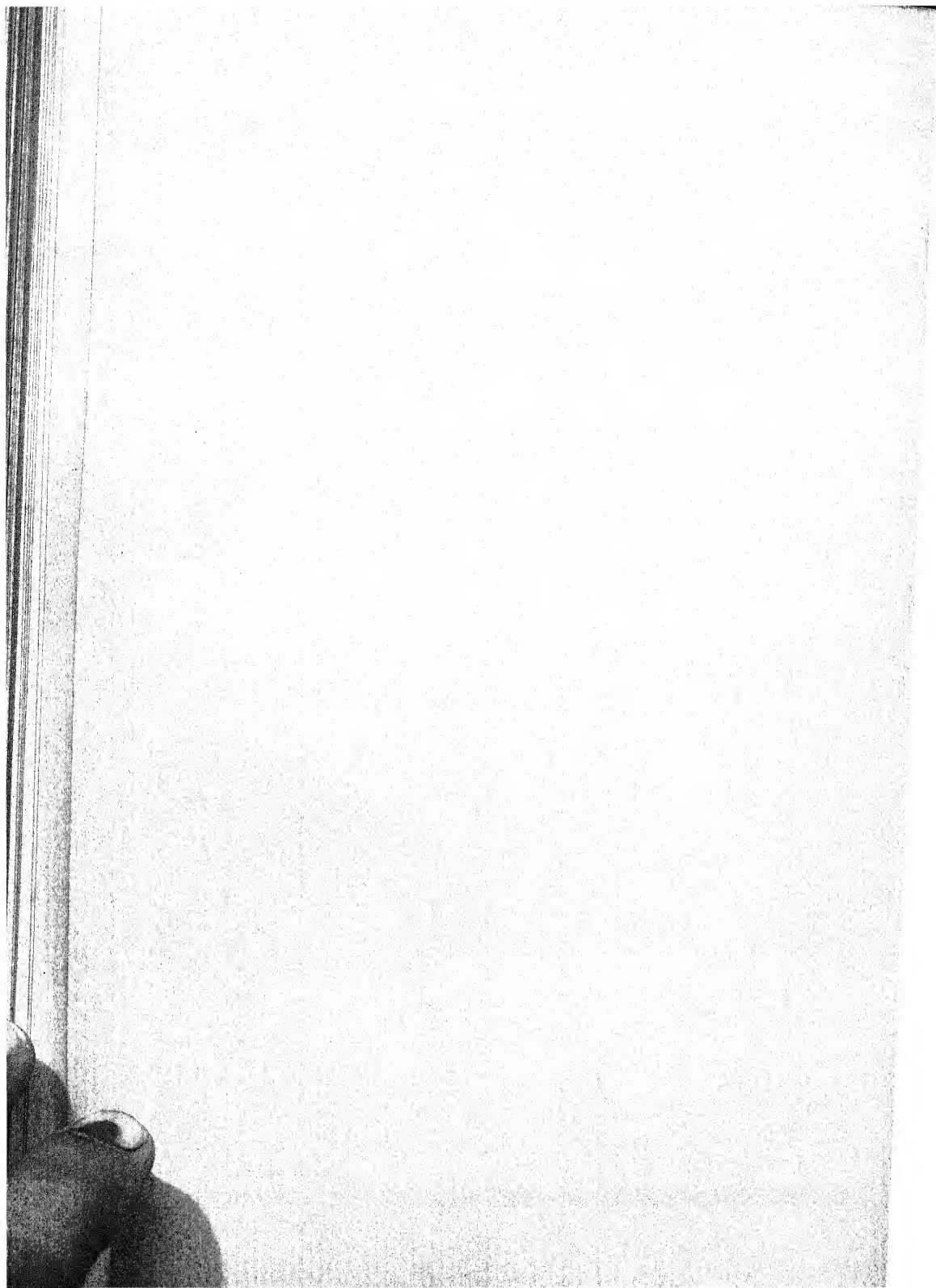
"'Wal,' says Jedwort, driving away at his stakes, and never looking up, 'I've been considerin' some time what I should do with 't, and I've concluded to make a barn on 't.'

"'Make a barn! make a barn!' cries the Deacon. 'Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?'



G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

"I'M GOIN' TO PUT A FENCE ROUND 'THE HULL CONCERN."



"'Nobody; I take the liberty. Why shouldn't I do what I please with my own prop'ty?"

"'Your own property—what do ye mean? 'T a'n't your meetin'-house."

"'Whose is't, if 't a'n't mine?' says Jedwort, lifting his turtle's head from between his horizontal shoulders, and grinning in the Deacon's face.

"'It belongs to the society,' says the Deacon.

"'But the s'ciety's pulled up stakes and gone off."

"'It belongs to individooals of the society—to individooals."

"'Wal, I'm an individooal,' says Jedwort.

"'You! you never went to meetin' here a dozen times in your life!"

"'I never did have my share of the old meetin'-house, that's a fact,' says Jedwort; 'but I'll make it up now."

"'But what are ye fencin' up the common for?' says the Deacon.

"'It'll make a good calf-pastur'. I've never had my share o' the valley o' that either. I've let my neighbours' pigs and critters run on't long enough; and now I'm jest goin' to take possession o' my own."

"'Your own!' says the Deacon, in perfect consternation. 'You've no deed on't."

"'Wal, have you?"

"'No—but—the society—"

"'The s'ciety, I tell ye,' says Jedwort, holding his head up longer than I ever knew him to hold it up at a time, and grinning all the while in Talcott's face—the s'ciety is split to pieces. There a'n't no s'ciety now, any more 'n a pig's a pig arter you've butchered and e't it. You've e't the pig amongst ye, and left me the pen. The s'ciety never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty, and no man never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty. My wife's gran'daddy, when he took up the land here, was a good-natered sort of man, and he allowed a corner on't for his neighbours to put up a temp'rary meetin'-house. That was finally used up—the kind o' preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa'n't fire-proof; and when that was preached to pieces they put up another shelter in its place. This is it. And now't the land a'n't used no more for the puppose 'twas lent for, it goes back nat'rally to the estate 'twas took from, and the buildin's along with it."

"'That's all a sheer fabrication,' says the Deacon. 'This land was never a part of what's now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine."

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, 'I look at it in my

way, and you've a perfect right to look at it in your way. But I'm goin' to make sure o' my way, by puttin' a fence round the hull concern."

"'And you're usin' some of my rails for to do it with!' says the Deacon.

"'Can you swear 't they're your rails?"

"'Yes, I can; they're rails the freshet carried off from my farm last spring, and landed onto yourn."

"'So I've heard ye say. But can you swear to the partic'lar rails? Can you swear, for instance, 't this 'ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?"

"'No; I can't swear to precisely them two—but—"

"'Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two?' says Jedwort. 'No, ye can't. Ye can swear to the lot in general, but you can't swear to any partic'lar rail, and that kind o' swearin' won't stand law, Deacon Talcott. I don't boast of bein' an edicated man, but I know suthin' o' what law is, and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line, and I make my neighbours toe that line, Deacon Talcott. Nine p'int of the law is possession, and I'll have possession o' this 'ere house and land by fencin' on't in; and though every man 't comes along should say these 'ere rails belong to them, I'll fence it in with these 'ere very rails."

"Jedwort said this, wagging his obstinate old head, and grinning with his face turned up pugnaciously at the Deacon; then went to work again as if he had settled the question, and didn't wish to discuss it any further.

"As for Talcott, he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech. He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails, by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen, so that nobody could tell 'em apart; and he saw at once that the meeting-house was in danger of going the same way, just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property. He did just the wisest thing when he swallowed his vexation, and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies, and to consult a lawyer. . . . The common was fenced in by sundown; and the next day Jedwort had over a house-mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building. 'Can ye snake it over, and drop it back of my house?' says he.

"'It'll be a hard job,' says old Bob, 'without you tear down the steeple fust."

"'But Jedwort said, 'What's a meetin'-house 'thout a steeple? I've got my heart kind o' set on that steeple, and I'm bound to go the

hull hog on this 'ere concern, now I've began.'

"'I vow,' says Bob, examining the timbers, 'I won't warrant but what the old thing'll all tumble down.'

"'I'll resk it.'

"'Yes; but who'll resk the lives of me and my men?'

"'O, you'll see if it's rel'y goin' to tumble, and look out. I'll engage 't me and my boys 'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumb'd if I wouldn't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell, if there was one.'

"'It wasn't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan; and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

"'It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land, unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off—and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him; some said let him be—the thing a'n't worth going to law for; and so, as the leading men couldn't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting-house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slued it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

"'It was a trying time for the women-folks at home. Maria had declared that if her father did persist in stealing the meeting-house, she would not stay a single day after it, but would follow Dave, who had already gone away.

"'That touched me pretty close, for, to tell the truth, it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man. 'If you go,' says I, 'then there is no object for me to stay; I shall go too.'

"'That's what I supposed,' says she; 'for there's no reason in the world why you should stay. But then Dan will go; and who'll be left to take sides with mother? That's what troubles me. O, if she could only go too! But she won't, and she couldn't if she would, with the other children depending on her. Dear, dear! what shall we do?'

"'The poor girl put her head on my shoulder, and cried; and if I should own up to the truth, I suppose I cried a little too. For where's the man that can hold a sweet woman's head on his shoulder, while she sobs out her trouble,

and he hasn't any power to help her—who, I say, can do any less, under such circumstances, than drop a tear or two for company?

"'Never mind; don't hurry,' says Mrs. Jedwort. 'Be patient, and wait awhile, and it'll all turn out right, I'm sure.'

"'Yes, you always say, "Be patient, and wait!"' says Maria, brushing back her hair. 'But, for my part, I'm tired of waiting, and my patience has given out long ago. We can't always live in this way, and we may as well make a change now as ever. But I can't bear the thought of going and leaving you.'

"'Here the two younger girls came in, and seeing that crying was the order of the day, they began to cry; and when they heard Maria talk of going, they declared they would go; and even little Willie, the four-year-old, began to howl.

"'There, there! Maria! Lottie! Susie!' said Mrs. Jedwort, in her calm way; 'Willie, hush up! I don't know what we are to do; but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way, and we are to wait. Now go and wash the dishes, and set the cheese.'

"'That was just after breakfast, the second day of the moving; and sure enough, something like what she prophesied did happen before another sun.

"'The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night, when the steeple showed signs of seceding. 'There she goes! She's falling now!' sung out the boys, who had been hanging around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble.

"'The house was then within a few rods of where Jedwort wanted it; but Bob stopped right there, and said it wasn't safe to haul it another inch. 'That steeple's bound to come down, if we do,' says he.

"'Not by a dumb'd sight, it a'n't,' says Jedwort. 'Them cracks a'n't nothin'; the j'int's is all firm yit.' He wanted Bob to go up and examine; but Bob shook his head—the concern looked too shaky. Then he told me to go up, but I said I hadn't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma*. Then the boys began to hoot. 'Dumb'd if ye a'n't all a set of cow-ards,' says he. 'I'll go up myself.'

"'We waited outside while he climbed up inside. The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple, and make it fall. One of them blew a horn—as he said, to bring down the old Jericho—and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse, and giving the building a little wrench. But Bob put a stop

to that; and finally out came a head from the belfry window. It was Jedwort, who shouted down to us: 'There a'n't a j'int or brace gin out. Start the hoss, and I'll ride. *Pass me up that 'ere horn, and—'*

"Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers, and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground, with Jedwort in it."

"I hope it killed the cuss," said one of the village story-tellers.

"Worse than that," replied my friend; "it just cracked his skull—not enough to put an end to his miserable life, but only to take away what little sense he had. We got the doctors to him, and they patched up his broken head; and by George it made me mad to see the fuss the women-folks made over him. It would have been my way to let him die; but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived; for that's women's style: they're unreasoning creatures."

"Along towards morning we persuaded Mrs. Jedwort, who had been up all night, to lie down a spell and catch a little rest, while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man. All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing; there was a lamp burning in the next room; when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows, and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound. We looked out, and saw the night all lighted up as if by some great fire. As it appeared to be on the other side of the house, we ran to the door, and there what did we see but the old meeting-house all in flames. Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort. It must have been burning some time inside; for when we looked out the flames had burst through the roof."

"As the night was perfectly still, except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place, we raised no alarm, but just stood in the door and saw it burn. And a glad sight it was to us, you may be sure. I just held Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well—it was the best thing that could happen. 'O yes,' says she, 'it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and shame out of our sight.'

"I had never yet said anything to her about marriage—for the time to come at that had never seemed to arrive; but there's nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus. You've seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing-point, but not exactly able to

make up its mind to freeze, when a little jar will set the crystals forming, and in a minute what was liquid is ice. It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals—not of ice, gentlemen, by any manner of means.

"After the fire had got along so far that the meeting-house was a gone case, an alarm was given, probably by the very fellows that set it, and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning.

"Of course these circumstances put an end to the breaking up of the family. Dave was sent for, and came home. Then, as soon as we saw that the old man's brain was injured so that he wasn't likely to recover his mind, the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see. The children were sent to school, and Mrs. Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them, and to provide the house with comforts, without stealing her own butter. Jedwort was a burden; but, in spite of him, that was just about the happiest family, for the next four years, that ever lived on this planet.

"Jedwort soon got his bodily health, but I don't think he knew one of us again after his hurt. As near as I could get at his state of mind, he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal. He seemed inclined to take me for a master, and for four years he followed me around like a dog. During that time he never spoke, but only whined and growled. When I said, 'Lie down,' he'd lie down; and when I whistled he'd come.

"I used sometimes to make him work; and certain simple things he would do very well as long as I was by. One day I had a jag of hay to get in; and, as the boys were away, I thought I'd have him load it. I pitched it on to the waggon about where it ought to lie, and looked to him only to pack it down. There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected, and the higher it got the worse the shape of it, till finally, as I was starting it towards the barn, off it rolled, and the old man with it, head foremost.

"He struck a stone heap, and for a moment I thought he was killed. But he jumped up and spoke for the first time. '*I'll blow it,*' says he, finishing the sentence he had begun four years before, when he called for the horn to be passed up to him.

"I couldn't have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken. But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort's face that hadn't been there since his tumble

in the belfry; and I knew that, as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head, so another blow had knocked 'em in again.

"Where's Bob?" says he, looking all around.

"Bob?" says I, not thinking at first who he meant. "Oh, Bob is dead—he has been dead these three years."

"Without noticing my reply, he exclaimed, 'Where did all that hay come from? Where's the old meetin'-house?'"

"Don't you know?" says I. "Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt, and burned it up."

"He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened."

"Stark," says he, "what's the matter with ye? You're changed."

"Yes," says I, "I wear my beard now, and I've grown older!"

"Dumbed if't a'n't odd!" says he. "Stark, what in thunder's the matter with *me*?"

"You've had meeting-house on the brain for the past four years," says I; "that's what's the matter."

"It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head, and that so long a time had been a blank to him."

"Then he said, 'Is this my farm?'"

"Don't you know it?" says I.

"It looks more slicked up than ever it used to," says he.

"Yes," says I; "and you'll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way."

"Where's Dave?" says he.

"Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool."

"Where's Dan?"

"Dan's in college. He takes a great notion to medicine, and we're going to make a doctor of him."

"Whose house is that?" says he, as I was taking him home.

"No wonder you don't know it," says I. "It has been painted, and shingled, and had new blinds put on; the gates and fences are all in prime condition; and that's a new barn we put up a couple of years ago."

"Where does the money come from to make all these improvements?"

"It comes off the place," says I. "We haven't run in debt the first cent for anything, but we've made the farm more profitable than it ever was before."

"That *my* house?" he repeated wonderingly as we approached it. "What sound is that?"

"That's Lottie practising her lesson on the piano."

"A pianer in my house?" he muttered. "I can't stand that!" He listened. "It sounds pooty though!"

"Yes, it does sound pretty, and I guess you'll like it. How does the place suit you?"

"It *looks* pooty," He started. "What young lady is that?"

"It was Lottie, who had left her music and stood by the window."

"My dahter! ye don't say! Dumbed if she a'n't a mighty nice gal."

"Yes," says I; "she takes after her mother."

"Just then Susie, who heard talking, ran to the door."

"Who's that agin?" says Jedwort.

"I told him."

"Wal, *she's* a mighty nice-lookin' gal!"

"Yes," says I; "she takes after her mother."

"Little Willie, now eight years old, came out of the wood-shed with a bow and arrow in his hand, and stared like an owl, hearing his father talk."

"What boy is that?" says Jedwort. And when I told him, he muttered, 'He's an ugly-looking brat!'"

"He's more like his father," says I.

"The truth is, Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him, for fear I'd say of him, as I'd said of the girls, that he favoured his mother."

"Susie ran back and gave the alarm, and then out came mother, and Maria with her baby in her arms—for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years."

"Well, the women-folks were as much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke, and a good deal more delighted. They drew him into the house, and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well. He kept looking at his wife, and his children, and his grandchild, and the new paper on the walls, and the new furniture, and now and then asking a question or making a remark."

"It all comes back to me now," says he at last. "I thought I was living in the moon, with a superior race of human bein's, and this is the place and you are the people."

"It wasn't more than a couple of days before he began to pry around, and find fault, and grumble at the expense; and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition. So I took him one side, and talked to him."

"Jedwort," says I, "you're like a man raised from the grave. You was the same as buried to your neighbours, and now they come and

look at you as they would at a dead man come to life. To you, it's like coming into a new world; and I'll leave it to you now if you don't rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to-day. You've seen how the family affairs go on—how pleasant everything is, and how we all enjoy ourselves. You hear the piano, and like it; you see your children sought after and respected—your wife in finer health and spirits than you've ever known her since the day she was married; you see industry and neatness everywhere on the premises; and you're a beast if you don't like all that. In short, you see that our management is a great deal better than yours; and that we beat you even in the matter of economy. Now, what I want to know is this: whether you think you'd like to fall into our way of living, or return like a hog to your wallow?"

"I don't say but what I like your way of livin' very well," he grumbled.

"Then," says I, "you must just let us go ahead as we have been going ahead. Now's the time for you to turn about and be a respectable man, like your neighbours. Just own up, and say you've not only been out of your head the past four years, but that you've been more or less out of your head the last four-and-twenty years. But say you're in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind. Do that, and I'm with you—we're all with you. But go back to your old dirty ways, and you go alone. Now I sha'n't let you off till you tell me what you mean to do."

"He hesitated some time, then said, 'Maybe you're about right, Stark; you and Dave and the old woman seem to be doin' pooty well, and I guess I'll let you go on.'"

Here my friend paused, as if his story was done; when one of the villagers asked, "About the land where the old meetin'-house stood—what ever was done with that?"

"That was appropriated for a new school-house, and there my little shavers go to school."

"And old Jedwort, is he alive yet?"

"Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance—where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life. Mrs. Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock; and Jedwort's account, I guess, will compare favourably with that of some respectable people, such as we all know. I tell ye, my friends," continued my fellow-traveller, "there's many a man, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that 'twould do

a deal of good, say nothing of the mercy 'twould be to their families, just to knock 'em on the head, and make Nebuchadnezzars of 'em—then, after they'd been turned out to grass a few years, let 'em come back again, and see how happy folks have been, and how well they have got along without 'em.

"I carry on the old place now," he added. "The younger girls are married off; Dan's a doctor in the North Village; and as for Dave, he and I have struck ile. I'm going out to look at our property now."

THE CANARY IN HIS CAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."¹

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.

Near the window wild birds fly,
Trees are waving round:
Fair things everywhere you spy
Through the glass pane's mystery,
Your small life's small bound:
Nothing hinders your desire
But a little gilded wire.

Like a human soul you seem
Shut in golden bars:
Placed amidst earth's sunshine-stream,
Singing to the morning beam,
Dreaming 'neath the stars;
Seeing all life's pleasures clear,—
But they never can come near.

Never! Sing, bird-poet mine,
As most poets do;—
Guessing by an instinct fine
At some happiness divine
Which they never knew.
Lonely in a prison bright
Hymning for the world's delight.

Yet, my birdie, you're content
In your tiny cage:
Not a carol thence is sent
But for happiness is meant—
Wisdom pure as sage:
Teaching, the true poet's part
Is to sing with merry heart.

¹ *Poems.* London: Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co. 1872.

So, lie down thou peevish pen,
 Eyes, shake off all tears;
 And my wee bird, sing again:
 I'll translate your song to men
 In these future years.
 "Howsoe'er thy lot's assigned,
 Meet it with a cheerful mind."

RESTRAINT.

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature: and, from

the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect—from the poisoning of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.—And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A LAND SHIPWRECK.

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
 Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
 Of ships, and storms at sea; when suddenly,
 Out of his wild giddiness, one conceives
 The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnacle,
 Moving and floating; and the confused noise
 To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
 That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
 From rocking of the vessel; this conceived,
 Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
 And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
 Up to the main-top, and discover: he
 Climbs by the bedpost to the tester, there
 Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
 And wails them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
 To cast their lading overboard. At this
 All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
 As to the sea, what next come to their hand—
 Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
 Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
 They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
 Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
 A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
 Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows;
 His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
 A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape,
 As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
 Still fumbling on a gittern.

The rude multitude

Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
 Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
 The constable is called to atone the spoil,
 Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
 Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds
 them

In this confusion: they adore his staff,
 And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
 Came with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
 To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
 And at this point we left them.

JOHN HEYWOOD (1565).

VAGABOND JACK.

BY HENRY DE LA MADELENE.

I.

Vagabond Jack was certainly worthy of his nickname, for ever since he had arrived at years of discretion he was not known to have any home or any fixed abode. Always wandering over the mountain he slept anywhere, careless though his bed were the bare ground. All the caves, grottoes, caverns, and crevasses of Mount Ventoux belonged to him of natural right, and his sovereignty extended if need were over forty leagues as the crow flies, from the Barron to the borders of Savoy.

His real name was John Gravier; but where will there be found a peasant in this part of the country who is known under the name he has derived from his forefathers? Except the curé and the notary perhaps nobody in the village knew who John Gravier was; but as for Jack the Vagabond—why, the very youngest children knew this name, and he himself would have scarcely answered to any other.

Being left an orphan while quite young, Jack was a child of nature in the fullest sense of the term. Very jealous of his liberty and even somewhat wild, he could not long remain in service in the house of a stranger, and soon broke loose from all guardianship. Active as a monkey, almost proof against fatigue, patient, and temperate, he rapidly became an excellent poacher, and able to give odds to the most expert trappers. As a matter of course he soon had a crow to pluck with the gendarmes, whose duty it was to keep order in the country; and such fame did he gain in the battles that were every now and again taking place that it was always to him the hardest blows were attributed. Matters were at this stage, and as yet he had not brought himself under the notice of the law farther than having information lodged against him for breaches of the game-laws, tavern quarrels, and such like, when a decisive event took place that placed him in open rebellion against the whole social order of his country.

On the day of the conscription Jack did not appear to draw his lot along with his comrades. The maire drew for him, and drew one of the most unlucky numbers. So here was Jack a soldier for seven years, at the beck and call of his officers. He a soldier! He to be forced to dwell in towns, to wear a uniform, to obey without a word, to submit to discipline, to sleep in quarters, and to begin anew every day for seven years the same dreary and monoto-

nous task! Poor Jack, was this possible! It would have been something if there had been a chance of fighting, as not long before; but to rust slowly in a royal barrack, and to be only a show soldier—the very thought of it was enough to turn his stomach.

He received a notice to join one morning and paid no attention to it. The maire, who was an excellent man and very fond of him, took him aside one Sunday after mass and said to him, "Take care, Jack; you are getting yourself into trouble; there is still time, and if you will join I shall justify your delay by a good certificate. I can do nothing more, my poor fellow—the law is the law."

"Many thanks for your good-will towards me, sir; but I cannot do it. If I had the misfortune to go I should desert in less than a month, I feel that. I prefer to remain here a refractory but not a deserter."

"But, my poor fellow, you will be hunted like a hare; and you cannot hope to keep out of the reach of the *blues* long."

"That remains to be seen. I'm not afraid of that, sir."

"How will you manage it?"

Jack with a smile showed the soles of his shoes, which were studded with formidable nails.

"These have always served me as my sporting license, and I'll wager they will give me the route too."

"Very well," said the maire, "I have warned you, and if you let yourself be taken now, I wash my hands of you."

Jack acted as he had said, and for about five years he with marvellous success foiled every attempt to catch him, and disconcerted all his enemies' plans with unfailing good fortune. It must be recollected that Mount Ventoux seems expressly made to be the scene of a life such as this. Let the reader picture to himself an immense truncated cone, an outlier of the main chain of the Alps, rising gradually to the height of about 6500 feet above the level of the sea. Everywhere, from base to summit, over perhaps 100,000 acres, nothing but bare rock, barrenness and desolation. Large ravines of profound depth intersect the giant flanks of the mountain, and form as they run down to the plain narrow but fertile *combes*, where the flocks find at all times a short sweet herbage. Not a dwelling, not a cabin, only here and there some rude hovels of dry stones erected as places of shelter by the shepherds.

Who could believe—and yet it is a fact—that rather less than a century ago this solitude was covered with magnificent trees, pines, larches, beeches, and oaks? Large game then

abounded in these inaccessible forests, the former beauty of which is yet attested by some scanty remains; but the wild goat, the stag, and the wild boar have long since fled before the blind devastation which seemed everywhere fated to attend the French Revolution, and only the wolf, the fox, and the marten have remained faithful to the mountain. The small game, almost annihilated in the low grounds, find a last refuge on Mount Ventoux; coveys of red partridges and flocks of plovers are met with, and the quail regularly halts here in its migrations. A small, squat, dumpy variety of rabbit, which lives exclusively on wild thyme, is abundant. As for the hares of Mount Ventoux they are simply unequalled, and fully justify the preference accorded to them by *gourmets* of the first rank.

Poacher, refractory, condemned to be ceaselessly on the alert, his eye and his ear ever ready, Jack could not have desired a more favourable theatre for his exploits. Beloved by the people of thirty villages round, and esteemed for his honesty, Jack could always find some one kind enough to sell his game for him in town on the market-day. If the three-cornered hat of a gendarme happened to show itself unexpectedly in a village or in the neighbourhood of a farm, a peculiar cry was instantly heard, which being forthwith taken up and repeated from farm to farm, gradually gave Jack notice of the enemy's presence. He had certain peculiar ways of knocking at doors in the night, so that they would be opened to him at any hour; and at many farms he knew where the key was laid, and could let himself in as if he had been at home. On Sundays he generally attended high mass in the village; and children, posted as scouts at all the crossways, enabled honest Jack to perform his devotions in safety. When it was impossible, or he thought it imprudent, to attend, he remained on the mountain, where he might have been seen kneeling down at the sound of the bells of his parish, and joining in intention the faithful assembled in the church. This kind of mass he called *hill-top mass*.

At first he was so hotly pursued that he had been twice driven into Maurienne; and it was there he had learned how to make gunpowder, and had first thought of turning smuggler. Afterwards, when it came to be almost tacitly admitted that Jack could only be taken by chance, he used to return there at fixed periods thrice a year, and supplied almost single-handed the demand for contraband goods over forty square leagues of country.

After the revolution of July a general amnesty

was proclaimed, and Jack accordingly was at perfect liberty to return to the village and resume his civic rights. He did nothing of the kind, however, but remained on the mountain as before. This life of privation, fatigue, strife, and hazard had become a second nature to him, and henceforth he could enjoy no other. He was left alone to live as he pleased.

He was then from three-and-thirty to five-and-thirty years of age, and, without any exaggeration, the best-looking fellow in the country, in spite of his sunburned face. More than one girl looked kindly on him at mass on Sunday, and said to herself, "What a pity that such a handsome fellow should be a vagabond!" Jack was by no means vain, but what man is mistaken on this subject? Jack could not help feeling secretly flattered by the attention he excited among the women.

At this time there lived at a neighbouring farm a handsome slip of a girl, who turned all the heads of the young men, and was the object of many longings. Félise, pretty Félise, was looked upon as an heiress, though her father, Martin (Martinet or Tinet), lived in the most sordid and miserly manner. Her mother was dead, and through her she had inherited some acres of meadow-land over at Saintes-Marguerites. She was tall, well-made, saucy, with a pair of eyes fit to ruin her soul, and a perfect darling of a foot. She knew that she was a good match, wore ribbons in her caps, and was quite ready to flirt with the handsome fellows who used to pay court to her.

Jack had known her from the time she was a child, and had dandled her on his knees many a time when she was a mere infant, but he had never paid any particular attention to her since she was grown up and old enough to marry. He used frequently to come to her father's farm, where, as it was situated well up the mountain and about an hour's walk from the village, he was not likely to be surprised, and he had often found food and shelter there. The first time that it came into his head that Félise was pretty, poor Jack was greatly troubled. It was on a Sunday, the first of May, after vespers. He was crossing, without thought of evil, the little square where the plane-trees of the parsonage give so cool a shade, when he was all at once surrounded by a troop of laughing girls begging for the May Queen.

"Give us something, Jack!"

"Jack, it will bring you luck!"

"The Holy Virgin will repay you a hundred-fold!"

"Look, Jack, if our queen is not worth it!"

Jack looked and was lost.

Seated on a raised platform, under an arch of verdure and roses, clothed in white, crowned with white flowers and with white flowers in her hand, the May Queen sat enthroned like a real queen, provoking by her sweetest smiles the generosity of the passers-by. Jack, dazzled with admiration and surprise, stopped short. "Félice!" he murmured in a voice altered by emotion. Félice indeed it was; as, being the prettiest, she had been chosen this year by her companions to represent and impersonate the spring.

The origin of this custom is lost in the mists of antiquity; but it is more than probable that it is a remnant of the worship of Cybele, still holding its ground after almost twenty centuries of Christianity. Formerly the festival was celebrated on the 1st of May throughout all the county of Venasque, both in towns and villages, and I have a perfect recollection of the pretty bakeress who was the last queen at Carpentras, now nearly forty years ago. Nowadays this custom is losing ground everywhere, and one requires to go far up the mountain in order to find it in its primitive simplicity.

Jack emptied his pockets to the last copper into the wooden bowls that circled gaily round him, and with his brain quite confused went and stood leaning at the other end of the square beside the fountain. His fascinated eyes saw nothing but the vision in white; the throng of laughing girls passed and repassed before him without exciting his attention in the least; he felt his breast heaving with the pulsations of his heart, and a strange heat pervaded his whole frame. "Félice!" he repeated without even noticing that he pronounced the sweet name aloud; "Félice!"—Poor Jack was over head and ears in love.

The fair Félice on her part returned home in a very dreamy mood. She too had not been able to see without emotion this bold fellow regard her so obstinately with his large eyes that sparkled like burning coals. Involuntarily she compared Jack to the other young men who paid court to her little fortune, and the comparison was hardly to their advantage. They seemed clownish and awkward, without grace or elegance, even on feast-days and in their best clothes. Only see them beside Jack! With what an air he entered the church, his jacket negligently thrown over his left shoulder; and how straight he stood during the service. Jack had never bent his back to the hard labours of the fields, and it was wonderful how well he had preserved his youthful appearance, suppleness, and activity. In place of the horny

paw covered with knobs of those accustomed to pulling madder, Jack had the fine and sinewy hand of the hunter, and it was a pleasure to feel his delicate fingers clasping ones waist. But could an honest girl dream of Jack with honour and propriety? What would be thought of Félice if her secret preference were discovered? Jack the Vagabond, without a penny to bless himself with, without hearth or home, game for the gendarmes, and nothing but a cave for his abode—that truly was a lover to be preferred to all others by the fair Félice! How the gossips would laugh at it when they met to work together in the evenings; and the wedding-party would be almost mobbed! And suppose they did jeer and whisper maliciously—what then? Was Jack not worth bearing this for? He was poor, no doubt; but who was his equal for honesty and integrity? He was esteemed by all the country round; and the village folks that held their heads highest shook hands with him cordially. Besides, who could affirm that he was incapable of settling down to a regular course of life! Does not a man who is in love do everything to please his sweetheart; and would Jack be the first on whom love had worked a complete change!

But, indeed, what was she thinking of? Was it not the feverish excitement caused by want of sleep that was putting such ideas into her head? Jack in love!—what reason had she for thinking that? He had looked at her, to be sure in a manner as to the nature of which women are rarely deceived; but was this enough to build so many fine suppositions and hopes upon?

Poor Félice was racked and tormented by her thoughts, and somewhat ashamed of herself into the bargain. Before long all her gaiety disappeared, her cheeks grew pale and thin, making her eyes—in which burned a sombre fire—seem larger than ordinary, and she suffered from languor and lassitude that had no apparent cause.

Jack made no sign; but all the world could see that he was strangely preoccupied, and that a great struggle was going on in his breast. He scarcely ever left the neighbourhood now, and his visits to Tinot's became exceedingly frequent. Old Martin was somewhat annoyed by him indeed.

"What's your errand this time?" he said to him one day, looking him straight in the face. "I mean no offence, but this is the third time you have been here this week."

Jack taken thus unexpectedly, made up his mind at once.

"This is what brings me," he said boldly. "I have come to *talk* with Félice, if she has no objections."

"Félice may please herself," said old Martin, without appearing to be much surprised at the request; "but I believe your time will be wasted, my lad."

"That's my affair," said Jack. "Tell Félice that I shall be back this evening."

Over all the mountain and far into the plain, this is the way in which gallants in quest of a wife introduce themselves to the families. The young people *talk* together for a longer or shorter period before carrying matters farther; sometimes they *talk* for years without anything coming of it; or the *talk*ing may be formally broken off without damaging the reputation of the girl in the least. Everything goes on openly in the simplest manner possible: the lover comes after supper and passes the evening, the girl makes room for him at her side, and continues her spinning or knitting as if nothing were in the wind at all. Now and again they exchange a word or two in a low tone; generally they remain silent, mutually observing each other, watching for any little occasion when the real disposition will betray itself, wholly engaged in trying to become perfectly acquainted with each other, and both carefully keeping their weaknesses as much as possible out of sight. When it is time to retire the lover bids the company good-night, and goes home, singing by the way some ditty expressive of the joy he feels; and so on for night after night till he makes up his mind to take the decisive step. It is clear that nothing could be simpler than these courtships.

Jack's entry in the character of a lover authorized to *talk* was made quietly and without fuss. He proceeded to seat himself by the side of Félice on her mute invitation, and maintained a shy silence all the evening, hardly uttering a word, but very happy nevertheless, as any one may suppose. Félice sat and span, twirling her spindle with astonishing rapidity. Old Martin seemed asleep, but kept a corner of one eye open for the slightest movement of the young people. Everything went on according to ancient use and wont, and as custom would have it.

The last days of July were at hand, and in spite of the burning heat of a torrid sun, the cattle were kept treading out the grain on the thrashing-floors from dawn to nightfall. Jack, full of praiseworthy zeal, would take part in these labours and show his skill: and he astonished everybody by his steadiness and his cleverness in managing the mules. Félice

blushed with pleasure and said to herself, "He'll make an excellent husband, I am sure, whatever they may say of him."

Old Martin did not take quite the same view of things as his daughter did. "This busy fit of his is all very fine, no doubt," said he, "but what makes a better blaze than straw? Wait till the poaching season comes on and we'll see if the old man is really dead. I won't believe it till I see Jack following the plough instead of catching hares."

Martin's doubts were not altogether unjustifiable. At the first call-notes of the new coveys of red partridge, at the first marks of the nocturnal excursions of the hares, Jack felt himself seized by a violent desire to regain the mountain and renew his past exploits. He struggled long against the temptation and wrestled with himself, but in the clear moonlight, after a day of harassing toil, how was it possible to hear unmoved the sound of the poacher's guns? At the cry of a passing flock of quails he would feel a terrible itching in his limbs; and it was sometimes as much as he could do to stick to his plough and not leave the furrow half made.

What had a still greater effect on him, and inspired him even with a kind of remorse, was the mute protestation of Maripan, his old companion in adventure, who, as if he had been the renegade sportsman's conscience in bodily form, made him almost blush for his steadiness as he ceaselessly followed him with his eyes—now beseeching, now indignant.

Maripan was a large lean dog of the lurcher breed, bold, hardy, and almost wild, with the feet dry and nervous, the breast full and strong, the belly hollow, the loins vigorous and supple, the tail straight, the ears mobile, the eye inquisitive and restless, and sparkling under a pent-house of dense grayish hairs, fangs pointed, projecting, and of dazzling whiteness, and the nose moist, shining like a mulberry, and as black as a roasted chestnut. As well known as his master, the villagers vied with each other in pampering him, and he had always plenty of delicate morsels ever since it was noticed that on returning even from the longest run he would rather stretch himself out and go to sleep than touch any vulgar mess in which the bread was not irreproachable. The princely air of disdain with which this vagabond would then turn up his nose at the pittance offered him had gained him the name of *Maripan* (bad bread), under which he shared the celebrity of Jack, and with him formed the subject of many a fireside story.

No longer finding an outlet for his feverish

activity, Maripan could not resign himself to this sluggish life. At the least whiff of scent which met his nose, the least rustle in the bushes, he was off like lightning, jumping, barking, and joyfully wagging his tail, but in vain. His appeals met with no response, and he had always to return disappointed and discouraged to take his place at his master's heels, whom he would piteously follow, with his tail between his legs and his ears hanging. Sometimes, however, he revolted altogether. On such occasions he would pass the plough with a vigorous bound, plant himself beyond it with his two fore-legs firmly supporting him, in the energetic attitude of one who demands an explanation, and then gravely sitting like a judge, with his neck proudly raised, his head inclined as if he waited for an answer, his eyes wide open, and his ears erect, he would gaze reproachfully on his master, as much as to say,

"Oh, you are laughing at me, are you? But if you are pleased to give up our fine wandering life, do you think that I was made to turn the spit and serve as a plaything for the village brats?"

There was that in the gaze of Maripan which, along with other things, swept away the last vestiges of poor Jack's resolutions, and overpowered the last faint efforts of his vacillating will. Add to this the stories of exploits performed by others, the disgust at seeing the noble sport spoiled by burglars, the absorbing and irresistible passion that only a hunter can comprehend, and it is easy to understand how Jack could hold out no longer.

It was a great grief to Félice. To tell the truth, she did not love Jack a bit the less, and her heart was entirely his, but she instinctively perceived that this return to his unsettled life would compromise the whole edifice of her happiness, already fragile enough. She felt perfectly that it would be impossible to get her father to accept such a son-in-law; and if before marriage, and in the first transports of love, she had only obtained a temporary victory, surely there was room for misgivings as to the future, when assured possession would have dulled the edge of passion.

On the other hand, old Martin, who had not been too highly flattered by Jack's preference, was enchanted at the pretext the latter had so conveniently furnished against himself, and only waited for a good opportunity to dismiss him.

"I have not crossed you in your inclinations," he said to his daughter, "and if Jack had really become an altered man, I should certainly not have refused my consent; but I

leave you to judge for yourself where he would lead you by the road he is taking. Leave him to his sport, and forget him. A good-looking girl like you, and one that has something of her own, runs no risk of not finding lovers."

Félice felt the full force of this reasoning, and could make no reply. She passed part of every night in weeping, praying, and calling on all the saints of her acquaintance to take her out of her troubles; but she could not make up her mind to renounce all hope by breaking entirely with Jack."

"Well, well," said Father Martin one evening, "since Lise is so long in deciding, I must interfere myself; this affair has gone on too long already."

II.

The next time that Jack went to Tinet's farm he did not find Félice sitting as usual in the chimney-corner: old Martin was attending to the boiling of the pig's-pot by himself.

"Where is Lise?" asked Jack, not without a vague presentiment of evil, and with a slight quaver in his voice.

"She is not very well," replied her father; "but though she had been quite well it would have been all the same—she would not be here."

"What do you mean?"

"That Lise does not wish to talk with you, and that you are wasting your time in coming here."

At these cruel words, uttered in the most indifferent tone, Jack's heart was torn with such bitter grief that he could hardly keep from crying out. He restrained himself, however, and, biting his lip till the blood came, replied, "And did Lise give you this message for me?"

"Alas! yes, my boy; only a short time ago, on this very spot, she said to me, 'If Jack comes, tell him to go away again—I do not wish him to speak to me any more.' By my share of paradise, these are the very words she said."

"Well," said Jack, whose eyes were blazing, "tell her that he is going away again. And you suppose that that is enough to settle the whole affair?"

"Oh, it's hard, it is hard; I admit that; but Lise is perfectly free—you are aware of that. Will you take a glass to cheer you up?"

"No, thank you; I shall soon be all right without anything. I am going away, but I shall not bid you good-bye, Father Martin; and I think you will likely hear from me before long."

He left the room with a threatening air, very pale and trembling with anger; but the change

in his voice and appearance did not appear to trouble the old farmer in the slightest.

"There's a piece of business well over," muttered the old man, rubbing his hands, "and not one of the easiest either. The rascal will not give in yet, I am afraid. It's so far good that he should give up coming here; but I must have the country rid of him altogether. Let me think over the matter."

Martin's thoughts were not long in translating themselves into actions. Pretending that he wanted to sell an old she-goat, he set out next morning for Mormoiron, accompanied by his shepherd lad, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who had come from the workhouse of Carpentras, and had been brought up by his late wife and made to work about the farm "for his bread." The boy's name was Simon; but he had been so long thin and sickly that he had been nicknamed "Fifteen Ounces," and the name had stuck to him, though he had become strong and healthy at last. Fifteen Ounces was no great scholar, but he was already a good shepherd. His knowledge of the mountain was wonderful, and he always drove his sheep to the best places. The poor child had never been farther than the village, and the idea of going to Mormoiron with his master filled him at once with joy and anxiety. "If we get a good price for the goat, there will be something handsome for you," Father Martin had said; and Fifteen Ounces, who had never in his life had a penny he could call his own, could think of nothing but this present all the way, and indulged in the wildest flights of imagination.

The goat was sold; Father Martin entered into a conspiracy with the corporal of the gendarmes for the capture of Jack; and poor Fifteen Ounces, cunningly tempted by his master with the gift of a fine horn-handled knife, agreed to play the traitor.

Chance arranged matters as well even as Martin could have wished. Jack, who had not been at the farm for some time, came to throw himself, as the saying is, into the wolf's mouth of his own accord. Old Martin received him as usual, and did not appear to retain the least ill-feeling towards him on account of his violence at their last meeting.

"How is Lise?" said Jack, seating himself in his accustomed place.

"Lise is very well; thank you, Jack."

"May I talk with her to-day?"

"Certainly, if she is here, and is agreeable, but I don't know whether she is in the house or not, for I have just come in, and have not seen anybody yet."

"Don't trouble yourself; I shall see if she

is in myself." Jack rose, and opening the door at the foot of the stair leading to the first story cried in a loud and mildly imperious tone, "Lise, I am here! Come down and let us have a little talk together."

This appeal and the well known tones of the voice so dear to her put all Félise's fine resolutions to flight, as if by enchantment. She ran down-stairs like a lark to a mirror, drawn by an irresistible attraction, and made her appearance instantly. "What do you want with me, Jack?" she asked blushing and delighted.

"This is what I have got to say to you, Lise. We have talked together for a long time, and I am now certain that I have a love for you that nothing can overcome or weaken; will you be my wife, and will you allow me to ask you in marriage?"

Félise became as pale as death, and remained speechless for a moment, looking now at her father now at her lover, troubled to the depths of her soul, and not knowing what to say. Old Martin, without seeming the least surprised at the unexpected boldness of the request, tranquilly filled himself a glass of wine, and drank it off.

"There is my hand, Jack," said Félise at last, in a scarcely audible tone of voice; "do as you please."

Jack took the little hand, which trembled excessively in his, pressed it gently and gravely twice or thrice, and standing before the old man, who had never lost a bite while this scene was going on, said, "Sir, I ask Lise from you in marriage, and I promise to be a good and faithful husband to her."

"Lise is free," replied the old man, "and I do not doubt that you will make her a faithful husband; but do you really think of taking her to the mountain with you to live in a cave?"

"Certainly not," replied Jack; "it has become quite clear to me that I must either give up Lise or the life I have hitherto led; but no sacrifice will be too much for me. I am ready for any trial, for I know also that my word is not sufficient, and that I must give proofs. Listen then to what I propose: if I remain for a year steadily working on the farm without firing a gun once—even on a Sunday—will you believe that I am a husband worthy of her?"

"I shall; I ask nothing more; and Heaven strengthen you in your good resolution."

Jack took the old man's hand and clasped it cordially; Félise, radiant with happiness, handed them a glass of wine; and all three drank to the happy issue of the betrothal.

"Well," said old Martin, as he put down his

empty glass, what is said is said, but you are giving up an excellent chance for a shot, my poor Jack."

"How is that?"

"It seems that a magnificent covey of partridges are lying on the Lauzière, and eating Jean de Christol's buckwheat. Fifteen Ounces has flushed them every day for several days, and has counted as many as fourteen of them."

"Indeed?"

"So he says, and it is likely enough to be true. The young ones are so large, he says too, that he could not tell them from the old ones. That will be a fine chance for Dominique, since you have renounced the devil."

"Minique will take that shot when I can say mass; you will only have bungled work with him, you may be sure of that."

"Oh, yes, I know he is not good for much, my boy; Minique will kill two or three of them and wound as many, and the wounded ones will flutter away and die, without profit to anybody. He has only an old flint-lock gun and no dog at all—very different from you!"

"I don't mean to brag," said Jack; "but it would not be the first covey that I have bagged with two shots—Bah, don't let us think any more about it; word given, word kept."

"That is speaking like a man, Jack, and I see that, of course; but what if you were allowed to take back your word just for once? At the last market in town partridges were at a ransom; and I think it a great pity to lose a good louis d'or when one has only to bend down and pick it up."

"Well, so it is," said Jack, who in the depth of his soul was only too much of this opinion; "but why tempt me? Are you trying me? or are you only joking?"

"On my soul, I speak exactly as I think. I sha'n't care a bit, now, although your conversion dates from to-morrow, for instance."

"And you, Lise?" said Jack, who still hesitated.

"Me!" said Lise, "I wish what you wish, you know that very well, Jack. And since my father has nothing to say against it—"

"Very well; that's settled. I'll go and fire this last shot; and Heaven grant that none of us may have cause to regret it!"

"Amen!" said Father Martin, by way of finish to the matters. "And now take off a good stiff glass and away with you."

Jack set off—a vague feeling of uneasiness weighing on his heart. He went on this last expedition without relish, without ardour, with something like regret. As he marched silently on a presentiment that would not be shaken

off seemed to pull him back. When passing Christol's farmhouse, he stopped and shut up Maripan, who would only be a hindrance to him in the *espero*. As if the brave animal had scented the danger of his master, Jack had all the difficulty in the world in getting him to obey, and it is certain that Maripan had never before shown such anxiety to be allowed to remain by his master's side. Jack, full of his own thoughts, did not understand the significant growls, the mournful and melancholy howls, of his dog; he paid no attention to his looks so full of meaning, but strode on his way to the Lauzière.

The solitude of the large plateau was complete. As far as the eye could reach no human being was visible; only the sheep of Fifteen Ounces grazing at the foot of the Black Rocks disturbed the silence with the sharp tinkle of their bells. Satisfied with this preliminary inspection, Jack approached a large cairn situated at a kind of ill-marked crossing where several scarcely distinguishable paths met; and raising a large stone, carefully noted the position of three small pebbles evidently arranged in a manner agreed upon. "All right, I see," said he, replacing the stone; "Fifteen Ounces is a good boy, and I must give him something nice next St. Anthony's day." Perfectly reassured with regard to the *blues* by what he had seen, Jack walked rapidly to the field of buckwheat and began to examine the soil with the greatest care. "Now," said he, "let me try and make my last shot a brilliant one." He plucked up several handfuls of buckwheat and arranged the stalks in a line just outside the field. If the partridges came down from the high grounds, as they no doubt would, they would fall in with these bundles first and would be almost sure to halt, so that nearly all of them would be within gunshot.

Having made these arrangements and thrown a last rapid glance round about him, Jack loaded his gun and entered the *espero*. The *espero* was an erection of the utmost simplicity, formed of large stones arranged in a circle, just large enough to shelter one person, and having a kind of rude carefully disguised loophole opening to the field. At first sight it was difficult to distinguish Jack's *espero* from the other heaps of stones scattered over the Lauzière. The sun was gradually sinking; the propitious moment was drawing near; nothing was heard in the distance but Fifteen Ounces singing an old carol of the country, at the top of his voice.

Jack had waited for about an hour, with the characteristic patience of a sportsman, at his post, silent and motionless, scarcely venturing

to breathe, his eye perpetually on the watch, and nothing indicated as yet that his waiting for this day was not to be in vain. It takes so little indeed to drive away these wary birds, whose life is passed in continual watchfulness. The yelp of a fox, a prowling dog, a shepherd practising the sling—any one of these is often enough to cause the startled covey to immediately abandon its haunts for a certain time.

The sun was setting in fiery purple, and the shades were already beginning to fall. Jack still waited, but with less and less hope every moment; when all at once the loud whirr of wings was heard behind him coming from the higher grounds, and immediately the male and female, perching on rocks elevated above the rest, began to call the covey together. Cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot!—cot, cot, cot!—cot, cot! In the twinkling of an eye the scattered covey had all met together again, and ran swiftly to the feeding ground. As Jack had thought, the stalks lying on the ground were at once greedily attacked, and the unfortunate birds were soon in an excellent position for the sportsman. The shot was fired; ten victims strewed the ground; not more than three or four escaped the disaster, and flew off as fast as their wings could carry them. Jack fired his second barrel at a wounded bird that appeared likely to get off, and rose with the intention of running to pick up the game, when a cry of rage escaped his lips, and consternation nailed him to his place: the corporal from Mormoiron and his men surrounded the *espero* and cut off all escape. Jack was caught in his own trap.

"Give yourself up, Jack," said the corporal, "and don't make matters worse for you by useless resistance. I told you, you know, that I should steal a march upon you at last. Come, down with your arms and no more about it."

But Jack was almost mad; fury, shame, and helplessness made his poor brain boil. He taken! he disarmed! he treated as a conscript! Was it possible? Could any one believe it?

"Out of the way," he cried, with a voice of thunder, whirling his gun round his head, "or it will be the worse for the first man that lays a finger on me!"

"Stand your ground," cried the corporal, boldly darting forward. "Stand your ground, men. In the name of the law—!" The sentence was never finished, for the butt end of Jack's gun met his head, and he fell half stunned.

"Come on, you blackguards!" shouted Jack, whirling his terrible gun like a club.

The gendarmes, though somewhat disheartened by the fall of their chief, returned to the

charge with that blind sentiment of duty which has so much influence on brave men, and the desperate struggle went on, though the issue could not long remain doubtful. If Jack had been at liberty and in the open fields, he would certainly have got off scotfree—notwithstanding the odds—though it had only been by speed of foot; but there, tracked like a wolf to his lair, what could he do? Nothing but give death or accept it. It was all over with him this time, and he fought on in desperation. A fierce blow aimed at one of the men was deftly parried, the stock of Jack's gun snapped in two, and he was left weaponless. Maddened with rage he sprang upon his adversary like a tiger, seized him by the throat, and rolled with him on the ground. That was the end of it, and five minutes after, Jack, tightly bound, lay foaming by the side of the brave corporal, who was beginning to collect his scattered senses. "Upon my word," said he, as he wiped his swollen forehead, "that was a rough knock any way, and I owe our Lady of Health a good big taper. But let us take the road, my lads, and not lose our time here in whining and lamenting like so many women."

He rose with some difficulty, adjusted his belt, took a sip of brandy, and in a firm voice gave the word of command, "Quick march!"

At this order the little company began to move; and Jack, with his hands tied behind his back, sturdy arms supporting him on the right and left, was obliged to yield to force. He strode along in silence. He was quite cooled down now, comprehending at last that he had nothing to expect from violence, and that his only hope was henceforth in artifice. When they arrived at the cross-roads they were met by Fifteen Ounces, who was returning with his sheep. At the sight of the little shepherd Jack felt his heart swell with anger, and his eyes flashed fire on the traitor. The latter appeared much affected at seeing poor Jack in such a plight, and did not venture to raise his eyes.

"Confound it!" said the corporal all at once, as he struck his forehead. "We have left the birds lying on the ground. Run to the buckwheat field as fast as you can, my little fellow; pick up the partridges, and present them from me to Father Martin."

The latter words opened Jack's eyes at once; everything that he had been puzzling himself to make out was now quite clear. Fifteen Ounces, Father Martin, and the corporal were accomplices, and each had played his part in the conspiracy against him. "Very good," he murmured between his clenched teeth,

"I'll be even with you yet, my friends," and as if his newly-acquired certainty on this point had lifted a great weight from his breast, he started forward with a firm step, to the great relief of his attendants.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at Mormoiron; and both the corporal and his men being fatigued, it was agreed that the prisoner should not be transferred to the public prison till next morning. Jack was locked up in a room of the town-hall, and the gendarmes went off to get some supper and to take a little rest after such a rough journey.

The honest corporal was not at all a bad fellow. His forehead was exceedingly painful; but after he had had a good supper he began to think of Jack without any ill feeling. "The poor fellow must be famishing, I am sure," said he; "bring him a good plateful of soup and a glassful of wine, wife. Dence take it! duty must not stand in the way of humanity."

He lighted a lantern and went out, followed by his wife, who, it must be said, carried the prisoner's soup with the greatest readiness. Jack was sleeping soundly, stretched at all his length on the floor; the smell of the soup woke him up almost as soon as the light of the lantern. He made an instinctive movement, but his pinioned arms at once recalled him to the sad reality.

"I know that you are a man of honour, Jack," said the corporal, "give me your word that you will not attempt to escape, and I shall untie your hands immediately."

"I can't give you my word for that," said Jack; "but untie my arms so that I may take the soup, and after that you can bind me as tightly as you please."

"Very well," said the corporal.

Jack ate and drank with an excellent appetite, and having finished his supper, honourably held out his hands to be pinioned again.

"I would gladly spare you that, my poor fellow, but you know I am responsible for your safe-keeping."

"Do your duty, corporal; however, I should be glad if you would not tie my hands behind, as it quite prevents me from sleeping on my back."

The corporal was about to refuse this favour when his eye met a beseeching look from his wife. Jack, the rascal, had always the women on his side, and his luck did not desert him this time either.

"No doubt," said the corporal sententiously, "that must be a great hindrance to sleeping. I consent; but for greater security Bérard will pass the night here. Go and bring Bérard, wife."

Honest Bérard would have preferred, as may

VOL. IV.

be supposed, to sleep in his own good gendarme's bed; but duty before all! He seated himself without a murmur on a chair beside the prisoner, and the corporal, turning the key upon the pair of them, retired with his mind at ease.

Two full hours passed without the gloomy silence of the night being broken by any sound. Jack had again fallen into a sound sleep, and honest Bérard was struggling as well as he could against the harassing fatigues of the day and his gradually increasing inclination to drowsiness. The smoky lamp now shed only a reddish light, and his blinking eyes ceased from time to time to perceive objects distinctly. Twice or thrice he had caught himself going off in a doze, and he was positive that he had awoke with a start several times. On a sudden, and just as he was dreaming that the corporal had come to relieve him of his charge, poor Bérard felt himself seized, thrown on his back, gagged, and pinioned, in less time than it takes to write it. His assailant was Jack, who had slowly gnawed through his fastenings with his sharp teeth, and had used the pieces against his attendant. Once master of his movements, Jack ran to the door with the light, and dashing all his weight against it made it spring from its hinges like Samson with the gates of Gaza. He then opened the first window he came to, leaped lightly into the street, then with his hand raised, his lip trembling with a proud smile, he snapped his fingers at the Blues, and disappeared immediately in the darkness.

III.

The reader may imagine the effect produced by Fifteen Ounces when he returned to Tinet's with the game, and described the terrible battle he had witnessed. In spite of his habits of dissimulation, and his self-command, Father Martin found it very difficult to conceal his internal satisfaction, and drank off two or three bumpers in succession, to enable him to keep his countenance.

"Unlucky Jack," said he at last; "you say that he knocked down two of them! It's a frightful business then, and the least that he runs the risk of is the galleys!"

At these words Félise burst into sobs and wrung her hands in despair. Jack a prisoner! Jack condemned! Jack in the galleys at Toulon coupled to a robber!—was it possible? Could it be believed? To think that he was there not an hour ago, sitting on that chair, radiant with happiness, whispering sweet words to her, speaking of the future, of love, of an early

marriage, and to think that he would have been there still but for that cursed covey of partridges, and that it was herself who had urged him with a smile to go and fire a last shot! Oh misery! Oh tortures! Would her poor eyes ever have tears enough for such grief as hers!

Father Martin did nothing to console her, preferring, as he said, to "let the water run." When he thought she was somewhat calmer, however, he set himself to reason with her after his fashion.

"You cannot do better than have a good cry, my poor girl; crying relieves the feelings; but what can one do against fate? Sooner or later Jack was bound to come to a bad end, living as he lived; better sooner than later, let me tell you; and you ought to thank your patron saint for having drawn you away from the wasp's nest in time. What would become of you at this time if by bad luck you were the wife of this unfortunate fellow? And though I said the galleys, who knows? It is perhaps the scaffold that awaits him!"

"Ah!" said Félice with an outburst, "it is useless for you to speak; you will not make me deny my poor Jack. He was going to make me his wife, and I shall remain his whatever happens!"

"Oh yes, of course. And he is an honest fellow; who says anything to the contrary? After all, we do not know anything about the affair, except what Fifteen Ounces tells us, and perhaps it is not so bad as he says. Tell us a little of your story again, boy,—did Jack really kill two gendarmes.

In spite of the influence that the old man had over him, Fifteen Ounces recoiled with repugnance from the falsehood that he was urged to tell, and went over his story again, recounting the facts without too much exaggeration.

"What was it, now, that I said a little ago? You see very well, daughter, that people are always in too great a hurry to weep. If Jack has not killed anybody there is no fear of his coming to the scaffold. Dry your tears. I know very well that he must go to the galleys, but we are not so far as that yet. It will be time enough to make ourselves miserable after the assizes. Don't you think so, Lisette?"

Old Martin had a way of consoling people, than which nothing could be better calculated for making their sorrow more bitter, their grief more poignant. Without appearing to intend it, he excelled in turning the knife in the wound, and would dwell with atrocious complacency on every fact that could irritate

and envenom it. Félice was almost driven wild by his remarks; and unable to endure them any longer, took refuge in her chamber, where she could weep at her ease and without constraint.

What a night that was! She had thrown herself on the bed with all her clothes on, and her tears fell silently on the pillow. She thought of her youth, now worthless; of this great love, which she had never before felt in all its fulness; of all her projects for the future, so fondly cherished, but now crushed for ever. And Jack! was he not more unfortunate a hundred times than herself? How could he ever, with his indomitable nature, support this life of shame, of toil, of discipline, and of privation. He would succumb to it, that was certain; but if Jack were dead, then was not the world empty for Félice? Her father was welcome to say to her, "Dry your tears; no use being in a hurry to make one's self miserable." "Heaven," she prayed, sobbing, "grant that I may die; take me, take me away, or send me back him I love so well."

Oh, wonderful! whence comes that sound? Can she believe her ears? Is she not the sport of hallucination? No, no; it is certainly he this time—it is indeed his whistle—it is his signal—it is Jack! Jack, who has returned, Jack who is calling her!

Félice, bewildered, runs to the window and throws it wide open. Jack is there indeed, alone, at liberty, his arms held out towards her, more handsome and proud-looking than ever.

"Oh Jack," said Félice in a tone of ineffable tenderness, "I was weeping for you as if you were dead—oh my dear Jack!"

"Félice," said Jack in a grave voice, "do you continue to think me, as formerly, a man upright and sincere!"

"Yes!"

"And are you still willing to be my wife?"

"Oh yes; more than ever, Jack!"

"I am going to leave the country for a long time perhaps, Lise; the wife follows her husband, will you follow me?"

"I am yours, Jack; do with me what you will."

"Very well, then; make up your bundle quickly and come down; we have no time to lose."

Félice without hesitation opened her trunk, took out some linen, a dress, and some spare stockings, and boldly descended by the ladder which Jack had just placed against her window. Day was now breaking, the two lovers gained the mountain at a rapid pace, and disappeared

in the direction of Les Grégories. As they reached the first houses of the hamlet they met Jean Cendrous going to yoke his oxen for the last labour of the season. "Hullo," said he merrily, "I thought I was the first up in all thecombe, but it seems you are still earlier than I am, my friend."

"Jean Cendrous," said Félice resolutely, advancing towards the farmer, "I take you to witness that I am carrying off Jack here, and I beg you will proclaim it to my father this very day."

"Certainly, my pretty girl; it will put me about, to be sure, but one cannot refuse to proclaim a *robbe*. Heaven guide you, my children!"

The *robbe* is an old custom of the country which has survived the invasion of French manners. It is the girl that carries off (*robbe*) her lover, and thus by her declaration frees him from all pursuit. The *robbe* is the last resource of lovers whose patience is utterly worn out. When consent to the marriage is obstinately refused, the parties run away in this fashion and the matter is ended. Marriage is not long in following, and the paternal authority receives from it perhaps less offence than from the "respectful summons"¹ invented by the legislator of the civil code.

Father Martin heard the proclamation carried by Jean Cendrous without moving a muscle. "Very good," said he; "the man who has a daughter may expect anything; but I am afraid a good deal of water will pass under the bridge before we go to the wedding."

Jack and Félice passed the day in the cave of Maraval, ever on the outlook, as may readily be supposed. After nightfall they came down to the village, and arm in arm went and knocked at the parsonage door.

"What brings you here, you unlucky mortal?" said the curé. "Don't you know that all the gendarmes of the department are after you, and that they are determined to make short work of you? Save yourself as quick as you can; and Heaven grant that there is yet time!"

"Bah! don't trouble yourself about that, sir; I have quite other cares in my head at present, and shall turn my attention to the blues by-and-by. Let us take what is most important first, if you please."

"And what can there be more important for you than to escape?"

¹ Formal documents addressed to their parents or guardians by a young man and woman in order that they may contract a legal marriage, when their parents or guardians have refused their consent.

"You see Félice here," replied Jack, gravely; "well, we have eloped this morning, and I do not wish to take her to the mountain with me without making her my lawful wife. Say our marriage mass for us as soon as midnight sounds, and pray to the good God for the poor bride and bridegroom."

In the simplicity of his soul Jack thought this proposal the most natural in the world; and the worthy curé was really sorry to have to inform him that both the civil and canon law forbade unions of this sort, and that he would render himself liable to punishment were he to grant his wish.

"What is to be done then, sir?" said Jack, with a look of discouragement at Félice, "what is to be done?"

"Jack," said the priest, moved by the mute eloquence of this glance, "I have known you for a long time, and I know you to be a man of honour and one who fears God. Now, here are Félice and you all but man and wife, without having received the sacrament, and Félice's good name must be restored by every means. You are young and will not fear a little fatigue, so you must be off to Savoy by the shortest road. Over there the priests marry people without the civil powers having anything to do with the matter. On your knees, my children, and receive my blessing on your journey!"

Jack and Félice knelt down and prayed for a moment under the outstretched hand of the pastor.

"Jack," added the curé, as he made them rise, "I confide Félice to you and place her under your charge; you will treat her as your own sister by day and night till you come to the end of your journey—you promise?"

"Before Heaven I will!"

"I take your word; adieu, my children!"

As Jack was crossing the threshold the curé drew him back a little and said to him in a low tone, "There are two louis-d'or, spend them carefully, and if you should happen to find any Spanish tobacco over there keep me in mind."

While Jack and Félice were trudging along to obtain the nuptial benediction, choosing paths steep and rugged enough to frighten a goat, the corporal of Mormoiron, eager to avenge his failure, was exploring Mount Ventoux in all directions, and wearing out his men in a vain pursuit. Everywhere, it is true, he found traces of Jack: here a sleeping-place, there an outlook station, farther on some large slabs of stone still black with pounded charcoal, but of Jack himself nothing was seen. This

fiend incarnate knew how to keep out of reach as well as out of sight. One evening as the corporal was returning down the mountain by Combe-Obseure, after having pushed as far as possible into the Black Cave, and to as little purpose as before, he stopped for a moment at Christol's farm to take a little refreshment. Jack's dog had remained there since the evening of the great battle, and waited philosophically till his master should come to take possession of him again. At sight of the corporal, perhaps also at the characteristic odour of the gendarmes, the bold animal darted forward, barking furiously, and made at them as if he would bite.

"What dog's this you have got, Christol?" said the corporal, standing on his guard; "he's a very awkward customer."

"Oh, it's Maripan, Jack's dog; he's not very fond of the three-cornered hats, I must admit. Here, Maripan, here; won't you hold your tongue and be hanged to you?" and the farmer aimed a tremendous kick at the dog and sent him rolling under the table. Poor Maripan had no doubt been long used to this kind of argument, for in spite of the pain and disgrace he took the matter as settled and remained quiet in his corner, his eyes sparkling with anger and glaring menacingly.

"Oh, it's Jack's dog," said the corporal, "I have a good mind to make him a prisoner of war; what do you think, Bérard?"

"What would you do with a nasty brute like that, corporal?" replied the gendarme, who was somewhat chary about pushing matters to an extremity with a dog whose eyes sparkled like live coals. "He can only give us trouble."

"I have an idea of my own," said the corporal, majestically raising his finger to his forehead; "let us take possession of him instantly."

This, however, was not so easy; Maripan defended himself a long time before giving in; but at last, thanks to Bérard's adroitness and notwithstanding some abrasions, the law prevailed, and the vanquished enemy, duly muzzled, followed the conquerors with his ears hanging and his tail between his legs.

The corporal's idea was not a bad one. By means of Maripan's exquisite sense of smell it would perhaps be possible to track his master and come upon him unawares. For this purpose it was necessary to conquer the inveterate dislike of the animal and modify his temper by good treatment. Maripan was accordingly recommended to the particular care of the corporal's wife, and soon experienced the seductive influence of savoury messes. It is sad to

relate, but why should we conceal it? after this treatment had lasted some time Maripan was scarcely recognizable. His horror of the French gendarmes had so diminished that he found no difficulty in allowing Bérard to pat him on the back. He was a dog lost to a life of freedom, and the chain which kept him from leaving the courtyard of the barracks was quite unnecessary.

On his return from Savoy Jack was very soon informed by his friends of the unwearied search after him which had been made, but he appeared to give himself no further trouble about it. He had installed Félise in a vast grotto, almost inaccessible, and known only to a few hunters, and had recommenced his old life of poaching and smuggling. His habits seemed to be in no ways changed, except that he did not as formerly sleep here and there at random, and had become infinitely less confident and much more suspicious. He felt the loss of his dog very much, and had had an open quarrel with Christol for being careless, if not indeed faithless to his trust. He seldom came down to the village, and heard *hill-top mass* in preference to any other.

The corporal on his part seemed to have accepted his defeat, and to have given up all idea of revenge. The first snows had just fallen, and Mount Ventoux was white to far below the beech woods. Jack came down to Maraval, fearing lest Félise, who was now enceinte, would not be able to bear the rigour of the cold and the violence of the winds. Maraval was well sheltered, and only a little more watchfulness would be necessary there.

Christmas eve arrived without anything noteworthy having happened. Jack and Félise had remained sitting by the side of their primitive fireplace, waiting till the signal should be given by the village bells in order to join in intention the faithful, and celebrate as well as they could the birth of the Saviour. Meantime they talked of various things.

"I can scarcely believe that Fifteen Ounces was a traitor," said Félise; "for why should he betray you? What could he get by that?"

"I don't know," replied Jack; "but I shall find out some time or other, and he won't have lost anything by waiting. Ah, the little beggar! But for him you would be walking to church on my arm at this moment, with your head as high as any of them, and would be getting ready for having your baby respectably in your father's house."

"That is true," said Félise sadly. "My poor father! I wonder how he is getting on alone down there without me!"

"Oh, he is wonderfully well; the curé, whom I saw this very evening, met him returning from town, and he was quite in his usual health and spirits. He is another whose conduct I shall bring to light some fine day if it please Heaven!"

"You see traitors everywhere, Jack."

"That is because there are traitors everywhere, Lise. Christol, too, what right had he to tell the gendarmes that Maripan was mine? I call that treason, I do."

"Poor Maripan!" said Lise; "he was a good dog, and I am sorry about him."

"Oh, yes, he was a good dog; it would not have been easy to find his equal. I cannot believe that he is altogether lost, and I am always expecting to see him running in here with a piece of his chain at his neck. What can the cursed corporal have done to him!"

And involuntarily, so to speak, by the pure force of habit, Jack uttered the shrill whistle which used to recall Maripan even from his farthest wanderings. In the calm silence of the serene night the distant barking of a dog arose from the plain in answer to the whistle, as if it had only been waiting for this signal—

Jack trembled from head to foot and rose upright on his feet, almost breathless.

"Did you hear it, Lise?" said he.

"Yes, but there are plenty of dogs in the plain, my poor Jack; especially to-night when everybody is awake."

"It is he, I tell you; I knew his bark. Besides, listen again."

He went to the mouth of the cave, and in the deep silence of the night whistled loudly three times at equal intervals. In a few seconds a dog was heard to reply in the distance with three distinct barks. There was no doubt this time—it was Maripan coming back.

"Ah, good dog; better than men! What a feast there will be for you when you return! He will not be long, I warrant; he is running straight forward, without troubling himself about roads or foot-paths. Ah, I couldn't have wished for a better Christmas than this!"

Jack whistled again and again, but to his great astonishment the barking still continued far off, and the tone became more and more plaintive.

"By thunder!" cried Jack, gloom coming over him all at once. "It is Maripan sure enough, but he is not at liberty."

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I mean that he should have been here already. Yes, yes, it is he, he is running by the scent, but he is held in leash. . . . We must look out, Lise, it is us they are after, and Maripan too is a traitor!"

It was only too true; the dog was following

on the track, and was acting as a guide to his master's enemies. There was no time to lose, they must take to flight at whatever cost. Félice quickly made up a bundle of her best clothes, and Jack, lifting an enormous stone, hid his implements for making gunpowder; then having put two loaves into his game-bag, and having looked to the priming of his gun, he took Félice by the hand and marched straight for the heights.

It was a keen frost, and the moon, now in her last quarter, glittered on the hardened snow. The barking of the dog reached them more and more distinctly the farther up the mountain he came, and by-and-by he uttered a series of barks so peculiar in tone that Jack stopped to listen. "They are at Maraval," he said, "and the dog is yelping as he finds the scent warm; however we have a good start, Lise, and unless the devil help them they won't overtake us."

Judging only from the voice of the dog, the pursuit never slackened, but continued with untiring perseverance. Jack and Félice were still marching along in silence long after day-break, and fatigue began to gain visibly on the young creature. Several times already she had been obliged to stop and take breath; in spite of her courage the poor child felt that her strength was exhausted. She hung more and more heavily on Jack's arm, retarding his progress, and at last she stopped altogether. "Jack," she said, "I cannot go a step farther, leave me here and save yourself. They will not do me any harm, and you will easily find me again."

"What! abandon you? never, never. Let us see if you can't make one effort more, my girl."

"It's no use, Jack, I have already done more than I was able. Save yourself, save yourself, I conjure you."

"No, a thousand times no; we are hardly a hundred yards from the hut of the Holy Cross, come and rest yourself there, and never mind me."

Félice dragged herself painfully along to the hut—the entrance of which was half filled up with snow—and sank down, utterly worn out, on the soft bed of lavender and wild thyme which the shepherds always took care to have in this rude abode.

"Remain there and wait for me without impatience; with Heaven's help I shall not be away long."

Jack had just formed a great resolve. Turning on his steps he quickly re-descended the mountain in the direction of Maraval, and hastily posted himself behind a rock which

barred the narrow pathway and forced it to take a sharp turn. He had not long to wait. Maripan, held in by a gendarme, soon made his appearance, barking as he followed up the scent, his tongue hanging out as if in the dog-days; the corporal and his men came behind streaming with perspiration. Jack raised his gun and slowly took aim, and the poor brute fell, shot with a bullet right through the forehead.

"This way, boys," cried the corporal, darting forward, "after him, Bérard; after him, Bassy; look alive, my men!" But Jack, more active than a chamois, was already a long way off in the direction of Curnier, leaving the hut of the Holy Cross behind him intentionally; and the corporal, perceiving that the game was lost, gave his men the signal to retreat. The carcass of Maripan, already stiffened by the frost, was left alone, with its feet in the air, to serve as a feast for the first passing wolf.

IV.

Jack was not able to rejoin Félise at the hut until nightfall. He found her half-dead with cold and terror, shivering with fever, and repeating disconnected and meaningless words, such as people utter when in delirium. He quickly lighted a great fire, and briskly chafed the ice-cold limbs of his poor wife, calling her by the tenderest names, but Félise remained insensible; her eyes were fixed in a vacant stare, and she seemed only to answer the questions of invisible interlocutors. To crown Jack's misfortunes the wind had just risen, the wind of Mount Ventoux, an icy wind that ground the snow into powder, and blew it about in violent eddies. To think of descending the mountain again at such a time was impossible, and nothing remained but to stay there till morning.

Jack, with a heart full of anxiety and misery, arranged some armfuls of dry lavender in the most sheltered corner, and there laid poor Félise, covering her up with some of his own clothes and keeping a good fire burning all night at the entrance of the miserable hovel. Every moment the tempest shook the walls with redoubled fury and seemed to draw from them melancholy groans, while to these miseries was added the danger of suffocation, the smoke being driven violently back into the interior of the hut. Félise, who was tormented with a raging thirst, was asking for water every moment, and poor Jack had nothing to give her but lumps of frozen snow which he broke down small with his knife.

At last this dreadful night came to an end, and the unhappy man went outside for a

moment to look about him a little. The wind had fallen as the sun rose, but his situation was no less terrible. There he was, alone, on the top of Mount Ventoux, his wife ill, delirious, unable to move, and he himself utterly worn out and exhausted with the fatigues of the preceding day and the anguish of such a night, and no one to look to for assistance, no one to save him but himself. For the first time in his life Jack felt his heart fail, and large tears trickled down his hollow cheeks. He raised his eyes to heaven with a despairing glance, and entering the hut again sat down in utter misery beside Félise, who for the hundredth time called for water.

This excessive prostration lasted but a short time; Jack was soon himself again, and looking his cruel position in the face. Before all, it was necessary to leave the hut at any cost, and to do this he must recover sufficient strength. Having eaten half a loaf and drunk two or three mouthfuls of melted snow, he uttered a short prayer, and lifting Félise in his arms placed her on his shoulders, then, using his gun by way of staff, he slowly descended the steep slope.

Strong and sure-footed as he was Jack was obliged to stop from time to time to recover breath. He then deposited his precious burden on some adjacent rock and manfully resumed it after a short rest. In this way he reached the cave of Maraval, after a harassing march of five mortal hours, and was glad to find that the enemy in their passing visit had not greatly disturbed his favourite abode. It was time; Jack's strength was literally exhausted. Having recovered a little from his first fatigue he turned his attention exclusively to Félise, whose state inspired him with increasing anxiety. A profound torpor had followed the violent fever and delirium. Félise seemed overpowered with a lethargic drowsiness, and she lay without sense or motion. Jack did all he possibly could to reanimate his poor wife and exhausted all the resources of a heart rendered ingenious by necessity. But all in vain; and his despair soon equalled his fear. Day was declining; was he then to pass a second night of anguish and terror alone, abandoned by all, unable to afford the dear sufferer any relief, a helpless witness of all her pain. Jack rushed from the cave and scanned with eager eye the whole surrounding scene; but, alas! not a soul, not a shepherd, not a flock, not a dog was to be seen, nothing but silence and solitude!

Down below in the valley the evening angelus was slowly tolled on the bell of the village church, and for the first time in his life Jack

felt a bitter smile rise to his lips at the sacred appeal. In his storm-tossed soul the evening bells seemed a gratuitous irony, the tranquil mockery of peaceful life, the inflexible protest of established order triumphing in its selfish regularity.

"Away, vagabond!" said the little bell distinctly; "die like a dog on your mountain! Our cares, our services, our assistance, our doctors, our priests, are not for you! We owe no help except to those who live our life, share our duties, bend under the game-burdens as we, and do not claim, like you, the right of living as they please, free from all laws and all duties!"

As Jack was about to re-enter in despair, two shots were fired near by, and an unfortunate hare, mortally wounded, ran forward and fell dead at the distance of two or three hundred paces from the cave. Jack ran to pick it up, and met the sportsman, who had just left his post. Imagine his joy when he found that it was Siffrein, a comrade, a brother poacher, a friend! In a few words Siffrein was informed of the state of affairs, and at once promised his assistance; and it was arranged that he should see the doctor and the curé, and tell them in what state he had left Félice. Comforted by the certainty of soon obtaining help, Jack re-entered the cave, and, worn out by fatigue and emotion, soon fell into a deep slumber by the corner of the fire.

He was awakened by heart-rending cries. Félice was writhing on her miserable bed; the delirium had left her, but with the return of reason terror had entered her soul. "I am going to die," she cried; "Jack, do not leave me to die! Jack, I am afraid. Jack, I am dying! Help me, help me! Do not let me die, Jack, I conjure you!"

"Félice, Félice!" replied Jack in distraction; "calm yourself; I am here, I shall not leave you! what is there to frighten you?—I am here—Oh, you are suffering cruel pain, my poor Lise!"

She clung to him with extraordinary force, clasping him spasmodically in her arms so as almost to choke him. A convulsive sob arose from the depths of her chest, and issued from between her closed teeth in violent gasps, with a rattling sound, while a white froth moistened the corners of her mouth.

"Ah, Jack!" cried Félice with an accent of despair, "adieu, Jack, adieu! It is all over!" Her arms all at once relaxed their hold, and she sank back lifeless on her couch.

When the curé and the doctor at length arrived—about midnight—they were too late to render any assistance to poor Félice. Jack's agony was great, but very quiet; and it was a

long time before he could be roused to speak of the necessary preparations for the funeral. Then, with pitiful earnestness he begged the curé, if it could be done, to consecrate a little bit of ground beneath a tall juniper which grew near the cave, so that Félice might be buried there, and he might be always near her as he had promised to be on the day of their betrothal.

The curé consented; and Jack himself dug the grave, resolutely refusing all assistance in that melancholy task.

All the people of the village, and many from the neighbouring hamlets, marched up to the cave of Maraval to attend the funeral. Old Martin was there too, and at the grave he flung himself into Jack's arms, manifesting extreme grief, which was no doubt rendered more poignant by remorse. Simon Fifteen Ounces flung into the open grave the knife which had tempted him to become a traitor, and in the name of Félice implored Jack to forgive him.

"You have done us much harm, Simon," said Jack, sadly; "but it shall not be in vain that you invoke the name of Félice. I pardon you from the bottom of my heart."

V.

Félice's death finally determined the course of Jack's life. But for that event the refractory conscript, the despiser of social trammels—circumstances aiding—might have become like other men and entered on a settled life. Married, and the father of a family, Jack would have been the first to recognize the necessity of reconciling himself with society, and would certainly have taken advantage of the general amnesty that followed the revolution of 1830. But wifeless, alone, and no longer having any reason for struggling against his natural bent, Jack was bound to return to the life of vagabondage which had for him become a second nature. If he lived a life of hardship on his inaccessible mountain, where the *blues* had ended by leaving him quite unmolested, yet he was dependent on no one—he was truly his own master in the full sense of the word.

By building some pieces of dry stone-wall to keep out the wind, he had made of the cave of Maraval an abode that a human being could almost live in. He had his head-quarters there, his provision store, and his workshop; he came there every evening to sleep, often from a long distance, and in all sorts of weather. In the morning, before starting on his excursions, he knelt beside the tomb of Félice, said his prayers devoutly, then piously threw a stone on the shapeless heap, which being augmented

by a stone from every passer-by, was soon, and is still called *The Dead Woman's Cairn*.

Thus he lived for many a long year in this wild solitude, alone with the remembrance of her whom he had lost, seldom descending to the village except on Sundays and holidays for the purpose of hearing mass. He spoke little, and avoided society as much as he could; but by a sort of tacit agreement he seemed to be constituted the natural guardian of all the old customs of the country—on Easter even, for example, he was always sure to be found posted at the corner of the square with his finger on the trigger of his gun, waiting till the bells should ring *the return from Rome*, in order to shoot Lent—Lent being represented by eggshells, fish-bones, and dried vegetables suspended to the hoop of a barrel at the height of the roofs. It was he who gave the morning serenade of the brothers of St. Mark, and he had not his equal at beating a roll on the big drum of the brotherhood. When St. John's day came, it was he again who lighted the first bonfire on the mountain in honour of his patron saint. He was also a bombardier, and on St. Antonine's day, the patron of the village, or on that of St. Barbe, the patroness of artillerymen, it was Jack who discharged the mortars of the commune, into which it is thought he put but little government powder. He knew the rhyme for making swarms of bees come back, and the prayer by which objects that have been lost are found. He was also something of a bone-setter, had a secret way of dressing wounds, discovered springs with the divining-rod, and had a drug that was a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog.

Every one loved him for ten leagues round, and he was often consulted in difficult circumstances, for he was known to be as prudent as he was clear-headed. The young men were unanimous in proclaiming the superiority of Jack's powder to that of the government; and the girls gave him always the preference if the proclamation of a *robbery* had to be made. So when harvest was over, and Jack went about from farm to farm, sack on back like a mendicant hermit, he was sure to receive his peck of grain, his handful of olives, or his bottle of new wine. When a pig was killed, Jack got always a good piece for a fricassee, and there was hardly a marriage or christening party of any consequence to which he was not invited as if of full right. So that this man who possessed nothing under the sun, neither lands nor houses; who, like the ancient philosopher, carried about with him all that he had, this vagabond beyond the pale of society, half

smuggler, half poacher, without recognized trade or avowed employment—this man lived in comparative abundance, and undoubtedly enjoyed the cordial esteem of his neighbours.—
From the Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

[John Rutter Chorley, poet and scholar, born about 1807; died in 1867. He entered a mercantile house and was for some years secretary to the Grand Junction Railway between Liverpool and Birmingham, but the whole bent of his nature was towards literature, to which after his retirement he devoted himself. Between 1846 and 1854 he wrote on foreign literature for the *Athenæum*, devoting himself more especially to the Spanish drama, and a magnificent collection of Spanish plays was given by him to the British Museum. Much of his verse was destroyed or suppressed by himself, but a few scattered poems and a rhymed drama entitled *The Wife's Litany*, an early work inspired by a remarkable dream, attest its general ease and grace. In great measure owing to his own haughty and unsociable nature his London life was almost that of a recluse, but amongst his few intimate friends he numbered Carlyle, who in one of his letters says of him: "He could have written like few men on many subjects, but he had proudly pitched his ideal very high. I know no man in these flimsy days, nor shall ever again know one, so well read, so widely and accurately informed, and so completely at home, not only in all fields of worthy literature and scholarship, but in matters practical, technical, naval, mechanical." His brother, Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872), was also an accomplished author and critic.]

"Comme un vague chant, dont expire
Le lointain et dernier accord;
Comme une musique cessée
Qui n'est plus que dans la pensée,
Et que l'oreille écoute encore."

LE BRUN.

She came a-wandering through the wood,

Whither, she knew not, nor did heed;

For weary-worn, in cheerless mood

She only yearned for solitude,

Where'er the quest might lead.

But surely to that fountain lone,

Some pitying sprite allured her feet;

For stiller haunt the earth had none,

Where grief might hide, and brood upon

Its dreams of sick regret.

The woodland nook was known to few;

Girt by a pathless copse it lay,

With that bright runnel wandering through

The nodding wild-flowers, where the dew

Hung glistening all the day.

Rear'd o'er the source, an archway bare
 Gray tokens of neglected age:
 Long-mouldered hands had built it there,
 To grace of yore some garden fair,
 Or sylvan hermitage.

A burning heart, a wildered brain
 From stern, cold eyes, she sought to hide:
 They rudely strove her love to chain,
 And should they triumph in her pain,
 When he, her wanderer, died?
 All trembling with the secret weight,
 But tearless, through the crowd she passed—
 From wounding mirth, or curious hate,
 To commune with her heavy fate
 Unseen, she fled at last.

As one who faint and dizzy breaks
 From haggard dreams of wrong and pain,
 When sleep to real woe forsakes
 The shivering soul, and memory wakes
 To wish it slept again:
 So from that fevered, long deceit,
 Relieved she breathed, yet scarce could bear
 The presence of her fate to meet,
 And bid her struggling heart repeat
 Its lesson of despair.

And, by the gleam from hours enjoyed
 While life was sunshine, wandering back—
 Shrinking, she viewed the barren void
 Of hopes defeated, bliss destroyed,
 And promise gone to wrack!
 Before her gloomed a long distress,
 Haunted, and desolate, and slow—
 False smiles to wear, cold hands to press,
 And dull, consuming wretchedness
 Beneath a lightsome show.

"Oh! through the coming years," she said,
 "That meet me like a funeral pall
 O'er every hope and feeling spread,
 Be near me still, my sainted dead,
 Unseen, and sweeten all!
 Support me on the dreary way
 Amongst a harsh, unpitied crew;
 Oh! can I bear the weary day—
 The pang suppressed, the heart's decay—
 If *thou* forsake me, too?"

She bent her by the old archway—
 She hearkened to the streamlet's song;
 Till, softening, from her cold dismay
 She seemed to part, and melt away
 In tears, estranged how long!
 For tones that earth had ceased to hear
 Her fancy lent the bubbling rill;

A loved low sound, remote, yet clear—
 She thought it whispered in her ear,
 "Thou trembling heart, be still!"

Off from that time, at evening's hour,
 Thither she wandered, to complain,
 And nurse her sorrows, as the flower
 Folds in its fading bell the shower
 Of the sweet summer-rain.
 Rapt in a soothing fantasy
 She listened to the stream, until
 Fondly, she dreamed, to every sigh
 Its kindly murmur gave reply,
 "Peace, mourning love, be still!"

THE FAITHFUL PAGE.

Lewis, Duke of Liegnitz, was in his youth fond of travel; and his desire being earnest to visit strange countries and become acquainted with foreign nations, no sooner was he his own master, than he hastened to set forth. In the progress of his journeys, he touched at every part of Europe, and even went so far as the torrid Asia. This young nobleman was attacked—whether through fatigue, heat, or contagion—by a violent illness, which seized him at the tomb of Mahomet—that being a curiosity he had long coveted to see. During the violence of his malady, he was faithfully and affectionately attended by Charles of Chila, his chamberlain; who, though an aged man, never failed, either in the night watch, or the day's duty. He was ever by his master's bedside, and soon had the happiness to see him recover from the effects of the struggle between death and life. But the true-hearted servant drew his own death from his lord's safety: he was smitten with the same disease, and received from the Duke attentions almost as assiduous and anxious as those he had bestowed: but they had not the same fortunate result. The chamberlain died; but, before the breath left his body, he commended earnestly to his master's protection, his grandson, a tender boy, then far distant at school, whose father fell at the blockade of Cottbus, by the side of the Duke of Sagen, and whose mother did not survive her husband more than half a year. The Duke bound himself to the dying man, by a solemn oath, to provide for the now destitute child—exclaiming, "So may my last hour be as serene as thine!"

"He is the last branch of our race," uttered the chamberlain feebly, his voice being almost extinguished by death: "receive him from me as a solemn legacy: he is virtuous and affec-

tionate, and will exercise towards you and your family the fidelity that has ever distinguished his ancestors." A few moments afterwards the Duke had to weep the loss of his most zealous friend and devoted follower.

Duke Lewis, being smitten with melancholy, hastened back to Europe. He made his entry on his domains amidst the rejoicings of his vassals: and if the pride of rank and power swelled in his breast as he heard their shouts and saw their manifestations of delight, he felt the warmth of kindness towards these, his dependents, accompanying the swelling of his spirit; for sojourning amongst strangers, and encountering hazards, had humanized his disposition, and long absence had hindered him from waxing, by usage, callous to the wretchedness and wrongs of his inferiors, as the best natures at that time too commonly were.

Nor did he forget his promise to the dying chamberlain: one of his courtiers was soon despatched to fetch to his palace the young Chila, whom he appointed to be one of his pages. Henry, the grandson of Charles of Chila, was now seventeen; his shape tall and slender; his face fine and manly; his mind richly accomplished; and his manners trained to elegance by the graceful exercises of chivalry. He played on the lute, and accompanied its soft tones with a melodious voice. He became his master's favourite; the ornament of the ducal court; the most gallant of the princely retinue, when his lord pursued the wolf or the bear, or gave tournaments at which the knights might distinguish themselves amongst their companions, and touch the hearts of their mistresses by gratifying their female pride.

It was about the Easter of the year 1412, that a messenger presented himself from the Emperor Sigismund, inviting Duke Lewis to repair to the imperial court; the sovereign having in view to bestow a signal mark of his favour on the Prince, his vassal. And precious, indeed, was the boon!—no less than the hand of the Emperor's niece, the Princess Etha of Hungary, a beauty then shining in all the splendour of youthful charms.

Brilliant were the festivities at the marriage: but Henry, the Duke's page, was more stricken by the charms of his new mistress, than by the grandeur of the imperial court. The lady soon behaved towards the graceful youth with that affectionate familiarity of which her lord set her the example; and in so doing she gave a proof of the goodness of her disposition, and of her devotion to her husband: but was it not the page's misfortune to be so distinguished?

Too surely it was; for there grew up in his heart a violent passion, which he bitterly wept over in secret, and blushed for in public, dreading its discovery as the signal of his ignominy and utter ruin.

Yet, in the midst of this agony of remorse, the hopelessness of his love was a torture felt by him above all the rest; and this he owned to himself and deplored, for thus he knew that the crime would be more tolerable to him if it were not bootless—a knowledge that made him accuse himself of ingratitude and treachery toward his excellent master. And thus torn and worked upon in spirit, the consternation of the poor youth showed itself visibly in his altered appearance, so that none could fail to perceive how heavy a load of secret grief was borne by this once gay and happy, now most miserable, page.

The Duke and the Duchess were both incessant in their importunities to be told the cause of their favourite's melancholy. "Dost thou covet the well-trained falcon, which thou knowest so well to fly? Is it the swift charger, that bore thee so gallantly in the last tournament, that thou wouldst be master of?" To these kind inquiries, prompted by anxious affection, Henry gave no answer, but he seemed confounded, and held his peace.

"Have I lost thy confidence then?" said the duke: "what hast thou to complain of in my friendship for thee? Have I not always shown myself thy friend, rather than thy lord?"

"Ah, my dear, my gracious master," then exclaimed Henry—for he could hold no longer—"take my life—I have lived too long—but never while I live can I forget what I owe to your grace: I am grateful, indeed I am—but miserable, very miserable. Oh my lord, do not press me for the cause of my grief, but rather drive me from your presence; recall your favours, yet leave me your compassion; I have much need of it."

The Duke was astonished at this, which he thought little short of frenzy: and, consulting with his Duchess, they agreed to watch the young man narrowly, lest mischief might come of his strange infatuation.

One fine evening of the spring, the page went out on the rampart of the castle, and, believing himself to be unobserved, he sat down beneath a lofty pine, while to his lute he sung the following stanzas:—

SONG.

Ye pines that wave on high,
While echo wakes alone!
To your deep shade I fly,
To loose my bosom's groan.

'Tis love consumes my peace;
 Yet though it tears this breast,
 I would not it should cease,
 Nor would I it were blest'd.
 Ah no! ah no! ah no!

(Echo)—Ah no!

A sigh, a tear deny,
 Should I my passion speak;
 But when I silent die,
 Let gentle sorrow break
 From forth thy lips so pure,
 Dear mistress of my soul—
 For love will not endure
 That duty should control.
 Ah no! ah no! ah no!

(Echo)—Ah no!

So sung the page, accompanying the words very mournfully with his lute. Just as he had finished, and while he yet listened to the echo of that sad syllable which was a negative to all his happiness, he thought he heard light footsteps approaching; and, turning round tremblingly, to his great surprise and alarm, he perceived the Duke and the Duchess standing close by him. Attracted by the mournful air, the princely couple had soon discovered who the musician was, and were pleased to think that their servant should continue to have pleasure in one at least of his former accomplishments—the practice of all the others having been laid aside by him since his unhappy alteration. Marking the words of the song, however, the Duke mused over them; yet forbore to question his page on the subject, recollecting how much disturbance had before been caused in his mind by inquiries of this nature. The noble lady uttered some gentle words to Henry, commending his voice, yet chiding his turn for solitude, and complaining that he should thus fly from friends, to whose pleasures he might administer while he gratified their kindness by his presence.

"Are you, then, too proud to accept our praises?" said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, that no mortal could regard without feeling his heart stirred within him—so exquisitely was goodness of soul there mingled with a free gaiety, the consciousness and pride of beauty, and a deep, native, passionate tenderness. Hers was a smile in which all that is rich in woman's nature was concentrated; and it burst forth, like a sudden ray of sunshine, to kindle up ecstasy, and smite high and low with admiration. And it was thus she now smiled upon the page,—only the common fascination of her expression was heightened by a touch of sorrowful sympathy, which hung floatingly in her eyes;—to Henry's conception, it was as if the regard of divinity made itself visible in the brightness of the sky, giving a

meaning of beneficence to its sparkling beauty. He could not bear the effect of this look: it shook him to the very depths of his nature: it brought the music he had just been playing, the song he had just been singing, back upon him, like an overpowering wave, dashing his energies to the earth. He hastily muttered some words of thanks, which ran together into one choking sob, and rushed from the presence of his noble protectors to lock himself into his little chamber in the turret, where, during the whole night, he gave passionate utterance to his intolerable affliction.

No sooner were the Duke and the Duchess left alone together, than the former said,—
 "The cause of this youth's melancholy, I think I have at last divined. He loves your cousin Agnes, who accompanied you here from the court of Sigismund: her rank makes him deem his passion hopeless, and hence his sorrow."

"Agnes would not be severe to him, I dare say," replied the Duchess. "If it be love that is the cause of your page's melancholy, then must we compliment his modesty at the expense of his penetration; for he knows not the extent of his own power of pleasing, and the general regard in which he is held, if he allow himself to doubt of a favourable return to his passion on the part of any lady of our court, who can in honour receive and reward his affection."

"Do you, then, sound your cousin on this matter," rejoined the Duke; "for my conjecture is right, as time will doubtless show."

The fair Agnes owned to her friend and mistress, what she had before confessed to her own heart, that the beautiful youth was not to her an indifferent object; and she added, that, for some time past, she had suspected it was even as the Duchess surmised. It appeared to her, that she was regarded with affection by the duke's page—though as yet he had not said a syllable of his passion—for she had observed that his eyes were ever directed to the balcony, where she usually sat with the duchess,—and once he had been seen to press eagerly to his lips a handkerchief which she had just dropped from her hand, after taking it from the neck of her royal relation.

With this news delighted, and eager to declare them, the Duchess hastened to her husband: who forthwith ordered that his court should take a journey of pleasure to the baths of Warmbrunn, that were even then much celebrated; contriving, at the same time, that the two lovers (as they were esteemed) should be left behind—thus giving them good opportu-

nity of coming to an explanation. The Duchess, as she went to her palfrey, conducted by the ever assiduous Henry, whispered in his ear: "Be of good heart, wait with patience till we return, and then you shall be happy."

The page was thunderstruck: her words thrilled through him: he could scarcely stand; and the gracious lady, seeing his extreme agitation, turned towards him her eyes, that beamed with infinite kindness, and reached him her hand to kiss. He fell on his knees, as he received the unlooked-for boon; and when he returned to his chamber, after the Duchess' departure, he was almost convulsed by the force and variety of his feelings. Did he understand her aright? His duty to his lord—could he forget it! Gratitude! Honour! Love! all these considerations worked in his mind with the fury of a volcano.

A message from his master and mistress gave him soon occasion to join them at the baths. "Well, you have now recovered your gaiety, my distrustful page," exclaimed the Duke, with an arch smile as he approached. The youth looked with consternation at the speaker. "The gentle Agnes was not obdurate, I dare say—approach, then, and thank your fair advocate here—the Duchess I mean: she it was who did a good office for you with her lovely cousin!"

Henry felt despair circling his heart, and freezing it, with each word of this address. His resolution was instantly taken, and this enabled him to preserve his calmness. His cheek was pale, but it changed not: his eye remained steady, as he made a common-place reply, and the Duke and the Duchess congratulated themselves on the restoration of the page's tranquillity.

The 18th of May was the birth-day of the Duchess: on that morning the rich cavalcade set out for the Castle of Kynast, meaning to celebrate the joyful festival by chivalrous sports. Henry rode by his mistress' carriage, on a beautiful horse which she had given to him that day twelvemonth. Every one remarked the paleness of his countenance; but an unusual fire sparkled in his eyes, and altogether he seemed to exult, rather than, as of late, to mourn. There was general satisfaction expressed at the happy change. The page's steed seemed determined that day to show his master to the greatest possible advantage. He went snorting with courage; sometimes playing disdainfully with the earth, which he struck with short bounds; then rearing as if in fury; then springing forward as if maddened by restraint, yet all the while proud of his rider's sway,

and never for one instant escaping, or seeking to escape, from the secret invisible power of his flexible practised hand. All eyes were fixed on the gallant youth, and above all those of the Duchess—who that day seemed to herself to feel an interest in him of a more remarkable nature than what she had ever before experienced—and which created something like an agitation in her heart for which she could not account. His pale face, his beaming eyes, rivetted her attention. She could not take her looks from them; and once or twice she uttered a short hasty cry of alarm, as the spirited charger appeared to expose his rider to peril. The page on these occasions bowed gracefully but seriously towards his mistress; and altogether he seemed like one who had suddenly acquired new and high privileges, which he was incapable to abuse, but proud of possessing.

A sumptuous banquet was given to the knights and retainers on the great lawn before the Castle; and, after this, Etha took her seat beneath a splendid canopy to witness the games. They were many and various, of an athletic kind, and in these the page distinguished himself, as he was wont—few could compete with him, either in agility or courage. The last trial of both now only remained: it had been ordered by the masters of the festival, that, to conclude the day's exercises, a prize of a golden chain should be awarded to him who should dare to climb the warder's lofty tower—overlooking the precipice on the brink of which the Castle stood—by the projecting stones of the external wall—a difficult and perilous task, which it was thought few would attempt, and perhaps none perform. The conditions were, that the successful person (if any succeeded) when standing on the extreme parapet, should receive a goblet, filled with wine, from the warder's hand; that, thus elevated in the eyes of all, he should pronounce the name of his mistress, drink her health in the contents of the cup, and then, descending, receive the chain he had won from the hands of the Duchess herself.

Many young cavaliers made the attempt, but soon relinquished it. The danger and fatigue was too great. At last the trumpets announced that Henry of Chila was about to essay the enterprise. He was observed to look earnestly at the Duchess as he advanced to the foot of the rock. He was soon seen ascending; and, while the crowd held their breaths, under the influence of admiration and horror mingled, the adventurous youth gained the summit, and stood erect and firm on the fearful height. The warder held out to him the bowl filled

with wine; a shout from below greeted his triumph; the utmost silence then prevailed, for all burned with curiosity to hear pronounced the name of her who had gained the heart of Henry of Chila.

"He is about to utter the name of Agnes," said the Duchess to one of her ladies—and as she said this she sighed. "He has done a dangerous feat for her," she added.

Henry raised the cup in his right hand: the sun was setting,—its rays flashed upon him horizontally, kindling the fair locks that streamed about his face, disordered by the exertion of climbing. He stood like a divine messenger, about to communicate the will of Heaven to mortals. The silence grew more fixed and deep. Not a breath was suffered to escape.

"I drink," exclaimed he, with a loud voice, "to my mistress—to her whom I love—to Etha, Duchess of Liegnitz—wife of my most honoured and esteemed master the Duke—whom I have ever served with fidelity, and to whom in the moment of death I declare my gratitude."

A piercing shriek was uttered by the Duchess, as she turned away her head; for too well she foresaw what was about to happen. The Duke sprang forward, exclaiming, "In the name of God! hold!" A loud cry of *Jesu Maria!* was the next instant set up by the whole multitude, and the body of the unfortunate page lay mangled and lifeless on the stones beneath the Castle wall!

Deep sobs and stifled screams were heard to come from under the canopy; and a sad agitation and hurried moments prevailed there amongst the attendants. The Abbot of Lambus advanced towards the corpse, crossing his hands over his breast, and exclaiming in a trembling voice, "To his poor soul may God have mercy!"—"To his poor soul may God have mercy," was solemnly ejaculated by the crowd, as with one voice; and the echoes in the mountains around were thrice heard to repeat the word "*mercy.*" The Duke ordered the remains of his page to be collected for burial in the ducal vault at Liegnitz; and masses were celebrated at Warmbrunn for the soul of the departed.

London Mag.

MODESTY.

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MY COTTAGE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

"One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it home.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

SOUTHEY'S Hymn to the Penates.

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights,—ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun,
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain-torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible

Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
 Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
 Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
 Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
 His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
 And the wide world in cheerful loveliness
 Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
 Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
 Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,
 Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
 Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears
 A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
 And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
 A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
 The man who thus beholds the golden chain
 Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
 Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
 Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
 That yearns for high communion with its God,
 Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
 The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
 Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,
 With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
 And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
 Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
 Might be beguiled to smiles—almost forget
 His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
 Read characters so lovely, that his heart
 Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell
 Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
 Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed
 Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
 That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
 That bring the future close upon the soul,
 And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
 Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
 Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul
 Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,
 Strong as the prayer of dying penitent—
 My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
 Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
 On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart—
 Thou! who with looks of mercy oft has cheered
 The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
 On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
 The homage of thy lonely worshipper—
 Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,
 The love of nature long hath been with me
 The love of virtue:—that the solitude
 Of the remotest hills to me hath been
 Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
 Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunned
 My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts—
 Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned
 With sense of moral beauty—to the joy

That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
 Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see
 The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
 Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
 With adoration the departing God;
 Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
 Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,
 Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
 Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.
 With humble pride I bless the Holy One
 For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
 In seasons of depression—when the lamp
 Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
 Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul—
 When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
 From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
 Of human frailty turned the past to pain,
 How oft have I remembered that a world
 Of glory lay around me, that a source
 Of lofty solace lay in every star.
 And that no being need behold the sun,
 And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
 Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
 To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
 Of man, though still the image of his God,
 Leaned by his will on various happiness,
 I felt that all was good; that faculties,
 Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
 True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
 The purpose of his being, he will sit
 Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
 Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing
 Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
 Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
 Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
 That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
 When first in transport from the mountain-top
 I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud,
 Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
 Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
 Together, like a happy family
 Of beauty and of love, but will arise
 To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
 That Nature gently leads unto the grave
 All who have read her heart, and kept their own
 In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
 Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
 Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
 Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
 Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
 More worthy to be loved by those whose love
 Is highest praise:—that by the living light
 That burns for ever in affection's breast,
 I shall behold how fair and beautiful
 A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
 That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
 Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven

On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,
 Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
 My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
 And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
 With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
 E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
 From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then
 My overpowered spirit will recline
 Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
 O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that oftimes to the eye
 Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
 With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
 With ineffectual beauty on his heart—
 Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
 Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
 Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
 My vision from the glories of the scene
 To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
 That slumbers in the crimson clouds of even,
 Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
 Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,
 A thousand beauties never seen before
 Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
 Even in those fields where each particular tree
 Was looked on as a friend—where I had been
 Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
 Will the faint image of the distant world
 Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
 Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
 Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
 Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
 Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
 With burning spirit we will smile to see
 Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,
 And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
 Bless our united beings, and the home
 Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
 Though human voice might never touch our ear
 From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
 What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
 When with the undelaying steps of love
 Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
 A coming friend, far distant then believed,
 And all unlooked for. When the short distrust
 Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
 And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
 With gladdened spirit he will quickly own
 That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
 Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
 Till resting on another's. If from scenes
 Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
 The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
 If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
 Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
 Of beauty, working by the wavy green

Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
 Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
 And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
 The moonlight Heaven, shall to his blood restore
 An undisturbed flow, such as he felt
 Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night.
 When youth's bright years passed happily away
 Among his native hills, and all he knew
 Of crowded cities was from passing tale
 Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
 These solitary mountains will resign
 The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
 Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
 Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
 And giving to our musings many a burst
 Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
 Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
 Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
 Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
 Of hymning fountains—these will leave awhile
 The altered earth:—But other attributes
 Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
 We shall behold the same prevailing Power
 That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
 With adoration, the delight of love.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
 That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
 Her solitary walk, and as her light
 Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
 That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
 Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
 Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
 With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
 Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
 These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LACON.

BY REV. C. C. COLTON.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combina-

tion, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by *repletion* and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the

greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

We should justly ridicule a general who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth through by-paths, lanes, and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that they who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes *before* her and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be

very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a *conqueror* and a *cat*.

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great—a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

To know a man, observe how he *wins* his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail our pride supports us, when we succeed it betrays us.

After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages; for the assumed formality of the one is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since a very old author observes, that "*as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*" Such

VOL. IV.

a worldling may be compared to a merchant who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced beforehand that he was only providing for a shipwreck at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

It is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

Were a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink and oceans of blood.

Should the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito* the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

Few things are more destructive of the best interests of society than the prevalent but

mistaken notion that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those by-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over he will overreach, and those obstacles they cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say? that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright? let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom*; since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off*; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

Pride differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess*; whereas

vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many and to the moment, pride to the future and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others shall have been paid.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

Many schemes ridiculed as utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species: that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—*Lacon: or Many Things in Few Words.*

LOVE'S PERVERSITY.

[Coventry Kearsley Deighton Patmore, born at Woodford, Essex, 23rd July, 1823. In 1846 he was appointed assistant-librarian in the British Museum, but left that institution about 1863. His works are: *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems*; *The Angel in the House*, a domestic poem in four parts; *The Unknown Eros*; *Amelia and Religio Poete*. Mr. Ruskin said of *The Angel in the House* that it was "the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern, domestic feeling". Mr. Patmore also edited *A Garland of Poems for Children*; *The Autobiography of Barry Cornwall*; and the posthumous Poems of his son; and contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *North British Reviews*. A complete edition of his poems has been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. He died in 1896.]

How strange a thing a lover seems
To animals that do not love!
Lo, where he walks and talks in dreams,
And flouts us with his Lady's glove;
How foreign is the garb he wears;
And how his great devotion mocks
Our poor propriety, and scares
The undevout with paradox!
His soul, through scorn of worldly care,
And great extremes of sweet and gall,
And musing much on all that's fair,
Grows witty and fantastical;
He sobs his joy and sings his grief,
And evermore finds such delight
In simply picturing his relief,
That 'plaining seems to cure his plight;
He makes his sorrow when there's none;
His fancy blows both cold and hot;
Next to the wish that she'll be won,
His first hope is that she may not;
He sues, yet deprecates consent;
Would she be captured she must fly;
She looks too happy and content,
For whose least pleasure he would die;
Oh, cruelty, she cannot care
For one to whom she's always kind!
He says he's nought, but, oh, despair,
If he's not Jove to her fond mind!
He's jealous if she pets a dove,
She must be his with all her soul;
Yet 'tis a postulate in love
That part is greater than the whole,
And all his apprehension's stress,
When he's with her, regards her hair,
Her hand, a ribbon of her dress,
As if his life were only there;
Because she's constant, he will change,
And kindest glances coldly meet,
And, all the time he seems so strange,
His soul is fawning at her feet;
Of smiles and simple heaven grown tired,
He wickedly provokes her tears,
And when she weeps, as he desired,
Falls slain with ecstasies of fears;
He blames her, though she has no fault,

Except the folly to be his;
He worships her, the more to exalt
The profanation of a kiss;
Health's his disease; he's never well
But when his paleness shames her rose;
His faith's a rock-built citadel,
Its sign a flag that each way blows;
His o'erfed fancy frets and fumes;
And Love, in him, is fierce like Hate,
And ruffles his ambrosial plumes
Against the bars of time and fate.

The Angel in the House.

THE AUTHORESS.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

A young lady, who valued herself on her benevolence and good breeding, and had as much respect for truth as those who live in the world usually have, was invited by an authoress, whose favour she coveted, and by whose attention she was flattered, to come and hear her read a manuscript tragi-comedy. The other auditor was an old lady, who, to considerable personal ugliness, united strange grimaces and convulsive twitchings of the face, chiefly the result of physical causes.

The authoress read in so affected and dramatic a manner, that the young lady's boasted benevolence had no power to curb her propensity to laughter; which being perceived by the reader, she stopped in angry consternation, and desired to know whether she laughed at her or her composition. At first she was too much fluttered to make any reply; but as she dared not own the truth, and had no scruple against being guilty of deception, she cleverly resolved to excuse herself by a practical lie. She therefore trod on her friend's foot, elbowed her, and, by winks and signs, tried to make her believe that it was the grimaces of her opposite neighbour, who was quietly knitting and twitching as usual, which had had such an effect on her risible faculties; and the deceived authoress, smiling herself when her young guest directed her eye to her unconscious *vis à vis*, resumed her reading with a lightened brow and increased energy.

This added to the young lady's amusement; as she could now indulge her risibility occasionally at the authoress's expense, without exciting her suspicions; especially as the manuscript was sometimes intended to excite smiles, if not laughter; and the self-love of the writer led her to suppose that her hearer's mirth was

the result of her comic powers. But the treacherous gratification of the auditor was soon at an end. The manuscript was meant to move tears as well as smiles; but as the matter became more pathetic, the manner became more ludicrous; and the youthful hearer could no more force a tear than she could restrain a laugh; till the mortified authoress, irritated into forgetfulness of all feeling and propriety, exclaimed, "Indeed, Mrs. —, I must desire you to move your seat and sit where Miss — does not see you; for you make such queer grimaces that you draw her attention and cause her to laugh when she should be listening to me." The erring but humane girl was overwhelmed with dismay at the unexpected exposure; and when the poor infirm old lady replied, in a faltering tone, "Is she indeed laughing at me?" she could scarcely refrain from telling the truth, and assuring her that she was incapable of such cruelty. "Yes," rejoined the authoress, in a paroxysm of wounded self-love; "she owed to me, soon after she began, that you occasioned her ill-timed mirth; and when I looked at you, I could hardly help smiling myself; but I am sure you could help making such faces if you would." "Child!" cried the old lady, while tears of wounded sensibility trickled down her pale cheeks, "and you, my unjust friend, I hope and trust that I forgive you both; but, if ever you should be paralytic yourselves, may you remember this evening, and learn to repent of having been provoked to laugh at the physical weakness of a palsied old woman!" The indignant authoress was now penitent, subdued, and ashamed, and earnestly asked pardon for her unkindness; but the young offender, whose acted lie had exposed her to seem guilty of a fault which she had not committed, was in an agony to which expression was inadequate! But to exculpate herself was impossible: and she could only give her wounded victim tear for tear.

To attend to a farther perusal of the manuscript was impossible. The old lady desired that her carriage should come round directly; the authoress locked up the composition that had been so ill received; and the young lady, who had been proud of the acquaintance of each, became an object of suspicion and dislike both to the one and the other; since the former considered her to be of a cruel and unfeeling nature, and the latter could not conceal from herself the mortifying truth, that she must have felt her play to be wholly devoid of interest, as it had utterly failed either to rivet or to attract her young auditor's attention.

But, though this girl lost two valued acquaintances by acting a lie—a harmless white lie, as it is called—I fear she was not taught or amended by the circumstance; but deplored her want of luck, rather than her want of integrity; and, had her deception met with the success which she expected, she would probably have boasted of her ingenious artifice to her acquaintance; nor can I help believing that she goes on in the same way whenever she is tempted to do so, and values herself on the lies of SELFISH FEAR, which she dignifies by the name of LIES OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is curious to observe that the kindness which prompts to really erroneous conduct cannot continue to bear even a remote connection with real benevolence. The mistaken girl, in the anecdote related above, begins with what she calls a virtuous deception. She could not wound the feelings of the authoress by owning that she laughed at her mode of reading: she therefore accused herself of a much worse fault; that of laughing at the personal infirmities of a fellow-creature; and then, finding that her artifice enabled her to indulge her sense of the ridiculous with impunity, she at length laughs treacherously and systematically, because she dares do so, and not *involuntarily*, as she did at first, at her unsuspecting friend. Thus such hollow unprincipled benevolence as hers soon degenerated into absolute *malevolence*. But had this girl been a girl of principle and of *real benevolence*, she might have healed her friend's vanity at the same time that she wounded it, by saying, after she had owned that her mode of reading made her laugh, that she was now convinced of the truth of what she had often heard; namely, that authors rarely do justice to their own works when they read them aloud themselves, however well they may read the works of others; because they are naturally so nervous on the occasion, that they are laughably violent, because painfully agitated.

This reply could not have offended her friend greatly, if at all; and it might have led her to moderate her *outré* manner of reading. She would in consequence have appeared to more advantage; and the interests of real benevolence, namely, the doing good to a fellow-creature, would have been served, and she would not, by a vain attempt to save a friend's vanity from being hurt, have been the means of wounding the feelings of an afflicted woman; have incurred the charge of inhumanity, which she by no means deserved; and have vainly, as well as grossly, sacrificed the interests of truth.

—*Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches.*

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
 Oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
 And drowsily the banners wave
 O'er her that was so chaste and fair;
 Yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
 But when the dew is on the brake,
 And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
 And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
 Oh! then she cometh back to me,
 In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I cannot guess her face or form;
 But what to me is form or face?
 I do not ask the weary worm
 To give me back each buried grace
 Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
 I only feel that she is here,
 And that we meet, and that we part;
 And that I drink within mine ear,
 And that I clasp around my heart,
 Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses!

Not in the waking thought by day,
 Not in the sightless dream by night,
 Do the mild tones and glances play
 Of her who was my cradle's light!
 But in some twilight of calm weather,
 She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
 A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
 With all the quiet of a thought,
 And all the passion of a dream,
 Linked in a golden spell together!

W. M. PRAED.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago—ten years ago—
 Life was to us a fairy scene;
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe
 Had seared not then its pathway green.
 Youth and its thousand dreams were ours—
 Feelings we ne'er can know again—
 Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
 And frames unworn by mortal pain.
 Such was the bright and genial flow
 Of life with us—ten years ago.

Time had not blanch'd a single hair
 That clusters round thy forehead now;
 Nor had the cankering touch of care
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
 Though sometimes stained by secret tears.
 But where, O where's the spirit's glow,
 That shone through all—ten years ago?

I too am changed—I scarce know why;
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
 And youth, and health, and visions high,
 Melt like a wreath of snow away.
 Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill;
 Though worn in this world's scheming strife
 In soul and form—I linger still
 In the first summer month of life;
 Yet journey on my path below,—
 O! how unlike ten years ago!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

It happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17 Liberality Place (the corner of Riege Street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and, although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The Duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his grace to the Duchess.

"She is making the beds, Duke," replied her grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her grace, "on a sketching tour with the manceiple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half-cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and

coffee having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the Duchess, "and sent Lady Maria upstairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the Duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he has gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time), for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the Duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship;—"I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either

at the academy or the gymnasium: however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'there is a lord for you—look at my lord!'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the Duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things; but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—"you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing?"

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the Duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way—"his grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to—"

"Well, Duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin*'—now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it; but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the Duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin; "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself," said the Duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree: "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the Duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin; "now I'll go to work merrily; and, Duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared, and the Duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest, when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the Duke, "has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the Duchess, "it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say, that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear Duchess," said the Duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her grace, "there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the posses-

sion of their assistants, who by extending, with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves), the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favour of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE POSIE.

[Robert Burns, born on the banks of the Doon, near Ayr, 25th January, 1759; died in Dumfries, 21st July, 1796. Carlyle says: "The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but at the same time it is plain and easily recognized: his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth." "His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them." ¹]

O luve will venture in,
Where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in,
Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Amang the woods sae green,—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth 's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there;

¹ See Allan Cunningham's Essay, "Robert Burns and Lord Byron," *Casquet*, vol. i. page 33.

The daisy 's for simplicity,
And unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak' away,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond-drops o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear:
The violet 's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
Wi' the silken band o' luv,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life
The band shall ne'er remove,—
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

¹ Sung by Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*. Professor Wilson considered this hymn a perfect gem of its kind, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably intermingled.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

COUSIN TOMKINS, THE TAILOR.

BY W. H. HARRISON.²

Edward Stanley was a gentleman of good family and liberal education. He held an official situation of considerable trust, and proportionate emolument. Early in life he married a lady whose personal charms, rather than a regard to similarity of taste and congeniality of disposition, had captivated him. He devoted much of his time to the cultivation of belles-lettres, and delighted in the society of men of learning and genius, many of whom were frequent guests at his table. His lady was the daughter of humble people, who, by successful speculations, had risen rapidly to comparative wealth, by means of which they had given her an education at one of the fashionable finishing-schools, where, with tinsel accomplishments, she acquired notions much at variance with common sense and proper feeling, and quite unfitted for the society in which she had been accustomed to move. Being one of a large family, she brought her husband a very moderate fortune: but his income was ample, and she resolved to make it subservient to her taste for display, which Mr. Stanley, who loved her affectionately, was too weakly indulgent to oppose.

They had one daughter, their only child, of whom her father was both fond and proud. Her mother also loved her, but she loved pleasure more, and consequently resigned her offspring to the care of menials, and committed her education to a governess. The latter, however, was a young woman of piety and ability, whose endeavours were applied to regulate the

² Abridged from the Second Series of "Tales of a Physician."

heart, as well as to improve the understanding of her pupil. Mrs. Stanley was too much engaged in fashionable life to interfere with the system of instruction adopted by the governess, and the daughter was preserved from the taint of her mother's example by the latter's reluctance to "bring her out," because she feared a rival claimant for that admiration which she was still eager to attract.

Much as Mrs. Stanley was gratified by the distinction which her splendid parties procured for her, she was occasionally subjected to severe mortifications, and often painfully reminded of the humble sphere in which she and her parents had previously moved. Among her relations there was one who happened to be a tailor, and who, to her horror, had the honour of being her first cousin, and bearing the family name. Had he kept a chandler's shop he might have been designated a provision merchant; or if a cheesemonger, he might have been called a bacon factor; but a tailor is a tailor all the world over, and there is no synonyme in our vocabulary by which to dignify the calling.

Her dread of being associated in any way with this industrious member of a most useful trade was said to have exhibited itself in the most ridiculous manner. A vegetable, vulgarly supposed to be symbolical of the sartorial art, was never permitted to appear on her table, lest its presence should prove suggestive to her fashionable guests. Nay, it was even insinuated that no other reason could be assigned for the stopping up of a side window in the house than the fact of its commanding a view of a cutler's, who, by way of a sign, had placed a colossal pair of shears above his door.

But Cousin Tomkins, the tailor, was as little ambitious of contact with his fair and proud relative as she could be anxious to avoid him. He was a sturdy and independent spirited man, who had too much good sense to be ashamed of a calling by which he was not only gaining a livelihood, but accumulating wealth. He was, moreover, better informed than the generality of his class, for he had studied other pages than his pattern-book, and, above all, was well read in that volume, compared with which the wisdom of the most subtle philosophy is foolishness and vanity. Never, but on a single occasion, and that an urgent one, did Tomkins intrude himself on the presence of his fashionable cousin, whose contemptuous civility gave him little inducement to repeat the visit. Stung by a style of treatment from which common decency, if not his relationship, should have protected him, he was hurrying back through

the lacquey-lined hall when his progress was arrested by a fair blue-eyed girl, of about six years old, who, looking up in his face with an innocent smile, accosted him by the appellation of cousin, and, thrusting a little bunch of violets into his hand, dismissed him at the door with a laughing "good-bye." It was little Clara Stanley, whom some of the servants, probably in sport, had informed of the visitor's relationship; and whose mother took occasion, on being told of the circumstance, severely to reprehend for the familiarity of which she had been guilty. Children, however, are sorry casuists, and Mrs. Stanley's eloquence utterly failed in convincing Clara that there was less impropriety in romping with her cousin the guardsman than in shaking hands with cousin Tomkins, the tailor. Tomkins was much affected by the child's behaviour, and on reaching home he placed the faded violets between the leaves of his Bible, that he might be daily reminded of the incident, and learn to forgive the unkindness of the parent for the sake of the innocence of the child.

But time passed on: the girl began to grow into the woman, and the work of education drew to a close. Her preceptress, in resigning her charge, had the consolation of feeling that, though the temptations to which her pupil was about to be exposed were many and strong, she was protected against their power by her humble dependence upon God. Her taste, moreover, had not been corrupted to relish the dissipations of fashionable life. An authority, to which her piety as well as filial affection taught her to yield obedience, forced her occasionally into the ball-room; but as love of display had no place in her bosom, the scene had little charms for her, and she had discrimination enough to perceive that it was not, even to those who most frequented and most lauded it, the Elysium which they would have it be accounted.

Having no taste for the gaieties of "society," her harp, her pencil, and her books were the sources on which she drew for recreation. Of books, whilst loving her Bible as the best, she was not one of those who cannot distinguish between a trashy novel and the pages illumined by the genius of Mackenzie, of Scott, and of Irving.

Gifted as she was, too, in personal attractions, enhanced by a grace of manner which Nature needs not the aid of the dancing-master to confer, it will not be matter of surprise that she had many admirers; the wiser portion of whom were as much enchanted by the accomplishments and virtues of her mind as by the beauty of her person. Among them was a gentleman who was a frequent guest at the

table of her father. The younger son of a respectable family, he had been educated for one of the learned professions, and by his amiable manners and brilliant talents had rendered himself a general favourite. Upon his enthusiastic and poetical temperament the beauty and virtues of Clara were calculated to make a powerful impression, which every hour passed in her company tended to deepen.

Ardent, however, as were his feelings, they were under the control of a well-regulated mind. He was awakened from the Elysian dream which Clara had inspired by the reflection that, situated as he was, straitened in circumstances, and dependent entirely on his success in his profession, the object of his passion could not honourably be pursued. With a self-denial rarely evinced upon similar occasions, he withdrew himself from the magic circle ere its enchantment became too strong for him, and suddenly, at the hazard of much misinterpretation, ceased to be a guest at Mr. Stanley's.

The subject of this sketch was not fitted for the heroine of a romance, and the early years of her life passed away unmarked by any occurrence worthy of note. At the age of eighteen, however, she was deprived of both her parents, who died within a few months of each other. Mr. Stanley had never been a provident man, and his affairs were found at his decease in such a state that it required the sacrifice of all he had left, even to the furniture of his house, to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

The morning appointed for the sale arrived, and Clara retired to an apartment remote from the bustle of preparation. Sorrow for the loss of an affectionate parent was weighing heavily upon her heart, nor was the reflection that she must, in a few hours, quit the home of her childhood, to wander forth she knew not whither, calculated to lighten her grief. Of the many who were wont, with smiling faces and flattering tongues, to flock to the splendid entertainments which her mother delighted to give, there was not one to offer a word of comfort. Her prospect was, indeed, a desolate one: there appeared not a blossom to gladden her path, nor a tree to shelter her from the coming storm. But her view was not confined to earth; she turned upwards, with the eye of faith, to that beneficent God whom she had served in her prosperity, and who she felt would not desert her in the day of her trouble.

In the meantime, the preliminary arrangements for the sale were in progress: the rooms were thronged with company, of which no inconsiderable portion consisted of the acquaint-

ances—they were once deemed friends—of Mr. Stanley. Some were attracted by the amiable desire of witnessing the wreck of a prosperity they had envied; others by the hope of securing at a cheap rate some article of furniture, bijouterie, or art, which they had admired in the lifetime of its late proprietor.

A few of the relatives of Mr. Stanley were gathered in a circle in one of the rooms, who, after clubbing their pity for the forlorn and destitute situation of his daughter, proceeded to speculate upon the manner in which she could dispose of herself. One recommended that she should enter some family as governess; another suggested the more eligible situation of companion to an elderly lady; while a third, who had heard of Clara having been once detected in making up some article of her own dress, alluded to her qualifications as an attendant on some young ladies, in the enviable capacity of half milliner and half maid. During this discussion the attention of the group was attracted by the entrance of an elderly personage, in exceedingly plain but respectable attire. He contrived to insinuate himself into the midst of the conclave, and was an attentive listener to their conversation. Having heard the various propositions for the future provision of the orphan, he somewhat abruptly exclaimed, "But while the grass grows, the steed starves: surely there must be some of poor Mr. Stanley's friends who are both able and willing to afford his daughter the protection of their roof, until she can be in some measure provided for."

His remark was evidently not much to the taste of his auditors, who, however, expressed the great pleasure they would have had in offering her an asylum; but, unfortunately, not one of them was at that particular juncture in a position to do so: the residence of one was under repair; the spare bed-room of another was occupied by a friend from the country; while a third had the scarlet fever in the house, and would never forgive himself if the "dear girl" should catch the disease. A smile of peculiar significance played on the lip of the elderly stranger as he listened to their various evasions, and perceiving that they eyed him with a look of inquiry, he drew from his pocket a silver snuff-box of extraordinary dimensions, and tapping the side of it for some seconds before he opened it, afforded them an opportunity of observing the device upon the lid, representing a cabbage supported by a pair of extended shears.¹

¹ This is no fiction; the author has frequently seen the snuff-box in the possession of its respectable proprietor.

The reader will have no difficulty in guessing that the stranger was our friend Tomkins, the tailor, who, among other peculiarities, had adopted this method of showing that he was not ashamed of his calling. Some years had passed over his head since the affair of the nosegay, and they had been marked by progressive prosperity, the reward of honest and unflagging industry. Mr. Tomkins, with an obsequious bow to the group, quitted the room; and having inquired of a servant if Miss Stanley was in the house, sent his respects, and requested permission to wait upon her. His request was granted, and he was at once introduced to the apartment to which Clara had retreated. She was habited in deep mourning; yet notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the change which sorrow produces upon the countenance, he recognized in the faint smile with which she requested him to be seated, the expression that had so won upon him on the only occasion on which he had seen her when a child.

Now Mr. Tomkins, although not a man of polished deportment, possessed delicacy of feeling, which is not the necessary concomitant of refinement of manners. He came to condole with the fair orphan on her bereavement, and to offer his assistance; but he was embarrassed in his endeavours to do so without wounding her feelings. He mentioned that he had heard the sale had been somewhat unnecessarily precipitated, and much he feared to her temporary inconvenience; that supposing, therefore, she might not yet have fixed upon a residence, he had taken the liberty of calling to say that he had rooms in his house which were entirely at her service, until she could provide herself with more suitable apartments. He concluded by saying that he trusted his gray hairs, his character, and, he might add, his relationship, were sufficient warrants for the propriety of his invitation.

With the warmth which belonged to her character, Clara expressed her gratitude for the generous offer, and the delicacy with which it was made; and, in frankly accepting it, she confessed that she did not know where else to find a shelter for the coming night.

While she was packing the few things which her father's creditors had permitted her to retain, Mr. Tomkins proceeded to procure a coach, to which, after he had whispered a few words in the ear of the auctioneer, he conducted Clara, and they drove off. Having probably anticipated that their journey would terminate in some obscure and gloomy part of the metropolis, she was agreeably surprised on alighting

at being introduced to a spacious house in the Adelphi, to which Mr. Tomkins welcomed her with unaffected cordiality. She was shown to her chamber by an elderly female, who acted in the joint capacity of housekeeper and cook, and who, having intimated to her that she would find her breakfast prepared in the adjoining apartment on the following morning, withdrew, leaving Clara to reflect on the occurrences of the last few hours, and to return thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus unexpectedly raised her up a friend in her distress.

Next morning she rose early, as was her wont, and passed into the room which had been pointed out by her attendant. It was spacious, and commanded a view of the Thames. Conceive the measure of her surprise when, on looking around, she found that her own harp and bookcase, with its contents, had, through the generosity of her benefactor, been added to the furniture.

Clara had too much activity and independence of mind to sit calmly down and eat the bread of idleness. Her first object, therefore, was to turn her talents to account by obtaining some private pupils, whom she could attend at their own houses; and to this end she determined to apply to a gentleman who had been a frequent guest of her father, and whose acquaintance, from his connection with the public press, was extensive. He was a native of the Green Isle, and possessed talents of no common order united to a caustic humour that, sparing neither friend nor foe, detracted very much from the value of his society, which, when he could resist his propensity to satire, was amusing and instructive in the highest degree. Under much, however, that was rude and even stern in his manner, there were concealed a kindness and generosity which Clara had on more than one occasion discovered, and this emboldened her to solicit his aid.

In his reception of her the Irishman completely overcame the cynic. He informed her that he had called at her late father's residence on the preceding day, and was much disappointed on finding that she had quitted it a few hours before. He entered with such interest into her scheme, and followed it up by such strenuous exertions among his friends, that in a very few weeks Clara had no reason to complain of a dearth of pupils or occupation.

The interim of leisure she devoted to drawing, in which she excelled, and, when she had finished half-a-dozen subjects, she took them to the shop of a celebrated dealer in works of art, to offer them for sale. She requested an

interview with the principal, and was shown into a little room, apart from the shop, in which she found him seated. He was an elderly, tall, and somewhat hard-featured man, and received her with a coldness of manner which chilled her to the very heart.

With diffidence she produced her drawings, which Mr. — examined, for some minutes, with great attention. When he had finished his scrutiny, he turned abruptly to the fair artist, and said,

"Well, miss, and what do you ask for these things?"

Clara, after expressing a reluctance to put a value upon her own productions, ventured to name a guinea.

"A guinea!" exclaimed the other in a tone of surprise, and, after a pause, added, "No young woman, I will not give you a guinea for them; but I tell you what I will do, I will give you two."¹

He, accordingly, put the amount into her hands, and, on dismissing her, said that, when she had any more drawings to dispose of, he should be happy to see her again.

Three months passed away, at the end of which Clara, after deducting from the amount of her earnings a few shillings for pocket-money, presented the remainder to Mr. Tomkins, with the expression of her regret that it was not in her power to offer him a more adequate remuneration for the kindness and accommodation she was experiencing under his roof. Mr. Tomkins regarded her, for some moments, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, and, appreciating the noble independence which prompted the offer, took the money: for he knew that his refusal would not only cause her pain, but render her continuance under his roof irksome to her, and he had no wish to part with his lodger, as he jocularly termed her.

Tomkins, as I have already intimated, had been successful in trade, and now contented himself with the general superintendence of his establishment. Much of his leisure was occupied in those offices of benevolence which draw upon the time, as well as upon the pocket. His deportment towards Clara was a singular compound of kindness and respect: the former being exemplified by the great attention which he paid to her domestic comforts, and the deference which he exacted towards her from his servants; while the latter feeling exhibited itself in the scrupulosity with which he re-

frained from intruding on her society. He was, in fact, too generous to take advantage of the relation of benefactor, in which, he could not but feel, he stood towards her, to overstep the barrier which, he imagined, education and their respective habits had placed between them.

Clara, on her part, appreciated to the full the motives of delicacy by which he was governed, and neglected no occasion of proving to him that she was utterly free from that pride which renders little minds impatient of an obligation to one who has occupied an inferior situation to themselves. In one of her occasional interviews with him, she had heard him speak with admiration and regret of the scenery of his native place. It happened that she had once visited the spot, and had made some sketches of the surrounding country. These she took an opportunity of finishing, and, one day when he recurred to the subject, she presented him with the set.

Matters remained, for some months, upon this footing of almost parental kindness on the one part, and grateful attachment on the other; during which Clara pursued the plan of tuition she had adopted, with unremitting perseverance and the most unqualified success. In about a year, however, the health of Mr. Tomkins began to fail: he was no longer able to take his accustomed walks, and at length became a prisoner to his room. The nature of his complaint was not such as to confine him to his bed, and, consequently, afforded Clara an opportunity of paying him many of those attentions which, though trifling in themselves, are so efficacious in soothing the sufferings and raising the spirits of the drooping valetudinarian.

Relinquishing the amusements to which she had been accustomed to devote her leisure, she passed most of her evenings in Mr. Tomkins' apartment, and, by adroitly discovering, and sedulously humouring his tastes, she succeeded in imparting a cheerfulness to his hours of confinement. She read to him, played his favourite airs on her harp, and, with the anxious solicitude of an affectionate daughter, prepared the little delicacies to which his diet was restricted.

Month after month passed away, and each found him worse than the preceding one; for his disease arose from that decay of nature which time, instead of alleviating, must necessarily promote. The old man had formed an accurate judgment of his malady and its tendency, and, as he had lived in a state of constant preparation for death, the awful summons

¹ This anecdote was related to me by a gentleman who stands deservedly high among the artists of the day.

did not appal him, for he had "set his house in order."

In the latter stages of his suffering I was called upon to attend him, and thus became acquainted with his lovely protégée and her history. And it was a holy sight—that fair creature kneeling by his bed, and pouring, from the fulness of her heart, a prayer to the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," for the continued supply of His all-sufficient grace, in the last hour of Nature's struggle. Nor was that prayer breathed in vain. The sustaining consolations of the blessed Spirit were vouchsafed to him, and he looked back upon his past life calmly. Like the apostle, he had "fought a good fight," he had "kept the faith," and, thenceforward, there was laid up for him, in heaven, a crown of glory which fadeth not away. What a lesson, worth all the eloquence of the preacher and all the learning of the commentator, does the death-scene of the Christian afford!

Good cause, indeed, had Clara to weep over his remains, for he was her only friend, and the world was again before her. The day following that of the funeral was appointed for reading the will of the deceased. His relations were accordingly summoned, and Clara was also requested to be present. This was a trial which she would gladly have avoided, for she was conscious that the fact of her having been so constantly about the person of the testator during his last illness, and the affection which he was known to entertain for her, had excited the jealousy of many of his relatives. And, truly, it was with no complacent eyes that her presence was regarded by the majority of the company. The calm subdued expression with which she prepared to listen to the perusal of the will, was deemed only a mask to conceal the triumph which the consciousness of being well provided for was calculated to inspire.

The document, on being read, was found to direct a most equitable distribution of his property among his relatives; but, to the great delight of many, and the astonishment of all but Clara, her name was not even mentioned in it. The solicitor, in the course of the perusal, occasionally glanced from the parchment to the countenance of the orphan, and was surprised to perceive that it was as free from any indications of anxiety as it was of disappointment when his task was finished. Some coarse remarks were made in the hearing of Clara by one or two of the party, but the consciousness of the injustice of the insinuations they were intended to convey, enabled her

to endure them with her characteristic meekness.

When the company had dispersed, Clara found herself alone with the solicitor, a most respectable member of the profession, though an original in his way. He was a tall and somewhat bulky personage of about fifty, with a countenance expressive of shrewdness and good nature.

"Well, Miss Stanley," said he, after a pause, "it seems to have been generally expected that my old friend Tomkins would have taken care of you in his will, and I must confess myself somewhat surprised that he has not done so."

"I am neither surprised nor disappointed, sir," was Clara's reply; "and, as far as I can judge, he has made such a distribution of his property as might have been expected from his justice."

"But," rejoined the lawyer, "one would think he might have left you a trifle, at least, as a token by which to remember him."

"His kindness to me, sir, was such that I shall carry a grateful remembrance of it to the grave; so that a legacy, on that score, was quite unnecessary."

"You are an odd girl," exclaimed the man of law, "and exhibit so much indifference towards the dross for which one half the world are at loggerheads with the other, that I am almost minded to fling into the fire a little packet with which I meant to surprise you; but as the law, to say nothing of conscience (which is a legal fiction), might be troublesome if I did so, I suppose I may as well hand it over."

Clara received the packet from the hands of Mr. Elphinstone, but found its contents utterly unintelligible, and accordingly requested an explanation.

"Well then," said the lawyer, "the larger paper, with the picture at the top, is a policy of assurance, of long standing, for five thousand pounds, payable, with accumulations, amounting, as I guess, to about as much more, on the death of our late friend Mr. Tomkins. The smaller paper, with the red seal, is a deed, dated about six months back, by which, 'in consideration of his love and affection for his dear cousin, Clara Stanley,' he assigns to her, and her heirs, all right, title, and interest in the said policy of assurance for five thousand pounds, an act, which, if I had mentioned it in the hearing of the worthies who have just left us, would have accounted to them, though not very satisfactorily, for the omission of your name in the will."

Clara, more affected by this proof of the af-

section of her deceased relative than by being suddenly raised to a state of independence, dropped the documents upon the floor, and burst into tears. Mr. Elphinstone took a prodigious pinch of snuff, which operated so powerfully upon his visual organs as to require the instant application of his handkerchief, while he muttered, "The confounded draughts in this old house have given me a cold in the head:—extremely silly—preposterously unprofessional!"

At last, recovering himself, he continued, "The money for the policy will not be receivable for some weeks, and therefore, if you like to trust me with it (and it will probably be safer in my strong room than in your work-box or reticule), I will take charge of it until it is wanted. As for yourself, I dare say the executor will not object to your remaining here, in your old quarters, until the house is given up: yet, no; on second thoughts, as you will now have no further occasion to go out teaching, you shall come and stay with my girls for a week or two;—nay, I will not be denied, so be pleased to get your paraphernalia together, and I will send my carriage for you at four o'clock: your heavy baggage may remain here for the present."

The family of Mr. Elphinstone consisted of his wife, a mild unaffected woman, some years his junior, three sprightly girls, and a son whom his father had educated for his own profession, and had recently taken into partnership. The latter was a lively, good-humoured young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, frank gentlemanly manners, and gifted with talents considerably above the average. From the whole of this amiable family Clara received a cordial welcome, and experienced every attention and kindness. By Harry Elphinstone, in particular, she was treated, I was about to write, as a sister; but a brother does not always rise an hour earlier than his wont, to drive his sister round the Regent's Park before breakfast; neither does he think it necessary to afford her his personal protection whenever she has occasion to walk the length of the street in which she lives; nor does he, on her account, levy the album-tax upon every artist and author within range of his acquaintance. Yet all this, and more, did Harry Elphinstone perform for Clara Stanley; while, on the other hand, it was surprising to witness the perfect complacency with which she received his attentions. From such premises but one conclusion could be drawn by those who dive into the motives of their neighbours. It was quite an understood thing that the young lady had not the

slightest objection to unite her fate with one who had half of a fine practice in enjoyment, and the remainder in reversion, and that her ten thousand pounds were not altogether a matter of indifference to the gentleman.

Clara had been a guest of Mr. Elphinstone for some weeks, when it was remarked, on two or three successive days, that he was unusually thoughtful and reserved at meals, although his deportment towards Clara was distinguished by his accustomed kindness. One afternoon, when the cloth had been removed, and the servants had retired, he informed her, that he had had an application from the residuary legatee and executor of Mr. Tomkins, calling upon him to surrender the policy of assurance, of the existence of which the party had been made acquainted by some old receipts, for the yearly payments, found among the testator's papers; and, on inquiry being instituted at the insurance office, the answer given was that notice of the assignment of the policy to Miss Stanley had been given by Mr. Elphinstone in the lifetime of Mr. Tomkins. The grounds on which the policy was claimed, as a part of the residuary estate, were the alleged imbecility of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing the instrument by which it was conveyed, and the use of undue influence on the part of Miss Stanley or her friends. Mr. Elphinstone added, that he had, of course, refused to give up the policy, and that the claimant had, in consequence, served him with notice of action.

It cannot be imagined that Clara received this intelligence without considerable uneasiness, which was occasioned as much by the apprehension of being engaged in a lawsuit, as by the idea of losing the fortune which her generous benefactor had designed for her. She asked Mr. Elphinstone what should be done.

"Why, defend the action, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Surely," exclaimed Mrs. Elphinstone, "there is not a court in England which would not pronounce in Miss Stanley's favour."

"That is a somewhat rash remark for a lawyer's wife," said her husband; "the law, it is true, always aims at justice, but she sometimes misses her mark; and this is just one of those cases which involve much that is matter of law, but more that is matter of opinion, and therefore matter of doubt. As to the assignment, I drew it myself, and I know it will hold water; but with regard to the competency of Mr. Tomkins at the time of executing it, although I am as convinced of it as of my own existence, it may not be quite so easy to make it apparent in a court of law. The plaintiff I

know to be a scoundrel, and his attorney is what is termed a keen lawyer—a fellow who is pre-eminent for his dexterity in getting rogues out of scrapes, and honest folks into them; an haranguer of mobs, and a reformer of abuses, with a vast superflux of public spirit, and a marvellous paucity of private principle. True it is, there is enough of abuse to be reformed, and of corruption to be swept away, but purity cannot come of pollution, and when a knave puts his hand to the plough honest men are deterred from aiding in the labour. By such opponents everything that can be effected by hard swearing will be put in practice. I have already spoken to a counsel on the subject, who, on my putting him in possession of the particulars of the case, entered into it with an extraordinary exhibition of interest, and absolutely refused a fee. Though a young man, he is a sound lawyer, and possesses talents which render him infinitely better adapted for our purpose than a mere case-quoter.

"Twelve months ago," continued Mr. Elphinstone, "he was a briefless barrister, and it happened that I had a cause, of a nature very similar to yours. I had had some opportunities of judging of his talents and legal knowledge, and determined to put the cause, which was one of considerable importance, into his hands; not from any favour towards him, but because I thought him peculiarly qualified to plead it with effect. The result justified my confidence, and we were mutually benefited: I gained a verdict, while he, from that hour, rose rapidly into notice, and has now a very considerable and improving practice."

The trial came on in the following term, and it was deemed expedient by Mr. Elphinstone that Clara should be in court, as circumstances might arise to render a communication between the defendant and her attorney essential to her interests. It was with great difficulty that he overcame her repugnance to appear in so public a place, and it was only on his assurance that she should occupy a situation as little conspicuous as possible, that she consented to be present. The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel (of course, upon the exparte statement of his brief), with the ability which distinguishes the English bar: the gist of his argument, in which he depended upon his witnesses to bear him out, was that Mr. Tomkins, at the time of executing the deed conveying the policy to Miss Stanley, was in a state of mind in which he would be a passive instrument in the hands of any designing person; that the defendant had, by a series of

previous unremitting attentions, in which she allowed none to take a share, acquired an almost unlimited control over his mind, and that she had turned that influence into the channel of her own selfish purposes. His speech was delivered with great ability, and evidently produced no inconsiderable effect on the minds of the jury. When he had called and examined his first witness, the counsel on the opposite side rose for the purpose of proceeding in the cross-examination. The latter was a young man, with a high forehead, a nose somewhat inclining to the aquiline, and a full and piercing gray eye; while the paleness of his complexion, partly natural, and partly the result of close application to study, gave to his features, when in repose, a somewhat cold and statue-like appearance.

The full deep melody of the tone in which he put his first question to the witness, startled Clara by its familiarity to her ear, and on shifting her position, to obtain a sight of the countenance of her advocate, she was surprised to recognize in him the gentleman who had been so welcome a guest at her father's table, and the sudden cessation of whose visits had been the subject of so much speculation and regret. Mr. Worthington, for such was his name, conducted his cross-examinations with a degree of shrewdness and tact, joined to a mildness of manner, which, in many instances, encouraged the garrulity of the witnesses, who were, for the most part, persons in an inferior station of life, and thus elicited much which did not altogether "dove-tail" with the context of their evidence. This portion of his duty having been accomplished, he commenced his reply, under the conviction that his task was one of no ordinary difficulty. He saw plainly that the opposite counsel had, by his eloquent and ingenious speech, succeeded in establishing a strong prejudice against the defendant in the minds of the jury. He felt, therefore, that much of his chance of success depended upon the effect with which he could combat his adversary with his own weapons.

He commenced by stating the case of his client, and, in doing so, collected all its favourable points, and presented them to the jury in the simplest possible form. He then called their attention to the weaker points of his adversary—animadverting upon the nature of the opposing evidence, and referring to the prevarication of one witness, and the extraordinary lapse of memory in another. Conscious of the justice of his cause, he concluded his address by a direct appeal to the feelings of the jury. With the skill of a master, he gave a vivid

sketch of his client's history, touching upon her youth, her misfortunes, her virtues, her accomplishments, as eminently calculated to enlist the sympathies and engage the affections of her benefactor. He put it to the jury if they would lend themselves to negative the kind intentions of the deceased, and dwell feelingly upon the situation in which a verdict for the plaintiff would place her. Then, by a sudden transition, which showed him an adept in his art, he flung back, with indignant scorn, upon his opponents the imputation of selfishness. As he proceeded, his features gathered animation at every sentence, his cheek became flushed, and his eye flashed, and he concluded his speech with a sweeping torrent of eloquence, which, if it did not convince, had the effect of electrifying his hearers.

The judge alone of all present was unmoved; he preserved throughout the same calm dignity so much in keeping with his office. Once or twice he had interposed between the counsel and a browbeaten witness, or reminded the former that he had asked a similar question before, and was trespassing upon the time of the court by putting it into other words.

Clara's counsel then proceeded to call his witnesses, of whom I was one, and their testimony went to establish the fact that Mr. Tomkins was of perfectly "sound and disposing mind" at the time of the execution of the disputed deed, as well as to prove that, so far from the defendant assuming an exclusive control over the deceased, she had afforded every facility to his relations in their intercourse with him, and had actually, and at the risk of his displeasure, interposed her good offices in reconciling him to some of his relations with whom he had been at variance, and who gave testimony in court to that effect.

The cross-examination of his witnesses elicited nothing which could shake their evidence; and the judge, after a short summary of the case, informed the jury that the question was more a matter of fact than one of law, and that therefore their verdict must be governed by the degree of credit which they attached to the witnesses on the respective sides, and left the issue entirely in their hands.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and from the duration of their absence it was to be inferred that they had some difficulty in making up their minds. In the meantime, a breathless anxiety appeared to pervade the court; the very barristers, in spite of their professional coldness, exhibited signs of impatience, and when the jury returned, the voice of the crier, in his then unnecessary duty

of enjoining silence, was the only interruption to the stillness which prevailed. "We find for the DEFENDANT" were the words of the foreman, and no sooner were they pronounced than a suppressed murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd, which was, of course, instantly checked by the judge, though he could not help exclaiming, "I entirely agree with you, gentlemen."

To gratify Clara's desire to express personally her thanks to her generous advocate, Mr. Elphinstone invited him to dinner, during which the young barrister was frequently rallied on the unusual gravity of his manner. When the ladies had retired, the elder Mr. Elphinstone pleaded an engagement at an evening consultation, and left his son and Mr. Worthington together.

"By the way, Arthur," said the former, "my mother, the girls, and Miss Stanley are off to the cottage at Dorking next month: you must go down with me for a week in the long vacation."

"Impossible, my good fellow!" was the answer; "you forget that I must go the circuit, and I have been retained in more causes than, I fear, I shall make myself master of in the interim."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the other; "you may con your briefs at the cottage, if you like. There is the library at your service; you know I do not trouble it much, and the girls are always out of doors from morning to night. Come, you may as well spend a few of my remaining days of freedom with me, for I suppose you have heard that I am about to commit matrimony?"

"I have," said Worthington, "and hope you may live long to enjoy the happiness which the virtues, beauty, and accomplishments of your destined bride cannot fail to confer."

"I thank you, Arthur; but pray, what makes you so well acquainted with the young lady's beauty and accomplishments? Have you ever seen her?" inquired young Elphinstone.

"Have I not dined with her?" said Worthington.

"Where and when?" asked his companion.

"Why, to-day at this table," responded the other.

"You talk in riddles; pray speak out, and tell me whom you mean."

"Miss Stanley, to be sure."

"Clara Stanley!" exclaimed Harry in surprise; "what caused you to think I was going to marry her?"

"The simple fact of your having been con-

stantly almost in her company, and showing her every possible attention, both at home and abroad. I am not singular in drawing the conclusion; all the world have set it down as a match."

"Then, my dear fellow," replied Harry, "I pray you take this as an example that what all the world says is not necessarily true. I was a doomed man long before I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Stanley, and, being perfectly aware of it, she has treated me with a degree of frankness which possibly has favoured the misconception into which you and 'all the world' have fallen. I thought you knew I was engaged to Charlotte Percy."

"No, I did not; but now that I do know it," responded Worthington, seizing the claret-jug, "I beg to drink to your happiness and speedy union."

"I am much obliged to you, Arthur," said the other, with a smile of peculiar significance, "for I am convinced of your sincerity; and, now that I have let you into a secret, which I thought everybody knew, perhaps you will withdraw your plea, and go down to Dorking with us."

"But what will my clients say?" was the inquiry.

"Say?" replied Harry, "why, that you are labouring in your vocation, and have only moved your cause from one court into another, resembling it in one point at least, since the presiding divinity of each is represented as being blind."

Worthington appeared not to understand the innuendo, but proposed their joining the ladies in the drawing-room, where his vivacity and glee formed a striking contrast to the gravity of his demeanour at the dinner table; a change which, though contributing in no trifling degree to the amusement of the evening, was perfectly inexplicable to every one but Harry, who kept his own counsel.

About three weeks afterwards, as young Elphinstone, with his two sisters and Clara, was walking in the grounds at Dorking, they observed a horseman approaching in the direction of the cottage.

"The man of briefs," exclaimed Harry, "and mounted on a real horse, as I live!"

"Is there anything very wonderful in that?" inquired one of his sisters. "I suppose you think no one can mount a horse but yourself, Mr. Harry."

"No," he replied; "I am quite aware that it is possible for any man, with the assistance of a groom and a joint-stool, to get upon the back of a horse, but it is not every person who

can keep there. Have a care, sir," he continued, as he perceived Worthington, who had diverged from the road, riding up to a fence, by way of a short cut; "have a care, Arthur; remember you are retained in 'Dobbs *versus* Jenkins,' and have no right to break your neck without the plaintiff's permission."

"Never fear," said his friend, as he cleared the fence; "I could ride almost before I could walk, and, though a little out of practice, am not to be brought up by a gooseberry bush."

While he was speaking he rode up to the wicket, which opened from the meadow into the lawn, and, giving his horse to a servant, joined the party, from every individual of which he was welcomed, and not the least cordially by her whose form, from the first day in which he had seen her at her father's table, had never been absent from his mind.

It would be somewhat antiquated to speak of love with reference to rural life, and therefore I will not shock the taste of my reader by quoting Shenstone on this occasion; the old poets, however, had a pretty notion of things in general, and when celebrating the influence of romantic scenery in disposing the heart to the tender passion, they drew as largely, I doubt not, upon their experience as on their imagination. For my own part, had I forsworn matrimony, I would confine myself to the metropolis, and plunge fearlessly into society, under the conviction that a man may carry his heart, like his purse, in safety through a crowd, and yet be robbed of it in a retired lane, a shady copse, or a lonely common.

Arthur Worthington, however, had not taken the vow of celibacy, and was well content to lose his own heart, provided he could obtain another in exchange. I know not the particular spot, or the precise terms, in which he made a declaration of the sentiments with which Clara Stanley had inspired him; I only know that he sustained his reputation as an eloquent pleader, and gained a verdict from one whose gratitude and admiration he had previously excited by the generous and disinterested manner in which he had undertaken her cause, at a time when he believed her to be the betrothed of another.

FOOL AND WISE.

Endow the fool with sun and moon,
Being his, he holds them mean and low,
But to the wise a little boon
Is great, because the giver's so.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.¹

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.—
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;

¹ Sir Walter Scott said that the four lines beginning "Had we never loved sae kindly," "contains the essence of a thousand love-tales." Byron used the stanza as the motto to his *Bride of Abydos*.

A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill—
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still and bright
 With something of an angel light.

THE MINISTER'S WIG.

BY JOHN GALT.

By an agreement with the session (said Mr. Birkwhistle) I was invited to preach the action sermon at Kilmartin, and my new wig coming home from Glasgow by the Saltecoats carrier on the Thursday afore, I took it unopened on the Saturday evening in the box to the manse, where I was to bide during the preachings with the widow. It happened, however, that in going in the stage-fly from my own parish to Kilmartin, a dreadful shower came on, and the box, with my new wig thereintil, being on the outside tap of the coach, the wind blew and the rain fell, and by the help and colleaguery of the twa, the seams of the box were invaded, and the wig, when I took it out on the Saturday night, was just a clash o' weel.

At that time o' night, there wasna a barber to be had for love or money within three miles o' the manse; indeed, I dinna think, for that matter, there was a creature o' the sort within the bounds and jurisdictions of the parish, so that I could make no better o't than to borrow the dredge-box out of the kitchen, and dress the wig with my own hands.

Although Mr. Keckle had been buried but the week before, the mistress, as a' ministers' wives of the right gospel and evangelical kind should be, was in a wholesome state of composity; and seeing what I was etting at, said to me, the minister had a blockhead whereon he was wont to dress and fribble his wig, and that, although it was a sair heart to her to see any other man's wig upon the same, I was welcome to use my freedoms therewith. Accordingly, the blockhead on the end of a stick, like the shank of a carpet besom, was brought

intil the room; and the same being stuck into the finger-hole of a buffet-stool, I set myself to dress and fribble with my new wig, and Mrs. Keckle the while sat beside me, and we had some very edifying conversation indeed.

During our discoursing, as I was not a deacon at the dressing of wigs, I was obligated now and then to contemplate and consider the effect of my fribbling at a distance, and to give Mrs. Keckle the dredge-box to shake the flour on where it was seen to be wanting. But all this was done in great sincerity of heart between her and me; although, to be sure, it was none of the most zealous kind of religion on my part, to be fribbling with my hands and comb at the wig, and saying at the same time with my tongue orthodox texts out of the Scriptures. Nor, in like manner, was it just what could be hoped for, that Mrs. Keckle, when I spoke to her on the everlasting joys of an eternal salvation, where friends meet to part no more, saying, "A bit pluff with the box there on the left curls" (in the way of a parenthesis), that she wouldna feel a great deal; but for all that, we did our part well, and she was long after heard to say, that she had never been more edified in her life than when she helped me to dress my wig on that occasion.

But all is vanity and vexation of spirit in this world of sin and misery. When the wig was dressed, and as white and beautiful to the eye of man as a cauliflower, I took it from off its stance on the blockhead, which was a great shortsightedness of me to do, and I prinned it to the curtain of the bed, in the room wherein I was instructed by Mrs. Keckle to sleep. Little did either me or that worthy woman dream of the mischief that was then brewing and hatching, against the great care and occupation wherewith we had in a manner regenerated the periwig into its primitive style of perfectness.

But you must understand that Mrs. Keckle had a black cat that was not past the pranks of kittenhood, though in outwardly show a most dounce and well-comported beast; and what would ye think baudrons was doing all the time that the mistress and me were so eydent about the wig? She was sitting on a chair, watching every pluff that I gave, and meditating, with the device of an evil spirit, how to spoil all the bravery that I was so industriously endeavouring to restore into its proper pedigree and formalities. I have long had a notion that black cats are no overly canny, and the conduct of Mrs. Keckle's was an evidential kithing to the effect that there is nothing of uncharitableness in that notion

of mine; howsomever, no to enlarge on such points of philosophical controversy, the wig being put in order, I carried it to the bed-room, and, as I was saying, prinned it to the bed-curtains, and then went down stairs again to the parlour to make exercise, and to taste Mrs. Keckle's mutton ham, by way of a relish to a tumbler of toddy, having declined any sort of methodical supper.

Considering the melancholious necessity that had occasioned my coming to the Kilmartin Manse, I was beholden to enlarge a little after supper with Mrs. Keckle, by which the tumbler of toddy was exhausted before I had made an end of my exhortation, which the mistress seeing, she said that if I would make another cheerer she would partake in a glass with me. It's no my habit to go such lengths at any time, the more especially on a Saturday night; but she was so pressing that I could not but gratify her; so I made the second tumbler, and weel I wat it was baith nappy and good; for in brewing I had an e'e to pleasing Mrs. Keckle, and knowing that the leddies like it strong and sweet, I wasna sparing either of the spirit bottle or the sugar bowl. But I trow both the widow and me had to rue the consequences that befell us in that night; for when I went up again intil the bed-room, I was what ye would call a thought off the nail, by the which my sleep wasna just what it should have been, and dreams and visions of all sorts came hovering about my pillow, and at times I felt, as it were, the bed whirling round.

In this condition, with a bit dover now and then, I lay till the hour of midnight, at the which season I had a strange dream—wherein I thought my wig was kindled by twa candles of a deadly yellow light, and then I beheld, as it were, an imp of darkness dancing at my bed-side, whereat I turned myself round and covered my head with the clothes, just in an eerie mood, between sleeping and waking. I had not, however, lain long in that posture, when I felt, as I thought, a hand clammng softly over the bed-clothes like a temptation, and it was past the compass of my power to think what it could be. By and by, I heard a dreadful thud on the floor, and something moving in the darkness; so I raised my head in a courageous manner to see and question who was there. But judge what I suffered when I beheld, by the dim glimmer of the starlight of the window, that the curtains of the bed were awfully shaken, and every now and then what I thought a woman with a mutch keeking in upon me. The little guide

was surely busy that night, for I thought the apparition was the widow, and that I saw Cluty himself, at every other keek she gave, looking at me o'er her shoulder with his fiery een. In short, the sight and vision grew to such a head upon me, that I started up, and cried with a loud voice, "O, Mistress Keckle, Mistress Keckle, what's brought you here?" The sound of my terrification gart the whole house dirl, and the widow herself, with her twa servan' lasses, with candles in their hands, came in their flannen coaties to see what was the matter, thinking I had gane by myself, or was taken with some sore dead-ill. But when the lights entered the room, I was cured of my passion of amazement, and huddling intil the bed aneath the clothes, I expounded to the women what had disturbed me, and what an apparition I had seen—not hinting, however, that I thought it was Mrs. Keckle. While I was thus speaking, one of the maidens gied a shrill skirling laugh, crying, "Och hon, the poor wig!" and sure enough nothing could be more humiliating than the sight it was; for the black cat, instigated, as I think, by Diabolus himself to an endeavour to pull it down, had with her claws combed out both the curls and the pounther; so that it was hinging as lank and feckless as a tap of lint, just as if neither the mistress nor me had laid a hand upon it. And thus it was brought to light and testimony, that what I had seen and heard was but the devil of a black cat louping and jumping to bring down my new wig for a playock to herself, in the which most singular exploits she utterly ruined it; for upon an examine next day, the whole faculty of the curls was destroyed, and great detriment done to the substance thereof.—*The Steamboat.*

THEY ALL ARE GONE

They all are gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up give room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective, still, as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1650).

SONNET

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING
WALK IN JANUARY.¹

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See aged winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share.

¹ Written 25th January, 1793, the birthday of the poet, aged 34.

IN PERIL.

BY H. D. INGLIS.

There needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straits—the Barbary mountains on one hand, the Bay of Algesiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years, and placed me again beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the *Levant Packet*, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring, as fine an old man as ever served the king, shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

"He's a noble fellow," said the Colonel, "else he should not have my girl;—dine with us to-morrow, and you'll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don't fall in love with her."

The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we

know that they all but belong to another; and Emily Waring was the only truly lovely girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description of her countenance; the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L—— I found all that the Colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration.

"Who is that gentleman?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison.

"His name," said he, in a whisper, "is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the Colonel's daughter and her partner; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——; that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago Donovan saved the Captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important government employment; and etiquette obliges the governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning Emily Waring and Captain

L—— were to have been united. On Friday and on Saturday I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——, who on Saturday evening said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness—pass over Emily's countenance; and the Colonel said, "Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan."

"He is misunderstood," said Captain L——; "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over the Colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange trees; and they staid in it so long that I left my seat and returned to the Colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The Colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness, and perhaps a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government House, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time; Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look—modest and enchanting; the Colonel was impatient; for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The Colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr. Donovan, who returned for answer that after dinner he and Captain L—— walked up the rock; but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other; and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old Colonel stood beside her: one hand

inclosed his daughter's, and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment the Governor Sir G—— D—— was announced; and the Colonel and myself received him.

"The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr. Donovan; and under all the circumstances I have thought it my duty to order Mr. Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and for Mr. Donovan unfortunate fatality, the court, for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced its sittings at Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther evidence which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send Mr. Donovan to trial. There was no direct evidence; but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain L—— was proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference of Miss Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances attending the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry militated more strongly against the character of Mr. Donovan than had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that when Mr. Donovan left his house in company with Captain L——, he carried a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were last seen together walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock, more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The reader perhaps requires to be informed that the highest summit of the rock of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a precipice of fifteen hundred feet; and that about half a mile beyond the farthest sentinel the road to the summit branches into two—one branch gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path; the other skirting the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the excavations.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr. Donovan, to refer to his former trial, but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be carried into execution.

When the morning of the day arrived Mr. Donovan desired to make a confession; and his confession was to this effect; that although innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to forfeit his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but of which he had in reality been guilty, and

on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted that he had resolved upon his destruction; that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the eastern summit of the rock; and that his design had been frustrated only by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having never arrived at the summit.

The same night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the conclusion that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain L——. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he had been guilty of the act? why confess one murder and not another?—and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain L—— might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep, and dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed-side. I thought he said three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, “I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives.” I am far from meaning to infer that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda, and followed the path that leads to Europa Point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat, unfastened its moorings, and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa Point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices; for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up, and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old Colonel, his delight knew no bounds—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling cheek of his daughter. “I am not a man of many words,” said he, “but by heaven, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man.”

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the Colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the Bay of Algesiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L—— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation.

“I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised: he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness; but during dinner he was often abstracted—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan as we ascended was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble

down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port holes;¹ and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus,² I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection, to raise myself up; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point, into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare—without point, fissure, or root; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost,—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me; and the roaring of the waves below drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

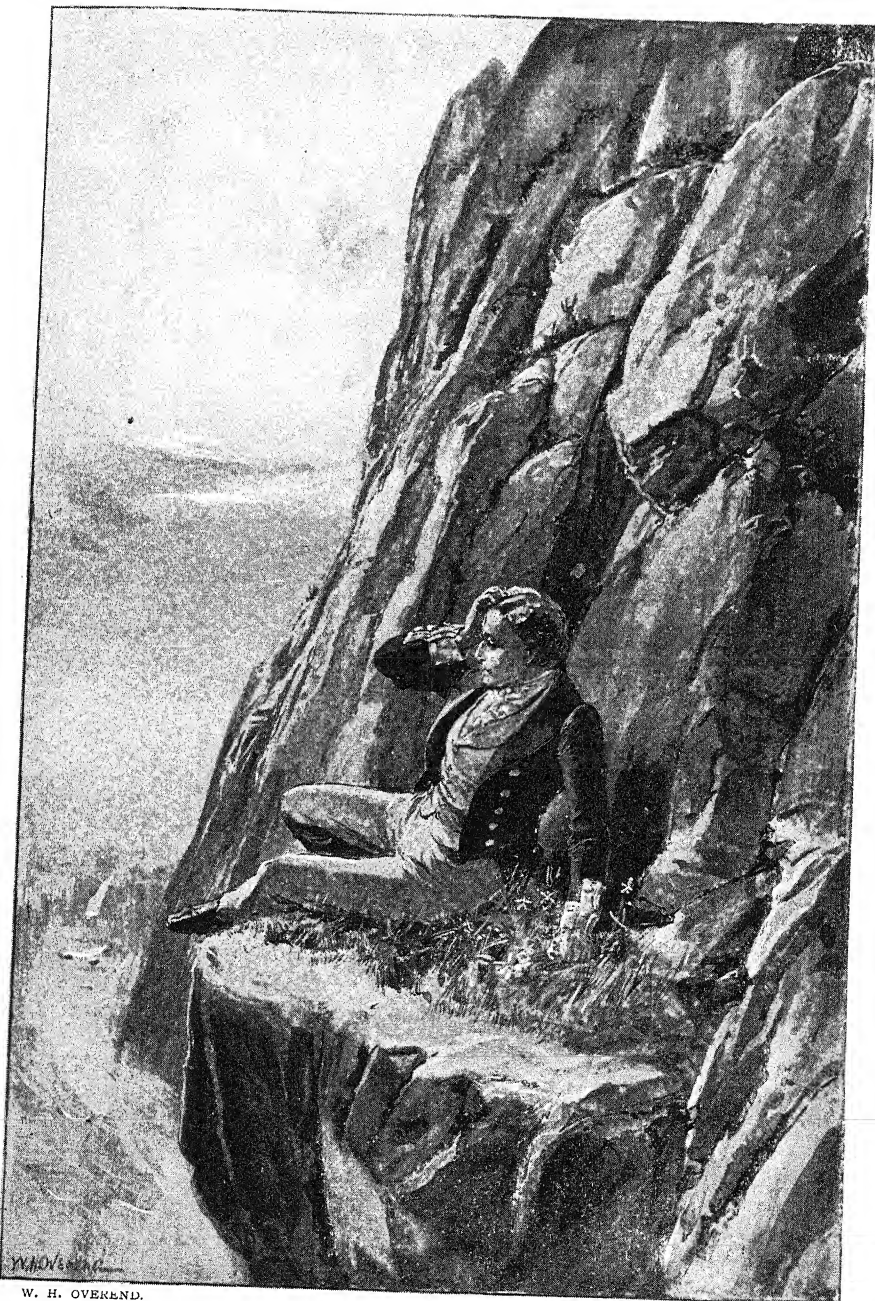
Evening passed away, it grew dark; and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the

morning when Emily would have given herself to me; the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole, but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help; but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insensibly, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth, or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued; here they are," said Captain L——, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for her feelings; she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no more control; "Hated flowers," said she, as throwing herself upon the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "My sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the Colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "it is past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but Emily had left the summer house—"next Monday," resumed the Colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. How soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw Emily led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved wife. Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the Colonel had paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. I found her as beautiful as ever; as gentle and good; as much loved. Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then Heaven bless thee, thy husband, and thy children!

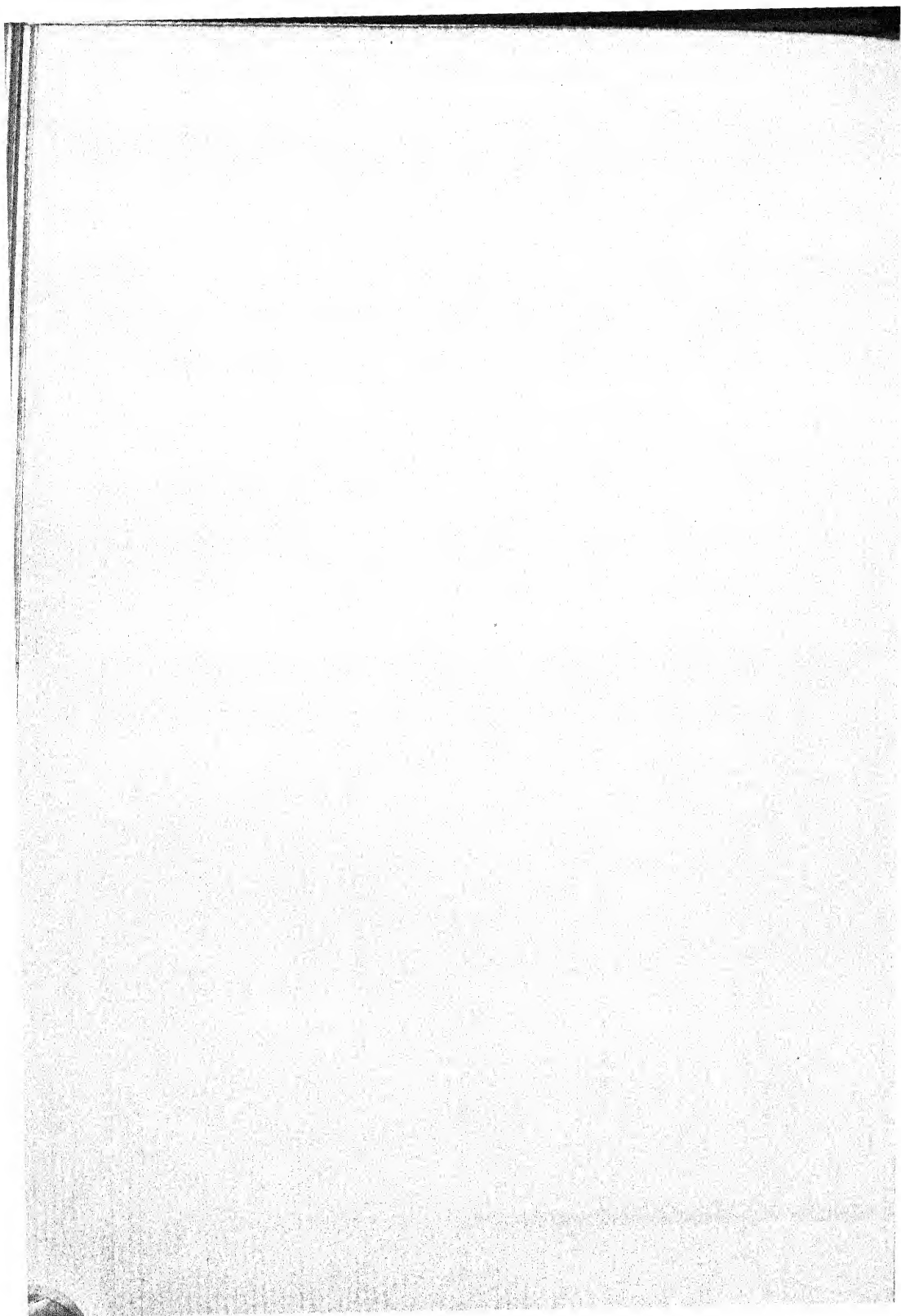
¹ It may be necessary to inform the reader, that the excavations of Gibraltar are immense passages, or, as they are there called, galleries, hewn in the centre of the rock. These are carried within the face of the great precipice, and at short intervals there are openings, or port-holes, for cannon.

² Every projection and every nook in the face of the precipice is adorned with these beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.



W. H. OVEREND.

"I BEWAILED MY FATE, AND THEN SUNK DOWN EXHAUSTED."



A SUMMER'S EVE.

[Henry Kirke White, born in Nottingham, 21st March, 1785; died at Cambridge, 19th October, 1806. He was the son of a butcher, and assisted his father in that trade for a short time. He was then sent to learn stocking-loom weaving, and from that he was removed to an attorney's office. His devotion to study having attracted the attention of several gentlemen, he obtained a sizarship in St. John's College, Cambridge. He intended to enter the ministry, but excessive study injured his health, and he died in his twenty-second year. His circumstances and early death won extensive favour for his poems. *Clifton Grove*, a sketch in verse, is his longest production; the shorter pieces are characterized by much devotional spirit and an almost morbid anticipation of death.]

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way;
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits:
And oft, with his accustomed call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last;
He has penned the sheepcote fast,
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field;
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slinked away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.

Now, on the settle all, but Bess,
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,
Or else tell all the village news,
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrained for rent.
Thus do they talk, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,

And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Had reeled—then hastened all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear;
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

There are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now I am in a situation to speak from experience upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure through life has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account

of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles; nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality—have always excited a degree of interest in my mind which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification; and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey calendar for the winter sessions 1826; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824 I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffee-house and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a year. I did this not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years, till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and in about six months I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks as regularly as I awoke every morning—and carried after a few questions for examination before the lord-mayor. At the Mansion House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge, as no one else was really guilty. A

sort of instinct to try the last hope, made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock to me. For months I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room on New Year's morning with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed as if I had had six hours conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My “fortune,” however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London grand-jury found three bills against me for forgery; and on the evening of the 5th, the judge exhorted me to “prepare for death;” for “there was no hope that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me.”

The whole business of my trial and sentence passed over as coolly and formally as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a criminal court before; and I could hardly believe the composure and indifference, and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill-temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar: and the judge asked in a tone which had neither severity about it nor compassion, nor carelessness, nor anxiety, nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—“If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?” A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration

—a middle-aged, gentlemanly looking man—stated the case against me, as he said he would do, very “fairly and forbearingly;” but as soon as he read the facts from his brief—that only—I heard an officer of the jail, who stood behind me, say, “Put the rope about my neck.” My master then was called to give his evidence, which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive; a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon, I knew that well enough, though I was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before, “that it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had anything to say.” I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees and beg for mercy; but again, I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered as well as I could, “that I would not trouble the court with any defence.” Upon this the judge turned round with a more serious air still, to the jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too, or tried to listen attentively, as hard as I could; and yet, with all I could do, I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the court, all so soberly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied, spectators and all, while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill to destruction, seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest!

The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the court, stopped his writing when the judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches’ pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice; they did not seem to know the fact that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature, whose days were fast running out, whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand-glass among them! I lost the whole of the judge’s charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to anything, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of

the foreman of the jury, as he brought in the verdict, “GUILTY,” and the last words of the judge saying, “that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead:” and bidding me “prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this.”

The jailer then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice telling me to “Come along!” Going down the hall steps two other officers met me; and placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the judge fold up his papers, and the jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for “The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!”

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial my master came to me in person, and told me that “he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence.” I don’t think I seemed very grateful for this assurance; I thought that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a wise man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not come alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And when I thought of her the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten; I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground, and I wept, for I was in desperation. While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion House, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her, “that if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune.” But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment, and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been everywhere: to my master, to the judge that tried me, to the magistrates,

to the sheriffs, to the aldermen, she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were, that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected; without money to help, or a friend to advise her; pleading to strangers, humbling herself perhaps to menials who would think her very despair and helpless condition a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless, penniless, friendless; she should have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death, as plainly as ever death spoke, sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too; I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest or wept for me without a third person, and that a stranger, being present.

I sat down by her on my bed-stead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; all I wanted to hear was about herself—I did hear! She had not a help, nor a hope, nor a prop left upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her, the only relative she had, was a married sister, whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do, what could she attempt? She "did not know that;" and "it was not long that she should be a trouble to anybody."

But "she should go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain she should still succeed. It was her fault, she had told everybody this, all that had happened; if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance."

I listened, and I could only listen! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in the fire, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much as to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, if I had but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I could only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty where I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be there again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted I cannot tell. My head was light and giddy. I understood the glance of the turnkey who was watching me, "that Elizabeth must be got away;" but I had not strength even to attempt it. The thing had been arranged for me. The master of the jail entered. She went: it was then the afternoon; and she was got away on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw, I knew, how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees, I clasped my hands; my tears burst out afresh, and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act and drunk my last draught in life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time, I cannot tell the reason why, that my

mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had within a few hours to go through; and as I reflected on it a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known really, and seriously, that I was to die before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food; not such as was served to the prisoners in the jail. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that for a while I was insane.

A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering; I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt, or thought, all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there to die; and I jumped up and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them, for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that if I could have passed through a crevice smaller than the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon; but this did not last, for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness, at the prison gate!

When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two I heard St. Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had; but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and when one of the turnkeys came I begged him, for mercy sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover to take a small bundle containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and if he would have my blessing, to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But in a few minutes he returned bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the jail had sent me, and hoped it would do me good; however he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the jail, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman that Elizabeth was not there nor had returned; and moreover he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted; but nevertheless he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.”

When he was gone, I did find myself for a little while more collected; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously to commune with myself, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled to my mind that I had but a few hours more at all events to live, that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees

my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope, the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church-clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the jail and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation!

"R—," said the master to me, in a subdued but steady tone, "it is time for you to rise."

The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow but settled rain was coming down.

"It is half-past seven o'clock, R—!" said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.

I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell; but, this time

I could not get the words out: my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone: I made two desperate efforts; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep and the unaccustomed exposure; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering; and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow—and heavily; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark-paved floor; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare naked iron bed-frame that I sat on; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall that had been drawn by former prisoners; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it:—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to DIE. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel-clock begin to strike; and I thought—Lord, take pity on me, a wretch! it could not be the three quarters after seven yet! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell will lie in a very small compass: my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was read-

ing to one of them, came up and said something—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me, and some one interfered and sent him away. The pinioning of my hands and arms was then finished, and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips; but I could not swallow: and Mr. W——, the master of the jail, who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward through the long-arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw!—I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform, and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's Church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—

the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual *execution* and *death*,—I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently but with firmness; of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able by any exertion to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which, to my perception, seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection of having found or fancied myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me; but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the Churchyard of St. Andrews, Holborn: I saw from a window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual whose benevolence has recognized the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me

—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative, from the singularity of the facts it relates, may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it; perhaps at too much length, but it is not easy for those who write without skill to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell one of them that to his jealousy of being known in connection with me, even *after death*, I owe my *life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps by this time he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation; at least while I bear him no ill will—I will not believe that he will learn my deliverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!—*Blackwood's Mag.*

O POORTITH CAULD.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O poortith cauld and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;—
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flower'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train;

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch, in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his power,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused, no falcon in the chase
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the dove;
But more than all besides was he,
The nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phoenix of them all.

THE RIBBONMAN.

[William Carleton, born at Clogher, Tyrone, 1798; died 30th January, 1869. Novelist and poet. He began his career as a tutor. In 1830 he published in Dublin the first series of his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which was received with so much favour that a second series soon followed. His principal works are: *Farther through the Miser*; *The Fawn of Spring Vale*; *The Clarionet*, and other Tales; *Valentine McClutchy*; *Willy Reilly*; *The Tithe Proctor*; *Roddy the Rover*, &c. Christopher North said in reply to the Shepherd's inquiry about Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry: "Admirable, truly! Intensely Irish. Never were that wild imaginative people better described; and amongst all the fun, frolic, and folly, there is no want of poetry, pathos, and passion." Mr. Carleton obtained a pension of £200 a year from government. The following sketch is said to be "only too true."]

I had read the anonymous summons, but, from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually. I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy that my father and brothers thought I was ill; an opinion which I fancied at the time to be correct, for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet, except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produce. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it; but on that day

VOL. IV.

I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remember; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet-like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow gusts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars were visible by glimpses, as a rush of wind left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determined, if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting, but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'clock came, but still there was no change; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there were any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.

I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great-coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was lowering and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible, for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon; yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighbourhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows

beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those like me who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life or enjoyment about or within it: as I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a death-like lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding-door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour, which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar-steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future consequences, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them was far different from the boisterous good humour which used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a *ghud dhemur tha thu*,¹ in a suppressed voice; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand,

¹ How are you.

accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies, to conceal its emotions. None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we *can* revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however—the highest in authority—whose actions and demeanour were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labour under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the sitting group, and the restraint which curbed the out-breaking passions of those who *stood*, entirely to his presence. He was a schoolmaster, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also on Sunday in capacity of clerk to the priest—an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal associations and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine-glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled mildly at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, and in a low voice,

"You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got."

"Wet or dry," said I—

"Stop, man," he replied in the same tone—"spake lower; but why wouldn't you take the

whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you—didn't they all take it?—an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way."

"Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequences, for the could, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrop ov it won't be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more goshter about it—dhrink it yerself, if you like; maybe you want it as much as I do—wherein I've the pattrern of a good big-coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was rainin' bullocks, a dhrop wouldn't get under the nap ov it."

He gave me a calm but keen glance as I spoke.

"Well, Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it; but in the mane time, to set you a dacent pattrern, I'll just take this myself,"—saying which, 'with the jar still upon its side, and the forefinger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank to-night," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to show you that I've heart and sperrit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes"—saying which, he laid down the glass, and turned up the jar, with much coolness, upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself; and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present who, in despite of their own desire, and the captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel door, which they did, as by that means the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least so the captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted.

"Now, boys," said he, in the same low voice, "we are all present, except the traitors, whose names I am goin' to read to you; not that we are to count thim as thraitors till we know whether or not it was in their power to come; anyhow, the night is terrible; but, boys, you're to know that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, when duly summonsed to attend a meeting; particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould that there is always something of consequence to be done *thin*."

He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained, declaring that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addresses the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated the man's countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the platform I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was rivetted upon him at that moment; in fact, every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed this platform that I scrutinized his features, with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within; I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indications of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon-like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally, after having wound himself up to a certain determination, his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and

putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, "*Bee dhu hult ne wulth enan inh*"—"Hold your tongue, it is not yet the time. Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time nearly two o'clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish. "Brothers," said he, "for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that's sacred an' holy to obey whatever them that's over us, maning among ourselves, wishes us to do—are you now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oath?"

The words were scarcely uttered when those who had stood beside the altar during the night sprang from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, "By all that's saered an' holy we're willin'."

In the meantime, those who sat upon the steps of the altar instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, "To be sure—by all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

"Now, boys," said the captain, "arn't yees big fools for your pains? an' one of yees doesn't know what I mane."

"You're our captain," said one of those who had stood at the altar, "an' has yer orders from higher quarthurs; of coorse whatever ye command upon us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he, smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees, an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have. Well, yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that same raison every one of yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it in the chapel can dhrink it *widout*; an' here goes to open the door for them." He then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded—

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm sure there's no thraitor here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle anyhow; but I'm sworn to obey them that's above me—manin' still among ourselves—an' to show you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes"—he then turned round, and taking the Missal

between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone; but on grasping the book he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, he exclaimed in a voice of deep determination—

"By this sacred an' holy book, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may, an' this I swear upon His book an' His altar!"

At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeding calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and, after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighbouring dove-cot had built nests among the rafters of the unceiled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage—their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes fell under the dim light of the taper with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed we were again startled by several loud bursts

of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel, and the captain on hearing them turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*gutsho nish, avoelheeh*"—"Come hither now, boys. A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night, and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such firearms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exulting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward somewhat before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild fiend-like yells rang through the chapel as the party which stood on the altar and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and firearms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some fiendish purpose. Even the captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

"Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good. Let them that swore so manfully jist now stand a one side till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally that until they first knew the business they were to execute none of them should take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same evil expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever

did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he mildly, "for the thruth is, I had next to nothing for yees to do; not a hand maybe would have to *rise*, only jist to look on an' if any resistance should be made to show yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him who will refuse *that*; he won't know the day, the hour, nor the minute when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret from man or mortal, except it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death would wring it from his heart;" having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present. Preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot; another glass of whisky was distributed, and the door being locked by the captain, who kept the key as parish master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The captain's object in keeping them unseen was that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation in swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man, the only Protestant in the parish, resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole

firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible, threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravely, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand-still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At length the fated dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place between the captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their firearms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also got ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot had become extinguished; but to remedy this two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish entered a cabin on the wayside, and, under pretence of lighting their own and their comrades' pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprise, there was something in our situation just now that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament appeared to shoot through it

in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty-fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed.

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish in outline the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "Yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path; jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the captain devised a method of crossing it:

"Boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you; lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then we can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow: on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he

and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, it is impossible to imagine anything more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph at their own revenge. The captain's look had lost all its calmness, every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eyebrows with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them. "Another word," said the captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here—'No mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yeas that will attempt to show it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye; I hear them stirring—*No mercy*—no quarter—is the order of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dared withdraw from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion

of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of his innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "It's no use *now*, you know; if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them to tell the story: ye *may* go now if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yeas the sport, that none of ye except my *own* boys would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers; but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surround-

ing hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow, deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to awaken the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it; to them, though, in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies*; they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but no, the horrors of the conflagration were calmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thickness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon Satan himself to relent.

His words were few; "My child," said he, "is still safe; she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor anyone—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it—oh, spare her; think for a moment that it's one of your own; spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you don't, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me before I see her burned."

The captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he; "you will convict no more boys for taking an old rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him proceeded the shrieks of a woman, who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she

was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "Your child is a coal now," said he with deliberate mockery. "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn,"—saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder stood for some time about the conflagration; and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene was inexpressibly horrible. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted, and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

It was only when the last victim went down that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the serpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had better wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their

direction, and we perceived for the first time that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper; for the motion of the breaking waters caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire.

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and by, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke that rose from the ruins of the house and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember every man of you, that you've sworn this night on the Book and altar—not a heretic Bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villany; and while I inwardly thanked Heaven for my own narrow and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how seldom, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer, and to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE TWO ROSES.

My Lilla gave me yester-morn
A rose methinks in Eden born,
And as she gave it, little elf,
Blush'd like another rose herself.
Then said I, full of tenderness,
"Since this sweet rose I owe to you,
Dear girl, why may I not possess
The lovelier rose that gave it too?"

From the Italian.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFY.

[John Webster, a dramatist of the Elizabethan era. He wrote a number of plays in conjunction with Thomas Decker, Drayton, Middleton, Munday, Chettle, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith. Of the works written entirely by himself the most important are *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*; *The Duchess of Malfy*; and *Appius and Virginia*. Hazlitt says that the two first named plays "come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record; the only drawback to them is that they are too like Shakespeare, and often direct imitations of him." The widowed Duchess of Malfy secretly marries her steward Antonio. Her brother Ferdinand discovers the marriage, and regarding it as a disgrace to the family, imprisons his sister, subjects her to excruciating mental torture, and finally causes her to be strangled. The scenes quoted are the one in which the duchess gives her hand to Antonio, and the last, in which she is murdered.]

DUCHESS. CARIOLA, her Maid.

Duchess. Is Antonio come?

Cariola. He attends you.

Duch. Good dear soul,

Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us: wish me good speed,
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide.

[CARIOLA withdraws.]

ANTONIO enters.

I sent for you: sit down.

Take pen and ink and write. Are you ready?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. Oh, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you: I look young
For your sake. You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your
revenue and expense.

Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer; but you
mistook;

For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where?

Duch. In heaven.

I'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should)
In perfect memory: and I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procured
That violent distraction?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?

Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world

After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

Duch. All!

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding-sheet?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will.

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't.

Duch. How do you affect it?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duch. Pray let us hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How?

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it; thus: is it fit?

[She puts the ring on his finger.]

Ant. What said you.

[He kneels.]

Duch. Sir!

This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Ant. Oh my unworthiness!

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares of: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long served virtue,
And never ta'en wages of her—

Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates; so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me; sir, be confident.
What is it that distracts you? This is flesh and blood,
sir,

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man;
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow;
I use but half a blush in't.

Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
(Being now my steward) here upon your lips
I sign your *quittus est*: this you should have begg'd
now:

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But, for your brothers—

Duch. Do not think of them.

All discord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

[CARIOLA comes forward.]

Duch. Kneel.

Ant. Hah!

Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presentis is absolute marriage:
Bless Heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion.

Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music.

Car. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity.

PRISON SCENE.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Car. 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady; which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.

Duch. Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and
folly

Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad: sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Car. O 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch. Thou art deceived.

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

Car. Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool.

The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Car. Pray, dry your eyes.

What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing:

When I muse thus I sleep.

Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?

Car. Yes, out of question.

Duch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead,
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad;

I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his car;

Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Car. Like to your picture in the gallery;
A deal of life in show, but none in practice:

Or rather, like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch. Very proper.

And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
To behold my tragedy: how now,
What noise is that?

A Servant enters.

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him

With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
(Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

*Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of madmen, with
music answerable thereto: after which BOSOLA (like an
old man) enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed
Gasping for breath; dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sick-
ness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad sure; dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed; at best but a sal-
vatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little
cruddled milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are
weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies
in; more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-
worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is
the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of
grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-
glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small
compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot be-
gins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty
years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou
 sleepest worst, than if a mouse should be forced to take
up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breed
its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out as if
thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still!

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our deathbed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their
tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray
up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks
(as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved
with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their mind
were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way
they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect of this
Thy dismal preparation.
This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

A Coffin, Cords, and a Bell produced.

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady.

Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bell-man.

That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification: listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now every thing is still;
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly d'on her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind:
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fools make such vain-keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
D'on clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours?

They are mad folks.

Farewell, Cariola.

I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrop for his cold; and let the girl
Say her pray'rs ere she sleep.—Now, what you please:
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them;

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid o'nt,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits: and 'tis found,
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way; (for heav'n's
sake)

So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.

Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND enters.

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what you would have her.

Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out;
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died
young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

SWEET THINGS DEPART.

"Marian's married, yet I am here,
Alive and merry at forty year."—*Thackeray.*

Sweet things depart and die,
Sweet things depart;
Life with a smile and sigh
Flies from the heart.

Then, with a tear, we take
Dust unto dust!
Humbly we go, and break
Idols—in trust!

So, turning home again,
Light shining down,
E'en through the thorns and pain
See we the crown.

Sweet things depart awhile—
Is it our loss?
See the eternal smile,—
What is our cross?

RICHARD BEDINGFIELD.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

BY THEODORE HOOK.¹

At 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—Opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-môts* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and “so natural.”

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half way to the House of Lords with the dear earl, through St. James' Park by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which, being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break-up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize marquis of the season—

¹ See the Bachelor's Thermometer, *Casquet*, vol. ii. p. 374.

goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and “never goes out”—makes up little tea-parties at her aunt’s—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor-julep—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing “a front”—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43.—Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotions. Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the Oly Oly Bom school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys, nearly men; and two lovely girls, nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle’s ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager’s parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything—takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor-julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster’s progress up to fifty.

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

“O WHA will shoe my fair foot,
And wha will glove my han’
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi’ a new-made London ban’?”

“Or wha will kame my yellow hair
Wi’ a new-made silver kame?
Or wha’ll be father to my young bairn
Till love Gregor come hame?”

“Your father’ll shoe your fair foot,
Your mother glove your han’;
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi’ a new-made London ban’;

“Your brethren will kame your yellow hair
Wi’ a new-made silver kame;
And the King o’ Heaven will father your bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame.”

“O gin I had a bonnie ship,
And men to sail wi’ me,
It’s I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!”

Her father’s gien her a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the stran’;
She’s taen her young son in her arms,
And turn’d her back to the lan’.

She hadna been on the sea sailin’
Aboon a month or more,
Till landed had she her bonnie ship
Near her true-lover’s door.

The nicht was dark, the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu’ sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true-love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"O, it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
You're nae come here for gude;
You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flude."

"I'm nae witch or vile warlock,
Or mermaid," said she;
"I'm but your Annie of Lochroyan;—
O, open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,
As I trust not ye be,
What taiken can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie?"

"O dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks;
It's nae sae lang sinsyne?"

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine."

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"As we twa sat at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can shew thee thine:"

"And yours was gude, and gude enough,
Yet nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the gude red goud,
But mine o' the diamonds fine."

"Sae open the door, now, love Gregor,
And open it wi' speed;
Or your young son, that is in my arms,
For cauld will soon be dead."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman;
Gae frae my door for shame,
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"O hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a' the oaths you sware?
Then fare ye weel, now, fause Gregor,
For me ye's never see mair!"

O, hooley hooley gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' goud,
Set up the mast o' tree;
Ill sets it a forsaken lady
To sail sae gallantlie."

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' silk,
Set up the sails o' skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
When there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say,
"I dreamt a dream this night, mother,
That makes my heart richt wae;"

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan,
The flower o' a' her kin,
Was standin' mournin' at my door,
But nane wad let her in."

"O there was a woman stood at the door,
Wi' a bairn intill her arm;
But I wadna let her within the bower,
For fear she had done you harm."

O quickly, quickly raise he up,
And fast ran to the strand;
And there he saw her, fair Annie,
Was sailing frae the land.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, winna ye bide?"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The higher rair'd the tide.

And "hey, Annie!" and "how, Annie!
O, Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie,"
The louder rair'd the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating o'er the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith toss'd aboon the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the sea sae wide.

He catch'd her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Before he reach'd the land.

O first he kiss'd her cherry cheek,
And syne he kiss'd her chin,
And sair he kiss'd her ruby lips;—
But there was nae breath within.

MARIAN.

BY JACOB DE LIEFDE.

In the year 1832, when the Belgians revolted against their sovereign the King of Holland, and fears were entertained throughout Europe that this revolutionary movement might spread to other nations and cause serious troubles, the governments of England and France agreed to interfere and put an end to the contention. Consequently a large army marched across the French frontier, and finding that the ancient city of Antwerp was the head-quarters of the insurgents, forthwith proceeded to subdue it. The strong citadel alone held out for the king. When the commander was summoned to surrender it and the garrison to the insurgents, the curt refusal of General Chassé brought about a siege which will ever remain one of the most memorable in the history of the world; but as it is not my intention to linger over this siege or this period of history, it will suffice to say that during an incessant bombardment of twenty days the entire works of the citadel, which had been built regardless of expense and time by the great Duke of Alva, in 1570, were demolished. The celebrated citadel was a heap of ruins, and it required more than four years to rebuild what had been destroyed in less than four weeks. While the work of rebuilding was going on, a party of workmen who were busy at one of the lunettes or small triangular outworks suddenly cleared away from among the rubbish a small cross of white marble, which had been simply but beautifully cut. A cannon-ball had shattered it partly, but it was evident from the moss that had grown over and around it that hundreds of years had passed over this simple record of noble deed. It was evident that a number of letters were cut in the stone. The words were illegible, but after some difficulty the following inscription was deciphered: "Here lieth Maid Marian, who died for her friends, November, 1581." The old cross, about which the very oldest people fancied they had at some time heard a story, had been respected by all soldiers, although no one knew what it meant, or why it had been placed on that secluded spot. Some years later there was found in the city records the following simple tale, which is generally believed to be the history of the marble cross.

In the days when the Netherlands were beset by their great enemy the haughty, overbearing, and aggressive Spaniards, Antwerp, the strong, the prosperous, the liberty-loving

city, with its almost impregnable fortress or citadel, was one of the great strongholds of the Protestant faith. It was jealously guarded as a jewel of great price, and the Prince of Orange, the leader of the insurrection, had placed within the citadel a band of his own trusty musketeers, upon whose valour and faith he could rely, although like their commander, Colonel Solms, they were rough and ready at their work, and no very refined gentlemen even in those days. When the garrison marched into the citadel with flying colours and a gay clangour of horns, to relieve the burgher guard which had fulfilled the arduous duty hitherto, they found established in the principal building a small family of three, who were particularly recommended by the old civic commander to the newly-installed Colonel Solms. Solms, a stout veteran, with a florid face and a habitual scowl that terrified most people who knew him not, glanced at the somewhat stupid old husband, who carried a large bunch of keys and smiled respectfully and good-naturedly—glanced at the buxom, motherly, neat woman his wife, who dropped a stiff but not awkward curtsy, and looked with some curiosity at the new soldiers—and glanced at the young daughter, who stood in the door of their dwelling—half-room, half-kitchen—and then a shadow of a smile somewhat relieved the scowl. The daughter, as prim and spruce and neat as her mother, but some thirty years younger, with fresh, rosy cheeks, jet black hair, a snow-white little cap and neckerchief, and a closely-fitting unpretentious dress that made her look like a little fairy—evidently pleased the old colonel, for he nodded them a return to their salute, and intimated to the retiring commander that he would be content with their services.

And content he was. The old veteran, who had been present at half a hundred battles, and lived the life of a hunted deer for many years, found himself too pleasantly at home in his new abode, and almost left off growling. At first he had his suspicions of the old man—Martin Reyder—but when that personage somewhat pompously introduced himself as head cellar-keeper and warder, and showed the commander his thorough knowledge of the wine-cellar, Solms became convinced that Martin might be a useful man. Dame Reyder and her daughter Marian at the same time so executed their duties, and kept his apartments and those of his officers so neat and clean, that the gentlemen as by intuition began to treat the two women with more consideration and gentleness than they had hitherto bestowed on the sex. Notwithstanding this, however, complications

might have easily arisen, had not Marian possessed one excellent quality. She never allowed any one, from the highest to the lowest, to treat her otherwise than respectfully in word or deed. She had a pretty but determined way of putting every one down who attempted any liberties, and in a very short time had gained such influence over the men that not one of them dared to lift a finger against her. Strange to say, during the year that elapsed before the incident I am about to relate, Marian spent a happy life among the rough soldiers. She frequently went out of her way to assist them when they were sick, or to make them more comfortable, or to look after their cooking; but though she was thus always amongst them, she had not found a lover, and had resolutely refused, it was reported, an offer from one of the lieutenants, which puzzled gossips not a little.

Gossips knowing generally very little, and in this case nothing at all, their puzzle was not easily explained. There was a cloud hanging over the small Reyder family, which was never as much as whispered about, but which oppressed Marian more than she herself liked to confess. There was a fourth member of the family, not dead, and yet to them not living, not amongst those for whom they could weep and pray, and yet amongst those that occasion hot and bitter tears. There was a son, Joseph, educated with all care, as indeed Marian had also been, who, abusing his opportunities, had falsely turned traitor—for money; betrayed his country's, his city's cause—for gain. The father discovered it, taxed his son with it, summoned him to return the money, and on refusal, spurned him out of the house. Marian, who with strange perversity had clung to her scoundrel of a brother, interceded for him with her mother—went on her knees to her father. Dame Reyder wept sorely, but dared not disobey; and old Martin, leaving his daughter on her knees, pronounced a curse that well-nigh extinguished her reason. The staunch old patriot prayed from Heaven calamities and punishments upon his son's head for his iniquity, and swore that he would not accept him unless he returned broken in heart, lame in body, with gray hairs and repentant, to atone for the great wrong he had done the city of his birth and the honour of his family.

Several years had elapsed since then, and Marian alone had kept up a stealthy communication with the brother she would not renounce. One autumn evening, about a year after the arrival of the new garrison, Marian seemed to have received some new spirit. Her

gaiety and curious fits of pensiveness were noticed by others besides her mother. At night, when they were sitting alone by the fire, Dame Reyder ventured to ask for an explanation, and then poor Marian's heart gushed out in joy at having at last obtained what she had yearned for so long. She showed her mother a letter of Joseph's, in which he confessed his wrong, told her how he had been dreadfully ill, and being now a cripple, how his only wish was to be reconciled to his father; that he was hiding in the city, and if she could get him inside the fortress, that he had no doubt he could get his father's forgiveness. After some hesitation she had written to him that if he came the next morning at the little Watergate as a poor provision merchant who had undertaken to supply the garrison with fruit, she would enable him to come inside by stealth, and assist him in effecting his purpose.

In the eager discussion which the revelation of this bold plan originated, Dame Reyder was at first stoutly against it.

"I warn you, Marian," said her mother in a whisper, "I feel as if no good can come from it. You know how strict Colonel Solms is, and that he only allows us to receive visits after a formal permission being granted. And now you are going to bring Joseph himself in here. You might as well open the gates at once and ask Duke Alva with his whole army to march in."

"O fie, mother," said Marian, "have you so forgotten your own son? Have you no love and no pity left for my brother? Do you not see that he is repenting, and that he has at last been punished for his folly, and only wants to see you once again to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness!" said Dame Reyder, shaking her head with a sigh. "If I knew that he was sincere, and really wanted my forgiveness, God forbid that I should restrain him. But why let him come here in the very lion's den. We can go to him in Antwerp, where, if he really be so much reduced and suffering, he will have no need to stir, and we can see him without being seen."

"Nay," said the daughter again, "if we go there he will be found out, whereas if he comes here where nobody knows him, I can easily smuggle him in early to-morrow morning at the little Watergate, of which I have told him, and he can see us and talk with us here without any one knowing it. Only say that you will allow me, mother dear, and that you will not tell father until Joseph is here, for

else he might spoil it all. Oh, this estrangement has weighed so heavily upon me that I shall thank Heaven when it has been cleared away. Do, good mother mine, help me."

The entreaties of the affectionate girl were so eloquent that Dame Reyder at last promised to assist her, notwithstanding her inward conviction that some mighty and wonderful change must have come over her son Joseph, to make him at last so humble, affectionate, and repentant.

The events of the next day convinced not only her but everybody else that the change had not been so wonderful as she for a moment fondly imagined, and that the villanous nature of her offspring had become worse rather than better. When next morning the light of day had driven away the nightly fogs and vapours, Marian softly opened her window and looked out, ready dressed for her enterprise. She was full of hope, and there shone a light in her eyes that made her look beautiful. It was still much too early for the arrival of any trades-people from town, but in her anxiety she went down-stairs, opened the door, and stepped out daintily on to the large quadrangle. Here she was met by the sergeant of the guard, who had already noticed her at the window, and endeavoured to attract her attention. The sergeant, although a good soldier, was a somewhat rough customer, and his attentions were frequently so annoying that Marian had a strong dislike for him. This morning she would fain have passed him with a polite return for his greeting, but the gallant veteran was too great an admirer of the little maid. He had been up the greater part of the night, and the strong beer which he had quaffed during that time may have somewhat muddled his brain. Enough be it, that not content with the modest greeting of the girl, the sergeant stepped forward and took her hand, while his strong arm encircled her waist, and his black beard approached her lips with dangerous proximity. Marian, however, was not the girl to lose her presence of mind. She uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, and with a lithe and quick movement disengaged herself from the encircling arm. The sergeant, who had made sure of his prize, had not observed that his foot rested on a slippery stone; but Marian, with the quickness of a little tigress, smacked his face and gave him a sudden push on the shoulder which made him lose his balance. The stout fellow threw up his arms, and, amidst the roars of the guard who were looking on, stretched his uncouth length in the biggest mud-puddle of the quad-

rangle. Marian tripped away, leaving the rash soldier to pick himself out of the dirt with the facetious assistance of some of his comrades, who exasperated him by their protestations of sympathy, and compelled him to withdraw to his room, swearing vengeance on the girl. The opportunity was not long wanting.

When Marian saw that her inopportune admirer had departed, she walked slowly and in her usual manner in the direction of the gate, where the trades-people generally deposited their goods for her inspection. It was too early for their arrival, however, a fact which the sentry at the gate immediately remarked when he saw the young housekeeper advancing. Marian had foreseen this, and informed the soldier with the greatest unconcern that she had ordered a poor fellow to be at the little Watergate somewhat earlier than usual, because she had long promised to help him, and she did not wish to raise any jealousy between him and the usual purveyors.

"Ah, Marian," said the sentry, shaking his head, "you are too kind-hearted. I verily believe you would put money into the hand of every vagabond who had a piteous tale to tell."

"And why not?" said she, with a bound of her heart; "this poor fellow has not only a piteous tale; the look of him is piteous enough. A strong fellow like yourself can do anything in this wide world; but those poor creatures whom Heaven has not favoured must struggle and drag themselves onward through life, poor things, with difficulty. If he comes, good Master Michel, you will not turn him off as others do, with rude words, will you? Let him in, that I may take him to our garden."

"Let him in!" said Michel, elevating his eyebrows. "I know not that I can let him in, for it is contrary to orders. But I can ask the sergeant, and if he be willing I have naught to say."

Marian, however, shook her head quickly and decisively.

"Ask the sergeant." She laughed. "Why, did you not see how I made him fall into the mud; he will not allow it. Besides, the poor fellow will only come in for a few moments, and I can take him by the back way, and up the old staircase, where the governor will not see us. I will be back here in half-an-hour."

"Well, I will see," the sentry said, and Marian had gone away almost certain of success. Michel, however, had some misgiving in his soul, at what he felt to be mysterious, and referred the matter to his superior, who passed by not very long afterwards. The in-

jured sergeant listened with curiosity, and put his finger to his broad nose with a knowing look. He stood silent for some minutes, and then questioned the sentry closely as to what Marian had said, and whether she seemed eager or not. At last he ordered Michel to let him know when the fellow arrived, and to allow Marian, without saying a word, to conduct her lame protégé whither she liked.

The half-hour had scarcely elapsed when Marian was at the little gate looking out for the extraordinary individual, whom she had now full hopes of smuggling in. Presently she could see at some distance in the fields the figure of a man making his way with difficulty on crutches towards the spot where the little boat lay. In one hand he carried a basket containing some vegetables, which it seemed he could only carry with an effort. As soon as the girl saw him she waved her kerchief, and motioned him to make haste. The crutches moved with redoubled energy, and made such progress that the honest Michel, who regarded the scene with some curiosity, muttered to himself that before the poor fellow had met with his misfortune he must have been possessed of considerable strength. So any one would have thought who saw him wriggle into the little boat, for with one good long pull at the oars the light thing darted across the broad moat and flew half-way up against the landing-place. Somewhat astonished at this vigour Marian stepped back and saw her brother jump out of the boat with greater ease than she would have given him credit for. But his crutches were under him at once, and turning to the girl he thanked her in a low voice for her graciousness in favouring a poor cripple. The fellow's face was certainly not prepossessing. Lean and sallow, with prominent cheek-bones and hollow eager eyes that habitually looked to the ground, a rough yellow beard, that scarcely hid the meanness of his thin lips, such was Joseph. His clothes hung about him in loose disorderly fashion, and his appearance altogether was that of a man whom Heaven had not favoured. Marian snatched up the basket, and advancing with a light step ordered the man to follow her, which he did, protesting at the same time that she was going too fast. The instant they had started Michel the sentry turned round and waved his hat to one of his comrades, who was on the look-out. The sign was seen, and the comrade disappeared.

Marian and her brother meanwhile were advancing quickly under the inner wall of the fortress, to a point where they could mount by a few planks which had been put there tem-

porarily, to the covered way, following which they could reach the yard where was the entrance to the cellars and subterranean passages, and once there the stair and the stables would allow her to reach the kitchen unobserved. The covered way had already been reached, and Marian was turning round to say a word of encouragement to her brother, when she started violently and blushed on seeing her way blocked by the figure of the sergeant, who sauntered towards her with a triumphant smile. "Why, Mistress Marian," said he with feigned astonishment, "what do you bring us here? Has this gentleman found more favour in your eyes than any one inside these walls? Will you be pleased to make him known to me?"

"Oh, please you, Master Fellsper," said Marian somewhat flurriedly, "this is only a poor citizen of the town, whom I promised to show what kind of fruit and vegetables we require for the governor, the which he has duly promised to deliver to us, with but small profit to himself."

"Oh, indeed," answered Fellsper, eyeing the new-comer, who had dropped his head on his chest, "and pray what might his name be?" Marian was silent, for this contingency she had overlooked. Presently, however, she faltered, "I believe I heard him say that it was Joseph."

"Joseph!" repeated the revengeful soldier, "and truly he is an ill-looking cur to have such a name. You know, Mistress Marian, what strict orders the governor has given about strangers. If he had been some pretty youth, now, I might have been content; but by the pope's head, I must have him before our commander, for methinks he has a villanous lame look about him. Here, Antonio!"

Ere the bewildered girl could utter a word or arrest the action of her enemy, half-a-dozen pikemen, headed by the rollicking Antonio, advanced from round the corner, where they had evidently been waiting, and surrounded Joseph. The unhappy fellow threw a rapid glance around him, saw his way barred on all sides by walls of earth, brick, or iron, and collapsed immediately into a still more hopeless state of lameness than before, so that a couple of soldiers found themselves conscientiously obliged to catch him by the collar and hoist him up occasionally.

"Come on, lads," cried Fellsper, "we're in luck. The governor is just sunning himself in the yard higher up before he goes to inspect the ammunition, so we shall not have very far to go. He's in a bad humour this morning, Mistress Marian, I promise you, and he will be disturbed in spirit at this untoward liberty

of yours. Oh, the deceitfulness and wickedness of the female heart!"

Fellsper gave a wicked leer to the girl by his side, and turned up the white of his eyes as if he were mourning. Marian sighed, but said not a word. She was pondering over the situation, knowing that the safety of her brother depended entirely on her. To confess the truth she knew was out of the question, and in the few moments that elapsed she felt instinctively that her only hope lay in sticking to her tale. In a few moments another turn of the covered way brought them to the open space surrounded by a thick wall and iron doors. As the group turned into the opening a cold shiver went through the poor girl, and she could scarcely prevent herself from falling. In a corner before a wooden table sat Colonel Solms, scowling dreadfully at the approaching party. A flask of wine and a scroll of paper were on the table; and behind him stood no one else than old Martin with his bunch of keys in one hand. The instant his eyes fell upon the figure of the lame man he started and changed colour, a fact which did not escape the attention of the suspicious Fellsper.

"Please your honour," said the latter, leading the prisoner to the foot of the stair, "we have somewhat suddenly come upon this stranger, who was being conducted to the chief building by Mistress Marian, and remembering your strict orders, we have brought him hither that you may see him and do with him according to your pleasure."

"Who and what is he?" growled the governor, planting his stick very firmly in the ground, and looking fixedly at the intruder. "How now, Mistress Marian, do I find you trespassing against the rules and conspiring against the safety of the castle? What is this? Answer me!"

Marian, who in the meantime had regained her composure, answered with marvellous calmness and seeming indifference, that she knew nothing whatever of rules and regulations that prevented her attending to her duty. She had nearly every morning during the last fortnight heard my lord the governor grumble at his breakfast or dinner that the vegetables or the fruit or the sauces were not properly prepared, and that she therefore had bethought herself of one poor fellow who wanted help and who could procure her what was desired if he only was shown what was wanted. Her somewhat independent tone and saucy look, which she considered the safest thing to assume, unhappily displeased the governor, who glanced with an angry eye from Marian to the prisoner, and asked in a rough voice his name.

"Joseph," answered he in a low voice.

"Joseph—Joseph what?" asked Solms.

Joseph shook his head. "Never no other name that I can remember," said he.

"Oh, you liar!" cried Fellsper; "never was a person born in this world with one name only. There, old Martin looks as though he knew it."

Old Martin shook his head and rattled his keys, and murmured something about its being impossible.

"Martin, you old rogue!" cried Solms, turning round upon him in great wrath, "what's the villain's name? You don't know. Then what does that rascal Fellsper mean by saying so?"

"Please your honour," said Fellsper, "methought I saw a look of recognizance pass between them, and I am almost certain they have seen each other before."

"And they shall see each other again," said Solms, clapping his hand on his knee with determination. "There are rumours about of treason, and this fellow looks the traitor from top to toe. Lead him away to the dark hole and leave him there to-day; he may tell us some more by to-morrow. Away with him."

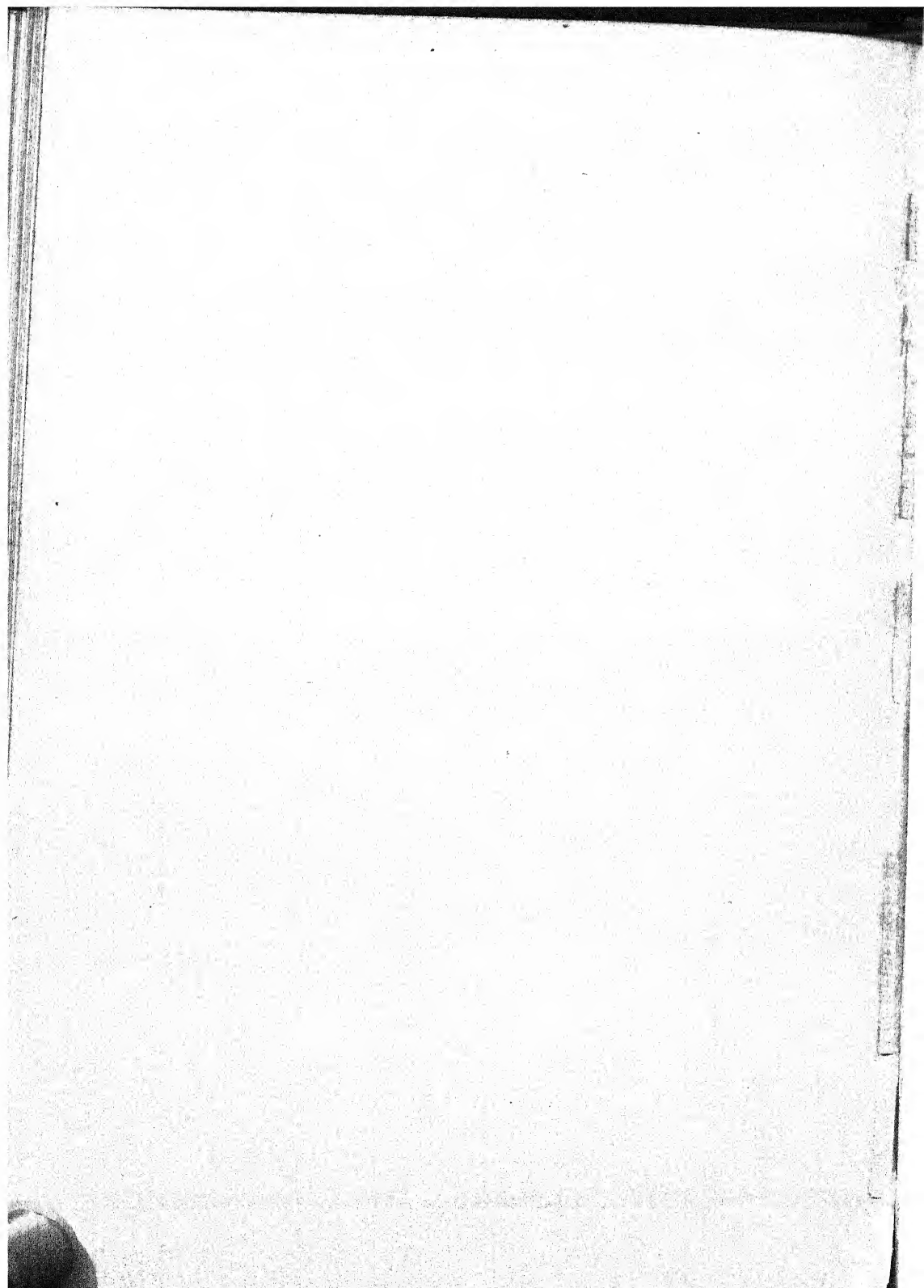
At these words Marian uttered a suppressed cry. The hands of the soldiers were already on the prisoner, whose eyes were fixed with a hard and steady look upon old Martin, when the poor girl, to whom the horrors of that dark cellar were but too well known, sank upon her knee, and clasping her hands in agony, besought the governor to be merciful on one whom she had brought to peril. "I would beseech you, my lord," she urged, "to remember the severity of the weather and the state of the cellar. There is more than a foot of water in it, and this poor man is already suffering. He has transgressed in nothing, the sentry permitted him to pass, and I thought it was pardonable; but if he is to be kept in confinement, I beseech you, sir, for the love of Heaven, let him be taken to my little bed-room, where he will be safely guarded by the soldiers, and I can lie down anywhere for the time."

Old Solms must have been possessed of greater hardness of heart than he was himself aware of, if he had been able to resist so touching a prayer, uttered in such a manner. The quiet, modest girl had always been a favourite of his, although his good opinion was always expressed in grunts, and to hear her now pleading for a man whom she had brought into trouble, with tears running down her cheeks and her voice trembling with emotion, was



HERBERT J. DRAPER.

"WHY, MISTRESS MARIAN, WHAT DO YOU BRING US HERE?"



more than the rough soldier had expected. He found it even difficult to keep his face from betraying his feelings, and consequently looked hopelessly fierce.

"Ah," he said slowly, "a foot of water in the cellar! is that true, Martin? Why did you not tell me that before? I don't want to drown the villain—for a villain he is—of that I am convinced—but to put him in your daughter's bed-room is absurd. Fellsper, you who seem so eager to drag the fellow along with you, I shall order you to have him taken to the armoury, and have him securely guarded until we can find time to see to him; but do him no injury, for those of the city beyond are mightily stirred when one of their lean and hungry brood is robbed of a stiver. Tie his hands, for with his legs he seems of but little use." So saying the colonel made a motion with his hand, which his followers understood and dared not disobey. Marian held her peace, hoping that at some fortunate moment she might assist her brother, who was now being led away up the old stair to the armoury, where prisoners or soldiers under arrest were generally confined.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when Marian, with trembling heart, reached the room where her mother awaited her, she scarcely had enough strength left to fall on Dame Reyder's bosom and sob an incoherent relation of what had happened. Presently too old Martin came in with a large store of rage bottled up for his daughter. The interview between them was anything but pacifying or soothing. The old man, who had not the remotest expectation of this visit, was divided between wrathful astonishment at the unheard of audacity and astonished indignation that his daughter could undertake any such plan without asking him, while he trembled at the idea that the governor should suspect him of being a party to the vile conspiracy. He desired to know what the rascal wanted inside the fortress, for nobody would be so simple as to believe his story about coming to ask forgiveness.

"We may be devoutly thankful," he cried, "if at the further examination of him they do not discover that he is our son—God help us—and then I do not know what will be done with us. But look you, Marian, you have been a good girl hitherto, and an obedient. If you ever exchange a word or as much as a glance with that fellow again, I'll renounce you as I have renounced him. Do you hear?"

"I hear, father," said poor Marian in a low voice.

"Very good; then see to it," said Reyder, shaking his keys and going towards the guard-house to pick up what information he could. Marian remained behind, in a mood far from pleasant. She was an obstinate little thing, and what she once conceived to be her duty she would do in spite of everybody, even her father. She conceived that by her fault Joseph had been led into this scrape, and notwithstanding the command, of which the echo had scarce died away, she resolved if possible to rescue her brother. The task which she had set herself was not easy, but she felt that she alone could execute it, and that she must not even acquaint her mother with her plan. She watched all day with great anxiety for the return of the governor to his apartments, for upon his mood depended whether there was any hope left or not. When late in the afternoon Colonel Solms arrived from his inspection he was so tired and hungry that he would have arrested any man who dared to remind him of the prisoner. Marian knew that no inquiry would take place before the morning, and she breathed more freely. There was not a person in the citadel or out of it who was more intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the building than she, and the moment Solms had named the armoury as Joseph's prison, she had thought of one expedient at least. When the evening darkness had sufficiently advanced she tripped unobserved to the harness-room, which formed part of the large stables, and noiselessly crept up a stair which was never used, and all but forgotten.

Joseph was sitting on a hard wooden form, surrounded by all sorts of harnesses, helmets, breastplates, firelocks, spears, and a multitude of other engines of war; his narrow eyebrows were drooping over his eyes in close thought concerning his situation; the sentry, who had scarcely left him, finding the evening getting cold, and Joseph as quiet as a mouse, had locked the door and was pacing up and down outside in the next room, where some of his comrades had lit a fire. Suddenly Joseph was startled by a whisper, which seemed to proceed from one of the armouries. He pricked up his ears.

"Can you listen, Joseph?" said the voice. "I can see your head against the window, and if you nod you need not speak." Joseph nodded. "Are your hands and feet both tied?"

"Only my hands," whispered Joseph; "if you can cut the cord I shall be free."

"But then you cannot walk."

Joseph gave a short laugh, and looked round involuntarily. "That is Marian, is it not?"

Are you sure no one hears us? Well, then, look here."

And getting up cautiously he stretched himself to his full height, made a few steps on tip-toe with so much strength and vigour that the lameness seemed to have disappeared as by magic.

"You have deceived me," whispered Marian.

"And you have deceived me," answered her brother, instantly resuming his position of helplessness. "I trusted blindly to your promise. But have you come to help me or not?"

"I have, but I scarcely know how."

"Oh, I know that," said he; "now, answer me quickly, what is the strength of the garrison?"

"Three hundred, all told."

"And how many sentries are out at night?"

"Thirty, changing every two hours with another thirty."

Continuing thus rapidly to ask and receive answers which Marian imagined her brother wanted for his escape, he was in the course of a few minutes thoroughly acquainted with the internal arrangements, the strong parts and unguarded points of the citadel.

"That will do," he whispered cheerfully, "you are a good sister, Marian, and I promise when the hour comes you shall not be forgotten. Now tell me one thing more. Yonder window has a water-pipe underneath strong enough to hold me. If so, where does it lead to?"

"To the flat roof of the hay-lofts, and from thence you can jump on to the dung-heap, not more than twelve or fourteen feet, and little climbing will bring you to the same place where you saw Solms this morning. Here is a little clasp-knife which I shall throw you, pick it up quickly and cut yourself loose. Make your way out, for I fear you would get but little mercy here. Father is furious, and will hear nothing of you. I should like to embrace you for once, and beg you to be good in future, but I must not. Good-by, and may we meet in a better and happier place."

With silent steps Marian retreated from the little aperture in the wainscoting and left the prisoner to himself. For several hours he sat quietly, occasionally muttering "Little fool," until the midnight hour had struck. Then he opened the little knife, cut the cord, rose, and looked round him.

It was found next morning that the prisoner had escaped. How, nobody knew, and nobody ever discovered. The strong cord by which his hands had been tied was found by the side of

his crutches under the form on which the sentry saw him apparently asleep. But the window was open, and the water-pipe showed traces of his flight. The rest was a mystery. Suspicions of course at once fell upon poor Marian, whose pale looks and red eyes next morning might indeed have confirmed them. But her answers were so calm, and her account of herself so reasonable, that even the sergeant Fellsper, pitying her in his heart, found no reason to think evil of her, and after a few days the theory that the fellow after all was a harmless wretch who had sought to earn an honest living gained ground amongst the garrison.

Not so with Marian. The roses did not return to her cheeks, and her eye lost the merry though modest look that had rendered it so attractive. There was a pensive and at the same time startled expression in her face that proceeded from inward restlessness. And indeed she was restless. The words, "When the hour comes you shall not be forgotten," haunted her. She felt now unmistakably that Joseph had cruelly deceived her. His poverty, his repentance, his lameness, were all deception, and she sometimes glowed with indignation when she thought how much of the castle's secrets she had revealed to him. What hour was coming? and how could she not be forgotten? She burned to tell her mother, but her mother, frightened by the issue of the momentary deception to which she had given her consent, had given her daughter a severe lecture, and professed her determination to tell everything to her husband which she might hereafter get to know. Thus driven within herself poor Marian lingered on in anxious suspense, trembling at every rumour of treason or rebellion that came to her from outside.

One afternoon, about a fortnight after Joseph's escape, while she was bargaining with the ordinary purveyor, he put into her hand with a very knowing look a small piece of paper tightly folded. Marian grasped it involuntarily, and took it to her room to read it. It contained these words:—"To-night at twelve, at the eastern outwork, be ready for us, for none of the others shall escape, Joseph." The dreadful dream had at last come true. Through her instrumentality an attack was to be made on the point which she remembered to have indicated as being somewhat remote and guarded by but one sentry. In such supreme moments the female mind argues but little. All her suffering and repentance for the foolish step she had committed, mingled with a still lingering love for her unfortunate brother, a desire to save her friends inside and him outside from

a horrible encounter, made her take a sudden resolution. Without mentioning her object to her mother, she obtained permission to visit her aunt in the city that night. She had speedily clothed herself as thickly as possible, and wrote a short note to the governor, in which she told him in guarded terms what he had to fear. This note she handed to the colonel's private servant, and hastily left the citadel.

The rest is but imperfectly known. It is certain that a party of conspirators had gathered outside the citadel to the number of 500, headed by three daring Spanish noblemen, and Joseph as guide. That in the midst of their silent march they were stopped by a young girl, who warned them not to proceed, as everything inside the citadel was ready to beat them off. That she besought the guide Joseph to fly for safety as she had betrayed his plan, a story which he would not listen to. At last, when she found that arguments and beseeching were of no avail, she had cried in an excited manner that through her the citadel should not be taken by the enemies of her country, and drawing a pistol from her pocket had fired it in the air. A tremendous volley from the walls of the lunette, and a well-organized rush from the garrison, was the answer. A fearful fight ensued, in which both parties paid heavily with their blood. Among the dead next day there was found the body of poor Marian, with a calm smile of contentment upon her pale lips. Half the garrison wept as she was buried, and the simple cross that was erected on her grave—for they would have her buried within the walls—was bought by the hard-earned pence of the rough fellows who had found in her the only link to a life of more gentleness and purity than they ever knew before or afterwards.

RELEASED.

A little low-ceiled room. Four walls
Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
Of God's great globe, that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
And therein lying, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
No queen more careless in her state,
Hands crossed in an unbroken calm;
For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;
Put by each coarse, intrusive sign;
She made a Sabbath when she died,
And round her breathes a rest divine.

Put by at last, beneath the lid,
The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
Oft from that threshold, on the night;
The narrow bourne she crosseth now;
She standeth in the Eternal light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
Those broken steps that reach the door;
Henceforth, with angels, she shall tread
Heaven's golden stair for evermore!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

During the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyars withdrew to their country-houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement, with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body-guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favouritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretension to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves by clandestine disobedience.

On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest, or press, in the corner of her room, and

closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed without intimating any suspicion.

Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter, conscious that detection must be her ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which invited trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there: and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard, even to a Russian female, little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of uncorrupted nature is itself delicate, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress with an air of humble respect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her questions, except that "All was safe." She put a ring containing a rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city, with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt—"The vengeance of a Strelitz." The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz regiment by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription; and the

friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna, though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favourite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flagon, he saw a man standing near his hearth in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and a black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably show. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice, when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question.

"Have you no name?"

"None, Boyar, fitting you to know!—You have a daughter: I desire a wife; and you have only to name the price you claim for her."

The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants.

"Sound it, if you will," said the strange visitor, "your servants will have no ears, and mine have more than an equal number of hands. Mierenhoff! recollect this badge"—and as he spoke he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented in his arm.

At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal for a wife, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, full of astonishment and dismay, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter."

"I understand your fears, Mierenhoff; your daughter herself shall determine, if I am allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour." Some more conversation passed, which determined Mierenhoff's compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his

guest, rose suddenly from his chair. "I do not ask you," he said, "to conduct me to your daughter's apartment—I know where it is situated, and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here patiently till my return. *You dare not follow me.*"

He spoke truth; and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of the stranger's steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate staircases that led to Feodorowna's chamber.

The young countess was alone in sorrowful thought when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father's life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own; adding, "You are no stranger to the *vengeance of a Strelitz.*"

Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstances of Biron's death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar's presence, and announced his daughter's assent. It was agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his bride from her father's roof, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him, nor visit her oftener than once in every month. He made a further condition, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these, and to any other conditions, Mierenhoff would have acceded willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a timepiece which ornamented the Boyar's table.

"I depend on your honour; and if I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand before you quit your seat after I am gone."

So saying, he disappeared, and the father-in-law elect of this mysterious man remained stupid with consternation and amaze till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly, yet not cruel, and ambitious, without sufficient

craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz faction to know that his own danger would be equally great whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government. This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain, and by a mist which magnified, while it confused his fears. The Countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pelisse, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden pang of remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises.

"Depend on my word," he added, "you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias."

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes, which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure and skill in political intrigue, had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, and the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist was worthy to bind an empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper-table, and departed before daylight; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed entire ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very strictly. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute; and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from questions, and to respect the mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually, and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied tem-

perance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said,

"Do you know, Feodore, I had never seen or desired to see you, if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards. He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Athelwold to the island-king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike."

At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the secret hope this speech justified. He spoke of *his* guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince. The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cognac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crowed and day was breaking; but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty.

Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the desperate plots of the Strelitz faction. She covered herself in a common woollen garment and a peasant's hood, determining to seek the emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen and visited the hut of his Tartar servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three rubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand.

"This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!" said the young countess, "and I may never repay you."

"No, not all," he answered; "I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey." There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master.

The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the emperor was absent from his palace. "What is your business with him?" asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress near one of the

gates. Feodorowna answered that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the captain of the guards appeared.

"That would avail nothing," said she: "I must see him and deliver this paper into his own hands."

"Why not into mine?" returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck.

"Keep that blow in mind, my good friend," said the thief, laughing, "I shall not forget my part of the debt." And silyly twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father. Presently the artisan returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered:—

"The emperor is in the guard-house, follow me!"

There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. "Be of good cheer, Feodorowna! your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded."

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, beckoned her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognized, stood near a couch on which a young man sat with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well-made; his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man, whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the group, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them.

Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself

to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, "Does your highness know this woman?" He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from *that* only.

Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong, stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of this unknown prisoner; and her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance; and the standers-by having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They, with Feodorowna, were then left alone in the room, until a signal-bell had sounded twice. A man whom she knew to be Field-Marshal Wreyde entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand and emptied it to the last drop. While he held it to his lips, the bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him—

"I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution."

Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the

velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where, a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented to her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

"The widow of Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum less than the most sacred and distinguished convent of the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be their leader. Nor can a woman, bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father, whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a public execution, and gave him a title to the tears of a lawful widow."

Thus perished Alexis, heir apparent of the widest empire and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe. The decree that consigned him to death was passed in the senate-house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces, and others of inferior degree, unanimously; but referring the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combining the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alraschid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge. But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner; and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear, at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar, with his Czarina Catherine, attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once on his way from Moscow to Novogorod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rashbonicks, and leaping from his sledge, with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his

destitute subjects. The emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the governor of Novogorod, bade him go, and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts, either of honour or of justice.

COUSIN WINNIE.

[Gerald Massey, poet, born at Tring, Hertfordshire, 29th May, 1828. His chief works are: *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*; *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love*; *The War Waits*; *Craigerook Castle*; *Havelock's March*; and *A Tale of Eternity*, and other poems. He has also written works on *The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets*; and *Concerning Spiritualism*. An edition of his collected poems, in two volumes, is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., under the title of *My Lyric Life*. The following poem is included in the first volume. The *Athenæum* says: "In Mr. Massey we have a genuine songster—a man whose imagination throws out images in sonorous words, each full and fitting to the other perfectly, so that sound and image seem identical".]

The glad spring-green grows luminous
With coming Summer's golden glow;
Merry Birds sing as they sang to us
In far-off seasons, long ago:
The old place brings the young Dawn back,
That moist eyes mirage in their dew;
My heart goes forth along the track
Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.
A world of Time, a sea of change,
Have rolled between the paths we tread,
Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

There's where I nearly broke my neck,
Climbing for nests! and hid my pain:
And then I thought your heart would break,
To have the Birds put back again.
Yonder, with lordliest tenderness,
I carried you across the Brook;
So happy in my arms to press
You, triumphing in your timid look:
So lovingly you leaned to mine
Your cheek of sweet and dusky red:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

My Being in your presence bask'd,
And kitten-like for pleasure purr'd;
A higher heaven I never ask'd,
Than watching, wistful as a bird,
To hear that voice so rich and low;
Or sun me in the rosy rise
Of some soul-ripening smile, and know
The thrill of opening paradise.
The Boy might look too tenderly,
All lightly 'twas interpreted:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

Ay me, but I remember how
I felt the heart-break, bitterly,
When the Well-handle smote your brow,
Because the blow fell not on me!
Such holy longing fill'd my life,
I could have died, Dear, for your sake;
But, never thought of you as Wife;
A cure to clasp for love's heart-ache.
You enter'd my soul's temple, Dear,
Something to worship, not to wed:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I saw you, heaven on heaven higher.
Grow into stately womanhood;
Your beauty kindling with the fire
That swims in proud old English blood.
Away from me,—a radiant joy!
You soar'd; fit for a Hero's bride:
While I a Man in soul, a Boy
In stature, shiver'd at your side!
You saw not how the poor wee love
Pined dumbly, and thus doubly pled:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

And then that other voice came in!
There my Life's music suddenly stopp'd,
Silence and darkness fell between
Us, and my Star from heaven dropp'd.
I led Him by the hand to you—
He was my Friend—whose name you bear:
I had prayed for some great task to do,
To prove my love. I did it, Dear!
He was not jealous of poor me;
Nor saw my life bleed under his tread:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I smiled, Dear, at your happiness—
So Martyrs smile upon the spears—
The smile of your reflected bliss
Flasht from my heart's dark tarn of tears!
In love, that made the suffering sweet,
My blessing with the rest was given—
"*God's softest flowers kiss her feet*
On Earth, and crown her head in Heaven."
And lest the heart should leap to tell
Its tale i' the eyes, I bow'd the head:
You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I do not blame you, Darling mine;
You could not know the love that lurkt
To make my life so intertwine
With yours, and with mute mystery workt.
And, had you known, how distantly
Your calm eyes would have lookt it down,

Darkling with all the majesty
 Of Midnight wearing her star-crown!
 Into its virgin veil of cloud,
 The startled dearness would have fled.
 You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I stretch my hand across the years;
 Feel, Dear, the heart still pulses true:
 I have often dropp'd internal tears,
 Thinking the kindest thoughts of you.
 I have fought like one in iron, they said,
 Who through the battle follow'd me.
 I struck the blows for you, and bled
 Within my armour secretly.
 Not caring for the cheers, my heart
 Far into the golden time had fled:
 You were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I sometimes see you in my dreams,
 Asking for aid I may not give:
 Down from your eyes the sorrow streams,
 And helplessly I look and grieve
 At arms that toss with wild heartache,
 And secrets writhing to be told:
 I start to hear your voice, and wake.
 There's nothing but the moaning cold!
 Sometimes I pillow in mine arms
 The darling little rosy head.
 You are my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
 Am your "*own little, good little Ned*."

I wear the name of Hero now,
 And flowers at my feet are cast;
 I feel the crown about my brow—
 So keen the thorns that hold it fast!
 Ay me, and I would rather wear
 The cooling green and luminous glow
 Of one you made with Cowslips, Dear,
 A many golden Springs ago.
 Your gentle fingers did not give
 This ache of heart, this throb of head,
 When you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

Unwearying, lonely, year by year,
 I go on laying up my love,
 I think God makes no promise here
 But it shall be fulfilled above;
 I think my wild weed of the waste
 Will one day prove a flower most sweet;
 My love shall bear its fruit at last—
 'Twill all be righted when we meet;
 And I shall find them gather'd up
 In pearls for you—the tears I've shed
 Since you were my "*Cousin Winnie*," and I
 Was your "*own little, good little Ned*."

THE HUMOROUS MAN.¹

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth, unlike those of Monsieur Melancholy (whose mouth has a "downward drag austere"), curl upward like a Spaniard's mustachios. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He *will* not see what men have to care for, beyond to-day; and is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is also for a new reading of Jonson's old play of "*Every man in his Humour*;" he would have it "*Every man in Humour*." He leaves money and misery to misers; ambition and blood to warriors and highwaymen; fame to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs to proud worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. He says that if he could allow himself to sigh about anything, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for anything, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and lament less. Yet he hath tears for the orphan and the unhappy; but his tears die even where they are born—in his "heart of hearts;" he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him the difference between poverty and riches, between wealth and want, and moves his heart to pity and his hand to charity. He loves no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serves him for the kindling of his wit, as cold flints strike out sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all men and on

¹ From "The Posthumous Papers, Facetious and Fanciful, of a Person lately about Town." London.

all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed wretch of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was offering him the retreat honourable, with a polite "After you, sir, if you would oblige me." I settled the point of etiquette by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend for my impatient inhumanity. It must have been my humorous friend, and not the atrabilious Bard of Twickenham, who, coming to a corn-field, pulled off his hat, and bowing profoundly, requested of his wheaten audience, that, as he was a poor poet, they would lend him their ears.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of puppyism in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great-coat to be a modern *Spenser*, in folio, with *tail pieces*. He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business, because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to convince the Romans that he was not a lame poet. He describes critics to be a sort of doorkeepers to the temple of Fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones—not that they always perform this duty honestly.

He is a polite man, though a wit—which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomous weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, had his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man that he is naturally, not artificially polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt felt for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any other amiable quality. Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is the only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and bending the back very humorously. In walking through his garden,

a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was immediately off, and the bow returned with an old-school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would perhaps have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow notions of manners. In this spirit I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants as he passed under St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend what was the hour; but before he could reply the giants had informed him; "Thank you, gentlemen," said he, bowing to them with a graceful humour.

At dinner there is but one glass on the table: his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence;—"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing he will request you, as you love a clean conscience, to make no thumb-and-butter references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "art of book-keeping," which has superseded the "Italian method," namely, of never returning the books you borrow?

His wit is what he describes the true wit to be; it is brilliant and playful as a fencing foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to portray my humorous friend. His likeness cannot be taken; you might as well hope to paint theameleon of yesterday by the cameleon of to-day; or ask it as a particular favour of a flash of lightning to sit for half an hour for a whole-length portrait; or Porteus to stand while you chiselled out a personification of Immutability. I cannot reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "flashings and outbreaks of his fiery mind," when he is in what he terms "excellent fooling" (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follow sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-be-thumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan.

This is the humorous, and therefore happy man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek? When fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her? it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully; it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, single-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.

ANSTER FAIR.

[William Tennant, born in Anstruther, Fife, 1784; died 15th October, 1848. In early childhood he lost the use of his feet, and he was compelled to use crutches all his life. This misfortune left him little choice of a profession, and his brightest prospect was to become the teacher of a country school. He possessed a natural aptitude for the acquirement of languages, and almost unaided made himself master of the classic, the principal modern and eastern tongues. In 1835 he was appointed professor of oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews. He was the author of several valuable educational works, and of a number of poems and dramas. He is best known, however, by his *Anster Fair*, which first appeared in 1812. It is a humorous poem, descriptive of Scottish manners, with the Fair and "Maggie Lauder" as the leading theme. The events are supposed to take place in the time of James V., although anachronisms are avowedly introduced to heighten the fun by their incongruity.]

Say Muse, who first, who last, on foot or steed
Came candidates for MAGGIE to her town?
St Andrews' sprightly students first proceed.
Clad in their foppery of sleeveless gown;
Forth whistling from Salvador's gate they speed
Full many a mettlesome and fiery lion,
Forgetting Horace for a while and Tully,
And mad t' embag their limbs and leap it beautifully.

For ev'n in Learning's cobweb'd halls had rung
The loud report of MAGGIE LAUDER's fame,
And Pedantry's Greek-conning clumsy tongue,
In songs had wagg'd, in honour of her name;
Up from their mouldy books and tasks had sprung
Bigent and Magstrand to try the game;
Prelections ceas'd; old Alma Mater slept,
And o'er his silent rooms the ghost of Wardlaw wept.

So down in troops the red-clad students come
As kittens blithe, a joke-exchanging crew,
And in their heads bear learned Greece and Rome,
And haply Cyprus in their bodies too;
Some on their journey pipe and play; and some
Talk long of MAG, how fair she was to view,
And as they talk (ay me! so much the sadder)
Backwards they scale the steps of honest Plato's ladder.¹

Next from the well-air'd ancient town of Crail,
Go out her craftsmen with tumultuous din,
Her wind-bleach'd fishers, sturdy-limb'd and hale,
Her in-kneed taylors, garrulous and thin;
And some are flush'd with horns of pithy ale,
And some are fierce with drams of smuggled gin,
While, to augment his drowth, each to his jaws
A good Crail's capon² holds, at which he rugs and gnaws.

¹ The student wishing to understand this ladder may consult Plato. *Conviv.* tom. 3, page 211 of Serrani's edit.

² A Crail's capon is a dried haddock.

And from Kingsharns and hamlet³ clep'd of boars,
And farms around (their names too long to add)
Sally the villagers and hinds in scores,
Tenant, and laird, and hedger, hoddan-clad.
Bolted are all the East-nook houses' doors;
Ev'n toothless wives pass westward, tott'ring glad,
Propping their trem'lous limbs on oaken stay,
And in their red plaids dress'd as if 'twere Sabbath day.

And bare-foot lasses, on whose ruddy face
Unfur'd is health's rejoicing banner seen,
Trick'd in their Sunday mitches edg'd with lace,
Tippets of white, and frocks of red and green,
Come tripping o'er the roads with jocund pace,
Gay as May-morning, tidy, gin, and clean;
Whilst joggling at each wench's side, her joe
Cracks many a rustic joke, his pow'r of wit to show.

Then justling forward on the western road,
Approach the folk of wind-swept Pittenweem,
So num'rous that the highways, long and broad,
One waving field of gowns and coat-tails seem.
The fat man puffing goes, oppress'd with load
Of cumb'rous flesh and corpulence extreme:
The lean man bounds along, and, with his toes,
Snites on the fat man's heels that slow before him goes.

St. Monance, Elie, and adjacent farms,
Turn their mechanics, fishers, farmers, out;
Sun-burnt and shoeless school-boys rush in swarms,
With childish trick, and revelry and shout:
Mothers bear little children in their arms,
Attended by their giggling daughters stout;
Clowns, cobblers, cotters, tanners, weavers, beaux,
Hurry and hop along in clusters and in rows.

And every husbandman, round Largo-law,
Hath scrap'd his huge-wheel'd dung-cart fair and clean,
Wherein, on sacks stuff'd full of oaten straw,
Sits the goodwife, Tam, Katey, Jock, and Jean;
In flow'rs and ribbons drest the horses draw
Stoutly their creaking, cumbersome machine.
As, on his cart-head, sits the Goodman proud,
And cheerily cracks his whip and whistles clear and loud.

Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
Her subterranean men of colour dun,
Poor human mould-warps, doom'd to scrape in earth,
Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun;
Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
They march, most sourly leering every one,
Yet very keen, at Anster loan to share
The merriments and sports to be accomplish'd there.

Nor did Path-head detain her wrangling race
Of weavers, toiling at their looms for bread;
For now their slippery shuttles rest a space
From flying through their labyrinths of thread;
Their treadle-shaking feet now sour apace
Thro' Gallow town with levity of tread;

³ Boar hills.

So on they pass, with sack in hand, full bent
To try their sinews' strength in dire experiment.

And long Kirkcaldy from each dirty street
Her num'rous population eastward throws,
Her roguish boys with bare unstocking'd feet,
Her rich ship-owners, gen'rous and jocose,
Her prosp'rous merchants, sober and discreet,
Her coxcombs pantaloon'd, and powder'd beaux,
Her pretty lasses tripping on their great toes,
With skins as white as milk or any boil'd potatoes.

And from Kinghorn jump hastily along
Her ferrymen and poor inhabitants:
And the upland¹ hamlet, where, as told in song,
Tam Lutar play'd of yore his lively rants,
Is left dispeopl'd of her brose-fed throng,
For eastward scud they now as thick as ants;
Dunfermline, too, so fam'd for checks and ticks,
Sends out her loom-bred men with bags and walking-sticks.

And market-maids, and apron'd wives, that bring
Their ginger-bread in baskets to the FAIR,
And cadgers with their creels, that hang by string
From their lean horse-ribs, rubbing off the hair,
And crook-legg'd cripples, that on crutches swing
Their shabby persons with a noble air,
And fiddlers, with their fiddles in their cases,
And packmen, with their packs of ribbons, gauze, and laces.

And from Kinross, whose dusty streets, unpav'd,
Are whirl'd through heav'n on summer's windy day,
Whose plats of cabbage-bearing ground are lav'd
By Leven's waves, that clear as crystal play,
Jog her brisk burghers, spruce and cleanly shav'd,
Her sullen cutlers and her weavers gay,
Her ploughboys in their botch'd and clumsy jackets,
Her clowns, with cobbled shoon stuck full of iron tackets.

Next ride on sleek-man'd horses, bay or brown,
Smacking their whips and spurring bloodily,
The writers of industrious Cupar town,
Good social mortals, skill'd the pen to ply;
Lo! how their garments, as they gallop down,
Waving behind them, in the breezes fly;
As upward spurn'd to heav'n's blue bending roof,
Dash'd is the dusty road from every bounding hoof.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

MARTIAL translated by COWLEY.

¹ Leslie.

GRACE HUNTLEY.

[Mrs. Anna Maria Hall, born in Wexford, 1805, died in 1881. She married, in 1824, Mr. S. C. Hall, the originator and editor of the *Art Journal* and many other important works. In conjunction with her husband, she composed and edited about 300 volumes. Amongst her miscellaneous writings she has produced many books for children, and temperance tales—having powerfully advocated the temperance movement throughout her literary life. Her chief works are: *Sketches of Irish Character*; *Chronicles of a Schoolroom*; *The Buccaneer*; *The Outlaw*, a tale of the reign of James II.; *Uncle Horace*; *Lights and Shadows of Irish Character*; *The Groves of Blarney*; *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*—translated into German and Dutch; *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*; *The White Boy*; *A Woman's Story*; *Can Wrong be Right?* *The Fight of Faith*; *Tales of Woman's Trials*, &c. &c. From the latter work we are permitted to quote the following tale. The late Lord Lytton said he considered "*Grace Huntley* one of the best short stories ever written." A dramatic version of the story was produced at the Adelphi Theatre with great success, Mrs. Yates playing the heroine. The *Dublin University Magazine* said of the *Tales of Woman's Trials*, "There is about them a still and a solemn and holy beauty that is worthy of the sacred subject which they illustrate."]

[Grace was the only child of Abel Darley the schoolmaster of Craythorpe. Mrs. Darley had died a few weeks after the birth of her daughter; but Grace, under her father's care, had grown up a pure-minded and generous-hearted girl. She married Joseph Huntley, the handsomest youth in the village; but he was also one of the idlest. Soon Grace was compelled to own that the evil reports about Joseph, to which she had long refused credence, were not unfounded. Her husband was self-indulgent, and too fond of the ale-house. In the course of a few years she was subjected to many painful trials and to much disgrace. Still she strove hard to do her duty as a wife and mother: misery schooled her still more in the ways of virtue.]

In less than eight years after their marriage, her little family were entirely dependent upon her for support. The workshop, filled with implements and materials for labour, had passed into other hands; and the pretty cottage, with its little flower-garden, was tenanted by a more industrious master. For months together Joseph used to absent himself from home, under the pretext of seeking employment. So ruined was his reputation, that no one in his own neighbourhood would intrust him with work; and he was but too willing to follow the wandering bent of his disordered mind. How he was really occupied during these excursions was a profound secret even to his wife. Some-

times he returned well dressed, and with plenty of money, which he would lavish foolishly, in sudden fits of affection, upon his children. On other occasions he appeared with hardly sufficient clothes to cover him—poor, and suffering bodily and mental misery. Then, when from *her* earnings he was provided and fed, he would again go forth, and neither be seen nor heard of for many months.

When chid by her neighbours for the kindness with which she treated this reckless spendthrift, she would reply calmly, "He is my husband—the father of my children; and, as such, can I see him want?"

From the very day she had parted with her first portion of dress to pay the baker's bill, she had toiled unceasingly with her own hands for the benefit of her family. Mrs. Craddock could no longer say that she was unskilled in woman's craft; to the astonishment of all, in a little time she was the most exquisite needlewoman in the neighbourhood. Nothing came amiss in the way of labour. Long before daylight she was busied with her housewifery—the earliest smoke of the village was from the chimney of her neat though plain and scantily-furnished cottage; and so punctual was she in her engagements, that "As true as Grace Huntley" became a proverb in Craythorpe. Humble yet exalted distinction!—one that all desire—so few deserve!

One evening, after a sad interview with her father, Grace returned to her own cottage. Ere she had crossed the threshold, a voice, whose tones could not be mistaken, thrilled to her heart. It was that of her husband! He was standing before the fire, holding his hands over the flame; his figure seemed more muscular than ever, but its fine proportions were lost in the appearance of increased and (if the term may be used) coarse strength. His hair hung loosely over his brows, so as to convey the idea of habitual carelessness; and his tattered garments bespoke the extreme of poverty. He turned slowly round, as the exclamation of "Mother, dear mother!" burst from the lips of Josephine, who had been gazing from a corner at her father, more than half afraid to approach him.

One look—and one only—was enough to stifle all reproach, and stir up the affection of Grace's heart. Want was palpably stamped upon his countenance; and, as her eye glanced rapidly over his figure, she shuddered at the alteration which a few months had accomplished. For some moments neither spoke; at last he advanced and held out his hand to her: as he walked she perceived that his feet

were shoeless and bleeding. All his faults, his cruelties, were forgotten—she only remembered that he suffered, and was her husband; and she fell upon his bosom and wept bitterly.

Whatever were the sins of Joseph Huntley, either before or after this period of his life, it is but justice to him to believe that the tears he that night mingled with his wife's were those of a contrite heart. When she asked him how and where he had spent his time during the past months, he entreated her to forbear such questions for a little while, and that then he would satisfy her: but the period never came; and the dislike he evinced to afford her any information on the subject, together with his speedy relapse into intemperate and dissolute habits, checked her inquiries, and renewed her fears for the future well-doing of her eldest son.

In the vicinity of gentlemen's seats there are always a proportionate number of poachers; and it requires more than magisterial vigilance to restrain their devastations. Although it was impossible to fix a stigma of this kind on any particular person in the village of Craythorpe, there were two men, basket-makers by trade, who were strongly suspected of such practices. John and Sandy Smith lived together in a wretched hut on the skirts of Craythorpe Common. No one knew whence they came. Lonely and reserved in their habits, they seldom mingled with the villagers. Little children loved not their approach; and the large Newfoundland dog at the "Swinging Hen" would never form acquaintance with them or their mongrel lurcher: the latter, to confess the truth, was as reserved as his masters, and made but few friendly overtures towards the nobler animal. The only thing connected with the strangers that made a respectable appearance was a fleet and firm-footed black pony, which they maintained and treated with great care, for the ostensible purpose of hawking their brooms through the country; but people did talk; and, indeed, it was difficult to account for various petty peculations that had occurred; or how the landlord of the same "Swinging Hen" obtained his exquisite French brandy. Grace learned with regret that an acquaintance had commenced, and quickly ripened into intimacy, between her husband and these men. Joseph was no sooner clothed and reinstated in his humble cottage, than his bad habits returned and his evil propensities grew stronger and stronger.

Yet the ill-temper so constantly manifested towards his wife and younger children was never extended to his eldest boy, who, happy

in the removal of all restraint, and heedless of the misery his conduct inflicted on his aged grandfather, flung aside his books, and, careless of his mother's injunctions, appealed to a higher power when he was reproved for his frequently repeated faults. He galloped on the Smiths' pony, and made friends with their dog Covey: began by shooting sparrows and titmice with bow and arrows, and ended by bringing home a hare as a present to his mother, which she resolutely refused to dress, notwithstanding the entreaties of the son and the commands of his father.

"Did you see or take any silver away from hence?" inquired Grace, who had been anxiously occupied in looking over her small chest of drawers.

"How could we get at the drawer, mother?" replied Abel quickly, but reddening at the same time.

"Oh, Abel!" exclaimed Josephine.

"If you have taken the money, tell the truth," enjoined his mother, in her clear, quiet voice.

Abel made a sign of silence to his little sister. "Why should I take it?" he said sullenly at last.

"Abel, Abel!" screamed Josephine, attempting to put her hand on his mouth at the same time, "God will hate you if you lie! I saw you take the money—all mother's white shillings; but I thought she bid you do so."

Grace turned slowly round from the table; her face was of an unearthly paleness; no word, no sound passed from between her parted lips; but she stood, like the cold fixed statue of Despair, gazing upon her children. Josephine rose, and climbing on the table, endeavoured to win her mother's attention. Gerald, the sickly brother, getting up from his chair, clasped and kissed her hand. With Abel, there was a struggle—not of long duration, but nevertheless powerful—the struggle of bad habit with good principle; the latter conquered, and he fell at his mother's feet.

"Forgive me—forgive me! God knows I am sorry. It was not for myself I took it—father told me—"

"Hush!" interrupted Grace, "do not say that before these"—and she pointed to the children; adding, with great presence of mind, "It was your father's money, if it was mine, Abel; but you were wrong in not telling me of it. There, Josephine and Gerald, go into the lane, if you will; I wish to speak to your brother."

With almost inconceivable agony, this ex-

cellent woman learned that her son was far gone in falsehood. His heart was opened by the sight of his mother's distress; and it takes time to make a practised deceiver. With the earnestness of truth, he poured forth the wicked knowledge he had acquired; and Grace shuddered, while she prayed that the Almighty would watch over her son in this sore and dangerous extremity.

And now came one of her bitterest trials. She had guarded Abel from the effect of his father's sin, as an angel watches over the destinies of a beloved object,—unceasingly, but unseen. She had never alluded to her husband's faults, nor even to his unkindness, before her children; yet now the time had arrived when she must rend the veil—she must expose his shame; and to whom?—to his own son! Now it became her duty—her painful but imperative duty—to caution Abel openly against his own father—against his influences and habits; and to show the child that the parent was guiding him in the way that leadeth to destruction.

If anything like justice has been done to the development of Grace Huntley's character, this sacrifice will be appreciated. How many a deed of unostentatious but devoted virtue is performed beneath a peasant's roof—amid the lanes and alleys of humble life, unknown to, or unheeded by, the world!

Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct; indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me?" he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph," was her meek but firm reply: whereupon he swore a bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him, and dared her interference.

"As sure as you are a living woman," he continued—with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—"as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this! I see the way to punish your wilfulness: if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes! You may look for them in vain, until (he added with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the Newgate Calendar."

That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money.

The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless, heavy kind which yields no refreshment; once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream—or was it, indeed, reality—and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room—“Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing, speak!” There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled—and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin! She opened the door and looked out upon the night; it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature; her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears—“One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!” Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips: like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated again and again the emphatic appeal, “Lord, save me; I perish!” until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly

the moon was now shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its firmness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room—dressed—and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smiths' dwelling on Craythorpe Common.

The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and at one particular point intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey the lurcher uttered, from the inside, a sharp, muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had, certainly, been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table and two or three dilapidated chairs; there was also a fowling-piece lying across the table; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather: she climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the lookout ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the cabin had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form; he surveyed the spot, however, without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place; and, crawling

along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger.

Merciful powers!—had Grace Huntley suffered so long, so patiently, only to witness such a scene! She almost wished that God in his mercy had stricken her with blindness; she prayed for insensibility—for death—for anything save the knowledge now imparted with such fearful truth. Would that it were a dream! But no—the horrid proofs were before her eyes—in her ears; and the one drop of comfort, the only one, was the information that her son had returned home by a shorter path—that the ruffians feared yet (oh, the import, the dreadful import, that little word carried with it)—that they feared *yet* to trust him with all their secrets: they feared to bring him *yet* to their den.

"Then there is hope for my poor child," she thought, "and I can—I *will* save him!" With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of food and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

The first gray uncertain light of morning was visible through the old church-yard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

"I will sleep, Grace," he said, when their meal was finished—"I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast." He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remembered that, as she passed out of the

cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huntley," said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock. "Have you heard the news? Ah! bad people going—"

"True, true!" replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards, "I know—I heard it all—"

Mrs. Craddock looked after her; surprised at her abruptness.

"I was coming down to you, Grace," said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; "I wished to see if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holiday, I thought—"

"Come with me," interrupted Grace, "come with me, father; and we will make a rare holiday."

She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and as the man spoke, the study door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"Come back with me, sir!" exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; "I can tell you all you want to know."

The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. "I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel," she continued, in a suppressed, tremulous voice; "not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad."

She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him and at his daughter with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"Back, back, I say," she repeated, "I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott," she continued, closing the door, "hear me while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed."

"I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think they call themselves; yet they are but

two. Now, we have abundant proof that *three* men absolutely entered the house——”

“There *was* a third,” murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

“Who?”

“My—my—my husband!” and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould. “We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott,” he said, “and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction——”

“It was to save my children from sin,” exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all: “God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread; I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie, to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me——”

“I knew there must have been a fourth,” interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly; “we must have the boy also secured.”

The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild’s danger or disappearance—he knew not which—took possession of his mind; and filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated;

and, respectfully uncovering his gray hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonized iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate:—

“I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour.”

He repeated this sentence at least half-a-dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and in his stentorian tone bawled out, “And who are you?”

“The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman’s father—and one whose heart is broken!”

So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

He walked boldly up to the magistrate’s table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her, he started back, saying, “Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman.”

“Nor have we,” replied Sir Thomas; “she is your accuser!”

The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. “She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!” he answered firmly.

“Grace!” exclaimed her father, joyfully, “here is the child Abel—he is found!” and seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, he led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband; and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner; but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intensely fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village, and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison,

Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips without articulating a syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes at last encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children!" was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

About fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of "Merrie England," to some land far over sea. The ocean was calm and clear—so very calm that it reflected, as if from a solid surface, every vapour that floated along the heavens; it was like sailing into a new world—a creation whose laws and boundaries must remain for ever unknown to us. How exciting to imagination! So many fantastic forms revelled beneath the transparent crystal, huge rocks looking like castles, exaggerated by the watery distance; bleak Alpine landscapes stretching far away; and then the monsters of the deep moving in the solemn majesty of silence!—living things, without one sympathy for the earth about them; without a single feeling that we can comprehend!—it may be, if our eyes do not weary, that, in fancy, we gaze deeper down, and strange unearthly forms are succeeded by deeps on deeps—the very eternity of waters!—where we can see nothing but the blue abyss!—down—down—down! It is a fearful thing to pass over their mysteries—a great lesson—this teaching us how little we really know of what exists around us—of the marvels that "compass us in on every side,"—of the mighty miracles that are working day by day, night by night,

in the infinity of space. Many of the passengers on board this vessel laughed and talked, and speculated on the future, as if they already grasped the wealth of the New World, or had altogether forgotten the old: the solitary woman continued to read, and yet there was a sweetness and forbearance in the expression of her countenance which gave assurance that she would close her book and reply, if any choose to question or speak to her. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck, arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, "You bear the voyage well, dame!"

"Thank God, yes, sir!"

"Ah! you will soon wish yourself back in Old England."

"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but duty compelled me."

The gentlemen walked on.

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved, notwithstanding his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them; her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded: so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of ever again beholding its white cliffs."

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

BY JOHN KEATS.

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee mouth sips:
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
 tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

LIFE'S CHASE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULTZE.)

The chief of the huntsman is Death, whose aim
 Soon levels the brave and the craven;
 He crimson the field with the blood of his game,
 But the booty he leaves to the raven.
 Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
 O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
 Man shakes
 And quakes
 At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee;
 Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
 Far better to meet him thus manfully,
 The brave by the side of the brave!
 And when against us he shall turn his brand,
 With his face to his foe let each hero stand,
 And await
 His fate
 From a hero's hand.

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE
MINE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

BEHAVIOUR.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.¹

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
 Build this golden portal;
 Graceful women, chosen men
 Dazzle every mortal:
 Their sweet and lofty countenance
 His enchanting food;
 He need not go to them, their forms
 Beset his solitude.
 He looketh seldom in their face,
 His eyes explore the ground,
 The green grass is a looking-glass
 Whereon their traits are found.
 Little he says to them,
 So dances his heart in his breast,
 Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
 Of wit, of words, of rest.
 Too weak to win, too fond to shun
 The tyrants of his doom,
 The much deceived Endymion
 Slips behind a tomb.

The soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent

¹ See the *Casquet*, p. 227, vol. i. A reviewer in *Blackwood* says, "A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found."

and subtle language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech, and behaviour?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behaviour. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, betters the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them: they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ballroom, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviour not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little expected—a police in citizen's clothes—but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities—but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us, for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty.

Their first service is very low—when they are the minor morals; but 'tis the beginning of civility—to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed, and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness, teach them to stifle the base, and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviours are.

Bad behaviour the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honour to growl at any passer-by, and do the honours of the house by barking him out of sight: I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them, or say something which they do not understand; then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the perse-

vering talker, who gives you his society in large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, who relies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotonous; in short, every stripe of absurdity; these are social inflections which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be intrusted to the restraining force of custom, and proverbs, and familiar rules of behaviour impressed on young people in their school-days. . . .

Manners are partly factitious, but, mainly, there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favour of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man—mathematician, artist, soldier, or merchant—looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child, which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the Emir Abd-el-Kader, "and sprinkle it for a whole year with water;—it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree, and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces, which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles, and announcing to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties, if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmoured eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf,

by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labour, give equal vigour to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michel Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labour).

Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one

thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded broadways, and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be signified in the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history, and his wants. The sculptor, and Winckelmann, and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the

wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter, which he called "*Théorie de la Démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical. But, as it has not been given to man, the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is, that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier; and Saint Simon, and Cardinal de Retz, and Roederer, and an encyclopedia of *Mémoires*, will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus, it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince, that his head had the air of leaning downwards in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland, that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. In "*Notre Dame*," the grandee took his place on the dais, with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eavesdrop at palace-doors. . . .

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure for mutual entertainment in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course, it has every variety of attraction and merit; but, to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed, talkative company, where each is bent to amuse the other—yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air: it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive; I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy, and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly: I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to

serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here comes the sentimentalists and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world, and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote," said Fuseli; "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard: the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behaviour. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile: it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a parish caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia, "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humouredly, "the movers and

masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated."¹

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and inwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'Tis a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrariwise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish, the reality is ever shining. 'Tis hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners, and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character, we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least, it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration"—and these Casandras are always born.

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature for ever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect, is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honour, because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we

¹ Lander: *Pericles and Aspasia*.

visit him, were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action, that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot: go into the house: if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome bouyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi. . . .

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons, there is always a quick intelligence: they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humour of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him, attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying, that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed

to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty, he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve. But his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin school, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus that he had excited the allies to take arms against the republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" "*Utri creditis, Quirites?*" When he had said these words, he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty.

They must always show self-control: you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of: the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now; and

yet I will write it—that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, “When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you.”

As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl’s demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and ’tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class, to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily, and without knowing it, over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable, but undescribable.

LOVE.

In thine April eyes
The watery pearls are set:
For Love?—Oh! sigh no more,
Beautiful Amoret.

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That never will he flee,
So long as he can nurse
In the soul jealousy;

Self-scorn that comes and goes
Doubt which ever flies;
Pale Hope, and radiant tears,
Sad yet pleasant sighs:—

For Love?—so cruel-kind
That seldom will he stay,
While he can leave behind
Remorse and heart decay.

If he cometh not,
The simple joys will rain
Unharming mirth on us:—
But desires vain,

And hot trancing pleasures,
And entangled dreams,
Which the day discovers
Like all idle themes,

Fill his path, and fling—
As the morn-bright hours
In Aurora’s path
Flung the rose-leaf flowers.

These were fresh and fair;
But his upas-leaves
Shed a sweet despair,
Till the wrung heart heaves,

With unmingled pain,
Doubt that never flies,
And desires vain:—
So the lover dies.

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THE FLOATING BEACON.

BY JOHN HOWISON.

One dark and stormy night we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured for more than an hour to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quan-

titles of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our mainsail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatchcs, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, requesting that he would follow us without delay.

"How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?" cried he, staggering forwards. "This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!"

"No, no," returned one of the crew, "we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Bear a hand there, or we'll leave you behind."

"Captain, you are drunk," said another; "you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey us now."

"Silence! mutinous villain," answered the captain. "What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze: up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye."

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset if we did not immediately row away; but anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length one of the crew leaped on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with

severe punishment if they did not come on board and return to their duty. His manner was so violent that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up and slowly subsided again without breaking. At intervals our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained for a few moments trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea my heart died within me, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed by their motion that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him; but next moment the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvas disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam-ends, and that the noise to which we listened was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals a shrill and agonized voice uttered

some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were; and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and in a few moments she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light ahead. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but at the moment the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth.

"That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this afternoon. If we can but gain it we'll be safe enough yet."

This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and at the same time a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a

little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance; but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time they started up, and seemed to be on the point of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin-stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words; but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me

to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required by means of ropes and pulleys. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however I gladly retired to the berth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still raged, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norway coast, lying at eleven miles distance, might be dimly seen. Not a bird enlivened the wide expanse of waters, and I turned pondering from the dreary scene and asked Morvalden, the younger of the two men, when he thought there was a chance of getting ashore.

"Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited once a month by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessaries. They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing-boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain in a state of inactive suspense till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so

far as my departure would free them from the expense of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon they employed themselves in trimming the lamps and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in everything.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so sullen and forbidding in her manner that she formed no desirable accession to our party, already so heartless and unsocial in its character.

As night approached, after the long, wearisome, and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. As the light of the lantern flashed along the sea, I fancied I saw men struggling among the billows, and at other times I imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the restless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who traversed the solitary ocean. Though within sight of the shore, our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thousand miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away,

and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair, in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the sky-light, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—

"There's a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of anything—and the woman is as bad as him."

I asked what proof he had of all this.

"Oh, I know it," returned he; "that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife's affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations."

"Why do you not leave the beacon," inquired I, "and abandon your companion and guilty wife?"

"Ah, that is impossible," answered Morvalden; "if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea and the moanings of the wind to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile!—a hopeless, despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard."

"Your lonely situation and inactive life dispose you to give way to these chimeras," said I; "you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren't so bad as you suppose."

VOL. IV.

"This is not a lonely situation," replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. "Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them, or to explain to others what they meant."

"Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination," said I; "there is no reality in the things you have told me."

"Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it," returned Morvalden. "I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us might start up and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship aground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have

courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would that I had no memory! I sometimes think I am going mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence till the period of his watch expired. I then went below and took refuge in my berth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas and dark forebodings expressed by Morvalden weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

[Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused to do. There was a quarrel: Morvalden struck Angerstoff, and Marietta interfered. Thereupon her husband went on deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work he had been engaged in previous to the quarrel.]

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation, and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below.

twelve o'clock Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his berth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my berth and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand.

"Do you hear that?" cried I.

"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."

"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.

"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."

"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."

"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."

"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs?"

"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet. Let us listen a moment."

Everything was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"

A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I knocked violently and repeatedly to no purpose.

"Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty."

"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now. Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—What's that?—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are yon looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices—"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned."

His hands and dress were marked with blood,

and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion.

"You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.

"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw—"

"Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"

"Has anything happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.

"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"

"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Everything was sombre and ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they

formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however, it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly and said something, but I could only distinguish the words "murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death."

I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff speaking in his sleep filled my ears at intervals—"Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won't burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Curses!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn't go down soon, they'll find me out—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—See! see! Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the water!"

Marietta now rushed from her room with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose

up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his berth, and lay down in it.

Next morning when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?

"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.

"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely,—"you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."

"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.

He grew pale, and then cried, "You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"

"I saw it," said I. "I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Angerstoff. "Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end."

He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me.

The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, "Does the wretch mean to make his

escape? See you prevent the possibility of that?"

"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; "he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care lest I do to him what I did to—"

"To Morvalden, I suppose you mean," said I.

"Well, well, speak it out," replied he ferociously; "there is no one here to listen to your lies, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity of uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you tell these lies about—"

"Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't be uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—if he wants to give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Morvalden; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, and even his life would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her paramour kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the latter looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass at intervals, to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often muttered threats as he walked past me, and more than once seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and he frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered in a state of fearful circum-spection from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when night came on I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and the slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired such an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careered through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed in the course of which I did not start up and look around. Angerstoff paced the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accidentally ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprang from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin. I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said,

“What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest. Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it.”

I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and for a time forgot that my situation had anything painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to anything else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprang from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying,

“It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened.”

Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against

the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried,

“Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so.”

I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that moment Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming,

“What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven’t I the heart to despatch him at once? But there’s no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand.”

They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.

“Well, quite well,” replied the former; but he’s below, and so sick that he can’t see any person.”

“Strange enough,” said the first speaker, laughing. “Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition.”

“Overboard!” repeated Angerstoff; “what!—how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore?”

“Why,” said the stranger, “the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect from the wounds on his body that he hasn’t got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. ‘Tis a dark business; but they’ll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye—Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell.”

"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."

"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by-and-by."

I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said,

"Do you believe what that man has told you?"

"Yes," cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us?—How dreadful!—We are chained here, and cannot escape."

"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."

"Yes," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; but come upon deck, and let me speak with you there."

They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed,

"They are coming now!"

Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time he started, and cried,

"I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll

manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!"

He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming,

"She will capsize; shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!"

In the midst of this I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open had not I closed it. The tempest, gloom, and danger that thickened around us neither elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seemed to produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. They gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the vessel rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within their reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful roaring, which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; but the atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the cause of it for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of high cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever the surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great height, and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, while the wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the projecting points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part

of the cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses upon their summits, though this point appeared of little importance, for we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death seemed inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, in a little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, where she remained imbedded and hard aground. During the ebb of the waves there was not more than two feet of water round her bows. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable opportunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part of the cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to run towards the cliffs the moment my feet touched the ground, and Angerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my escape; but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea flowed in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board again to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were very steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and found it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I looked around I neither saw anything distinctly, nor could form the least idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top of the cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained irresolute till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I joyfully followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion, discovered a light at some distance, which I soon found to proceed from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by an old man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing me, for my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had been wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta.

"No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment

he opened it the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

"WILL SAIL TO-MORROW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."¹

The good ship lies in the crowded dock,
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock :
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her funnel glittering white and bare,
Whence the long soft line of vapoury smoke
Betwixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled
Like a lost hope fled to the other world :
She sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his sailor's footfall, quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his steady eye that all things dares :
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes,
As if heart or fancy fled—where, who knows?

He sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the serried line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown deep once more :
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
"This is not parting? return—return!"
Peace, wild-wrung hands! hush, sobbing breath!
Love keepeth its own through life and death;
Though she sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

¹ Poems. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton Water
 Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter:
 Christian ship that for burthen bears
 Christians, speeded by Christian prayers;
 All kind angels follow her track!
 Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!
 All the souls in her for ever keep
Thine, living or dying, awake or asleep:
 Then sail to-morrow!
 Ship, sail to-morrow!

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

BY ALOISE SCHREIBER.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle which was formerly inhabited by Sibbo of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character anything rather than gentle. It happened once in a stormy eve that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise rather for its energetic conciseness than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time Sibbo did not take this threat very much to heart, but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich Mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and having seized her in their arms,

tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims." The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words:—"It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the knight of Lorrich."

Sibbo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibbo except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at daybreak and his last at nightfall were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continual round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the

flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times, "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours,—and a prize beyond all this—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and Heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground; but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho, ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can

manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognize by the beech-tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror: it was one of those still nights when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in gray, and carry-

ing a lamp, in which burned a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was rivetted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the

lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and Heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day perhaps may come when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child." Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Devil's Ladder*.

POLITICS.

In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ROBERT BURNS.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

BY WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired,
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
 And teach the maid
 That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
 That Virtue lives when Beauty dies.

H. K. WHITE.]¹

THE PRODIGAL.

To heroism and holiness
 How hard it is for man to soar,
 But how much harder to be less
 Than what his mistress loves him for!
 There is no man so full of pride,
 And none so intimate with shame,
 And none to manhood so denied,
 As not to mend if women blame.
 He does with ease what do he must,
 Or merit this, and nought's debar'd
 From man, when woman shall be just
 In yielding her desired regard.
 Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
 How has she cheapen'd paradise;
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

¹ "The additional stanza to Waller's song is a happy specimen of imitation. It conveys, in such language as Waller would have used, a better and wiser feeling than often visited him."—SOUTHEY.

THE OYSTER.²

There lived in one of the beautiful valleys of Travancore a respectable man named Chunda Gopal, who possessed a small estate in pepper plantations, cocoa-nut groves, and plantain gardens. His house was delightfully situated on a fine river; and in it you would have been charmed to see his affectionate wife Luxana and her children, looking like flowers in a green-house, or pictures in gilt frames. It is impossible for me, if I had a thousand tongues, to exaggerate their happiness. They were all the world to each other. Their pepper brought in plenty of money—their fields yielded them nourishing crops of rice—their fruit-trees were productive to superabundance—and their tempers were sweet and contented. Every morning was spent in superintending the operations of their vegetable gold mines; and in the evening you beheld them seated in the vine bowers with their children, or dancing and singing under the trees on the green, or amusing themselves with hearing stories respecting the achievements of the Hindoo gods, and the innumerable heroes of romance who figure in Indian tales. In short, their children were as good as they were handsome; and you are not more happy among yourselves than they were in every respect.

But no one in this uncertain world is sure of the continuance of fortune's breeze till tomorrow. It will be well, therefore, if you make up your minds to meet everything that *can* happen, as an event that *may* happen; and this, believe me, is very needful in a state where we have reason not only to fear the loss of somewhat every moment, but of our own life the instant Providence may deem it good to stop our breath. It pleased that bountiful source of all we enjoy to shut up the flood-gates of heaven in most parts of India for two years in succession. You may easily conceive what misery this produced in a country where scarcely any kind of grain will grow without frequent and careful irrigation. Severe scarcity soon made its appearance, and all the horrors of want assailed the poor. The fine river on which the house of Chunda Gopal stood became quite dry; his pepper vines drooped and withered under the sun; all his cocoa-nut trees pined with thirst, and yielded not a single fruit; nor would his plantains produce a banana. His rice-fields were equally barren.

² From *Forty Years in the World*. By the author of *Fifteen Years in India*. London.

Indeed he had soon to send out for everything his large family required; and long before the famine ceased he saw himself and those he loved reduced to the sore necessity of selling their furniture, their gold ornaments, and every movable they had, to purchase bread. As all the necessaries of life were brought from Bengal, and some other provinces which had not been deprived of the usual monsoon, the price charged for rice was so enormous that it required vast funds to support a family. The roads were strewn with dead bodies, and wretches sinking from starvation; and Chunda Gopal had the melancholy prospect of seeing himself, as he advanced in life, not only deprived of every movable, but forced to put up one part of his estate after another to auction, till he began to fear that the whole would not outlast the famine; for at such a melancholy time, of course, very little would be given for land.

During this mournful period the good and kind-hearted Luxana felt all the emotions of sorrow that can possess the breast of a fond wife and a happy mother. She prayed to all the gods—she shed floods of tears—she made vows of pilgrimages, and offerings—and most earnestly implored favour from Brahma. When in deep distress to whom can we fly for succour with hope, but to God? Even if we receive no direct assistance, the act of entreating it is salutary, because we should not ask a power to help us without believing he had the ability to do so; and therefore, hope being necessarily generated by prayer, something is always gained by it.

It happened that Luxana retired late to rest one night, after fervent devotion and a pouring out of her grief in secret, for fear of increasing the sorrow of her husband. She had implored Indra to instruct her in a dream how she should act to relieve the dear objects of her solicitude. "Great power," said she, "if thou wilt accept the sacrifice of myself to secure the safety of those I love, make but a sign to thy servant, and I shall instantly become ashes." With this heroic resolution she laid herself down, kissed her sleeping husband, and sank into the embraces of sleep.

But her soul, that astonishing never-dying lamp, never-slumbering somewhat, continued to pour its light on her internal orbs of sight. She seemed all faculty; ear, eye, smell, taste, feeling, were as busy as they had been during the day. "I am wide awake," thought she. "Yes—I am in the temple of Indra. I see his benign aspect beaming. He is all fire."—Seated on his huge recumbent elephant, with two attendants fanning him, and numerous

peacocks sporting in the fruit-tree which grew out of his head, the god appeared to Luxana. His wife, Indranee, on a huge tiger, fanned by four choury, or yak¹ tail bearers, with her child on her knee, sat near him. They were resplendent as the rainbow. She saw through them as though she had been looking at sunbeams. Indranee waved her hand. Luxana prostrated herself. The gods shook their heads; and golden mangoes fell from the trees. The peacocks in their branches screamed, and spread their celestial plumage in all the gorgeous pageantry of pride. Luxana gathered up the mangoes; and Indra and Indranee smiled and nodded their assent. Soon after, a large ape came forward from among the branches over Indra's head. It was Hunnymaun. Luxana was not sure, it might be the monkey son of the god; for he has one, who is a kind, good-natured creature. But she saw him twist his long tail round a branch, and let himself down on Indra's² mighty shoulders, where he perched most respectfully; and applying his mouth to the idol's ear, he asked: "Shall I answer Luxana, O mighty father?" She felt no fear; for when we are ready to die, what can have terror? But a thrill passed through her frame when she heard these words in a deep sullen tone, like the voice of St. Paul's—"It is my will."

"Look at this oyster," said Hunnymaun; holding one up in his great paw, which appeared all light, except a black spot in the centre of the shell, surrounded by an orange rim. "Go to the next auction, and buy the heap in which you shall see this."

The whole vanished into darkness, the deep black hue of which startled Luxana to consciousness that what she had seen was a dream; but her astonishment next morning was inexpressible, when she discovered her sauri³ full of fine ripe mangoes. She of course imparted her dream to her husband, and showed him the beautiful golden fruit, of which they had not eaten for many a day.

You must know that there is, between the island of Ceylon and the peninsula of Hindoostan, a very valuable pearl fishery, in which some of the most valuable ornaments of diadems have been found. You will be able to conceive what a prize one of these must be, when I tell you that the pearl which caps the crown of England was pledged to the Dutch, by Charles II., for £18,000. Its real value can-

¹ The huge-tailed cow of Thibet.

² See a representation of this wonderful Hindoo idol in Capt. Seley's *Flora*, page 241.

³ The piece of cloth which forms the general female dress.

not be estimated till there shall be a market of such; at present there are very few in the whole world like it. Julius Cæsar gave Servilia a Ceylon pearl worth £48,457; and Cleopatra's Ceylon pearl ear-rings were valued at £161,458.

This fishery is farmed out by the government. It yields a very large item of revenue. Sometimes in a hundred oysters one will not be found that has a pearl; so that, as it is such a lottery, they are made up into heaps, or lots, and sold by auction to the highest bidder. Superstition is blended with everything in India. The divers think that the Brahmans, or idols, can save them from being devoured by ground sharks; and the purchasers believe that by making offerings and prayers to the temples, they will get repaid in pearls, purchased with their fortunate lots. Such a place as the oyster auction market you never saw. To describe it is impossible. There are as deep speculators—as ardent a thirst for profit—as mad a risk of certainty on chance—as haggard-looking faces—as great a degree of bustle—as much noise and seeming confusion—and as much distraction, disappointment, and anguish in this trade, as you will behold on the Stock Exchange in London, if ever you stare into the private room, as I have done with amazement. At the pearl auction you would hear fifty voices at once cry *this!*—a hundred roar *that!* You would see sharp, lean-faced, hollow-eyed, pale, shrivelled-up Hindoos, like roguish-looking stock-brokers, running about, seemingly wild with anxiety, and not only at war with the world, but at daggers-drawing with themselves. Such is the torture arising from the spirit of gaming, when it once takes possession of the human heart! The flames kindle there and spread over the whole man, till he appears one fearful volume of perturbation; crackling, and fretting, and wasting him, till at length he becomes a vapour of smoke, and deposits the grain of dust into which all his gold has changed under that great alkahest—that more certain destroyer than fire—Time.

We easily believe what we wish; and readily think ourselves favoured by the gods, because we are inclined to credit the flattery that we deserve special marks of protection and grace. Chunda Gopal, therefore, eagerly drank the tale of his Luxana's vision—ate a mango with uncommon satisfaction—expressed his conviction that somewhat of extraordinary good was about to happen to them; he felt so full of life, of hope, of joy, that he knew there was meaning in his wife's dream. How could the

mangoes come into his apartment? No Brahman had been there. It was clear that they had been shaken out of Indranee's head, and gathered by Luxana in her sleep! Indra was smiling on his family. He would not now have to sell his beautiful daughters for dancing-girls, or his sons for slaves. No; he would part with his last cocoa-nut grove—go to the oyster auction, and purchase that lot in which Luxana should see the one with a black spot surrounded by an orange rim.

Well, we need not describe the journey of Chunda Gopal and Luxana, with all their children, to Condatchy Bay. I shall leave you to conceive how they journeyed along, with their little ones riding on bullocks, or carried by father and mother. It is sufficient for me to state that they arrived at the pearl auction mart in perfect safety; and that Luxana of course saw there, in a heap, the very oyster that Indra, or rather Hunnymaun, had shown her, which Chunda Gopal bought, after bidding up to his last rupee against a Brahman, who seemed to know that it was worth a Jew's eye.

When the black-spotted, orange-rimmed oyster was opened, to be sure, out dropped one of the largest, purest, roundest pearls that had ever been seen. It was a gem of light. You could see through it as Luxana saw the transparency of Indra's air-fabricated form. A shout of astonishment was raised. Wonder stood gaping on every face. Thousands of thousands were instantly offered for the pearl; but the agent or pearl merchant of the King of Candy bought it for two lacs of rupees, or about £25,000 of our money. Chunda Gopal and Luxana travelled back to their home, mounted on a pair of elephants in shining howdahs. Their sons all became great men, and their daughters were happy. At length they died, full of years; and I tell you this latter particular, because the philosophers say that no one is blessed till dead.—Thus ends the story of the Oyster.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That showest the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays:
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant; clear, but, oh, how cold!

BYRON.

TWO-FOLD.

[Mrs. Whitney (Adeline D. Train) was born in Boston, U.S., 1824, and married in 1843 to Mr. Seth Whitney of Milton, Massachusetts. She is a popular writer of tales and poems coloured by a wholesome domestic and religious sentiment. Her principal works are: *Footsteps on the Seas*, a Poem; *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*; *The Gay-worthys*; *Hitherto*, a Story of Yesterday; and *Pansies*, a volume of poems from which we quote.]

A double life is this of ours;
A two-fold form wherein we dwell;
And heaven itself is not so strange,
Nor half so far, as teachers tell.

With weary feet we daily tread
The circle of a self-same round;
Yet the strong soul may not be held
A prisoner in the petty bound.

The body walketh as in sleep,
A shadow among things that seem;
While held in leash yet far away,
The spirit moveth in a dream.

A living dream of good or ill,
In caves of gloom or fields of light;
Where purpose doth itself fulfil,
And longing love is instant sight.

Where time, nor space, nor blood, nor bond
May love and life divide in twain;
But they whom truth hath inly joined
Meet inly on their common plane.

We need not die to go to God;
See how the daily prayer is given!
'Tis not across a gulf we cry,
"Our Father, who dost dwell in heaven!"

And, "Let thy will on earth be done,
As in thy heaven;" by this, thy child!
What is it but all prayers in one,
That soul and sense be reconciled?

That inner sight and outer scene
No more in thwarting conflict strive;
But doing blossom from the dream,
And the whole nature rise, alive?

There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound;
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

And so we yearn, and so we sigh,
And reach for more than we can see;
And, witless of our folded wings,
Walk Paradise unconsciously;

And dimly feel the day divine
With vision half redeemed from night,
Till death shall fuse the double life,
And God himself shall give us light!

THE BAGPIPER.

BY W. BARRY.

One day in the leafy month of June an angler wandered by a brook-side in a deep glen. Tall rocks and trees rose at either side, and tinkling silver threads of water ran down to the bigger stream in many places. The spot was lonely but not savage. It was full noon, and so warm that after a while the fisherman left off work and found a moss patch to rest on. And as he rested he heard that native concert which is ever going on in due season and weather amongst birds, and bees, and grasshoppers, and other creatures that rejoice in the summer for the sun in their own language. But of a sudden, in the midst of the soft croon of pigeons, the occasional flute-call of that wonderful musician with the golden bill, the deep and always as it were distant bassoon of the flower-robber, there came the queerest, quaintest tangle of sounds, scarcely more rhythmical or measured than the performances of doves, honey-gatherers, gnats, or river. It mingled with them quite naturally. And when a wind swept for a moment down the glen, and the trees whispered to each other the singular tune, or as it seemed the odds and ends of a hundred tunes, combined also with *that* effect as if the breeze-sigh and leaf-flutter were part of the symphony. And the fisherman gets up to go in search of the accomplished elf who has come out of the hollow hills to practise the airs he must play for his gay companions under the stars by the haunted rath. And he follows the brook path, and the music becoming louder he knows he is approaching the source of it. And this he observed, that as the tune (and it now began to have a distinct or half-distinct outline) was less dispersed by distance, it was not altogether so magical in character, though yet strangely and sweetly becoming the scene over which it was rambling. And finally the angler is drawn by the ear to the very feet of his Orpheus. Think you he saw the ghost of an ancient harper in white, seated like a gray friar on a gray stone, or the fairy fiddler above mentioned, or beheld a figure blowing into a sheaf of reeds with the power of the great god Pan, or any other beautiful daemon or sprite born of a poet's fancy, or of an artist's dream, or say of any ink-bottle (talk of your ocean being kind to us for casting up *one* Venus, how many as beautiful divinities have emerged from our oceans of ink?)—think you he saw—but this reads like a passage of the *Critic*—what he did see was an old man playing the Irish

pipes, with a dog for an audience, unless a goat is to be counted who has stopped munching bush-tops for a moment on the other side of the brook. An old man, obviously blind, dressed poorly but not raggedly. His hat, to be sure, has seen better days; but considered as a ruin, it has a picturesque appearance. And the angler quietly intended to listen to the music without announcing himself, but the dog would not permit such a liberty to be taken with his master's property, and so he barked a sentence of barks as who would say, Master, here is a scurvy fellow who has his ear cocked for the purpose of stealing our tunes; whereupon the pipes left off with a kind of snarl that had nothing at all pastoral or idyllic about it. The piper was on his way to a wedding and a christening in the neighbouring village. He was rehearsing for his performances. It was not difficult to set him going again. Well, he was not Pan, Orpheus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, or Virorum. He was a common piper, and yet the music he made amongst the rocks and trees sounded still far more sympathetically than I imagine the music of the best trained orchestra would. I, for I was the cavedropping angler, dislodged the goat and sat thus some distance from the player. The tunes are all supposed to be cheerful. "The Foxhunter's Jig," listen to that for merriment! The tallyho, tallyho! quite plain on the tenor notes, the hound-music and its echoes, the call of the horn, the death of the *modereen ruadh*, and through it always the dance itself, to which these mimetic references are only asides, garnish. I encore the "The Foxhunter's Jig," and my ancient hard pumps away at it again with such renewed spirit that if he doesn't move the rocks he makes them speak, for they repeat many of the wild cadences, the dog gives an awakened bark of approval, and from behind a doomed shrub peers the big astonished eyes of the goat with his beard and horns, the very picture of a faun! And so again we join the chase, and do double shuffle in the jig besides, and then an end of the Foxhunter business, and we start with "Nora Creina." Nora Creina is not as successful a hit. The musician employs his chanter with bad effect. "Oh my Nora Creina, dear," and similar affectionate passages, are not well translated into orchestral form when the phrase is expressed in hoarse asthmatic tones. You perceive I am candid as to the bagpipes, and no enthusiast about them when the measure of their function and capacity has been exceeded. And now we shall take our leave of the type of piper we have been describing, and sight one from another point of view.

There be pipers and pipers. There are fellows who could give the vagrant armed with the hurdy-gurdy or the leader of a street German band lessons on discord. These offensive pipers—Scotch, or Irish, or Italian—disgrace their craft, which is so ancient that, according to a Celtic legend, one of the fraternity had the honour of playing before Moses. The tradition is embodied to this day in a current form of Irish imprecation. A medal has been found of the Nero period with a representation of a bagpipe in the obverse, from whence it has been reasonably enough conjectured, that when the amiable Roman monarch desired to express his delight at the burning of his city and the roasting of his subjects, he did not employ the violin for that purpose, but poured out the joy of his soul through the *cornamusa*. The instrument, in some shape or other, turns up in every quarter of the globe. It was known in Greece as the *askaulos*, in Germany it is to be recognized as the *sacpfeiff*, in Norway *jockpipe*, in Italy *cornamusa pira* and *zampogna*, in France as the *musette*, in Wales the *pihan*, in Lapland the *walpipe*, in Finland the *pilai*, in Persia the *nei aubana*, and in Arab-Egypt the *zoughara*. Sir Robert Stewart of Dublin, in a most interesting course of lectures on the "Bagpipes of Scotland and Ireland," gives these details and much more. He claimed superiority for the latter on account of superior sweetness of tone and its more extensive range. The Irish pipe, he said, possessed a perfect chromatic scale of twenty-five notes (C to C) upon the chanter. It also had three drone basses, violin-cello C, tenor C, and C below the treble clef. The Scotch pipe had but two drones, A and A, no tenor, and an odd scale of nine notes only consisting of G flat (the G clef note) and above, the eight notes of the scale of A major rather imperfect. Sir Robert was so far unfair to the Scotch instrument that he did not remind his hearers that, while it remains almost in its primitive form, the Irish bagpipe, which he compared with it, is almost a modern instrument. In its original form it had nothing like the range of capabilities which now enables Mr. Bohun to perform on it not only the "Humours of Ballynahinch," "Shaun Dheerig Lanagh," "Paddy Carroll," the "Foxhunter's Jig," and the "Blackbird," but such serious productions as Corentino's song from Dinorah, and Bach's Pastorale in F major. Look for instance at the piper whose picture Sir David Wilkie painted. He certainly is not provided with an instrument which would enable him to attack such a piece as the Pastorale. And yet, I warrant, in his time he made hearts now at

rest beat the quicker for his skill, and faces of old and young light up with harmless pleasure and enjoyment. For he is none of your common street performers. His head has a splendid intellectual contour, and his countenance, rugged though it is, is full of a calm settled spirit of humour, with just that *overmuch* expression of sensibility, a readiness to quiver and to kindle, which the representative face of a musician ought to have. He is just as ready to play you as sad a tune as "Silence O Moyle" as he is to strike up "Garry Owen," or that fantastic "Rory O'More," which always *sounds* to me like the tossing of the heads of wild flowers in the wind on the side of a particular hill in Munster. Wilkie's piper would scorn to drive you into frenzy like his degenerate imitator of the kerbstone. He was asked, in the good old time, to the house of his honour the squire, where, if he did not sit down with the family, he was respectfully cared for and cheerfully welcomed by the host himself after dinner, and furnished with a jorum of punch, in the consumption of which the squire bore him company. And when the mild potation was over a servant brought in the pipes, and the children were silent; and without any hint as to the exact thing wanted our piper, rambling over the keys a little, brings into the room at his will a dear plaintive air, wandering and wild, and low and loud and irregular, and yet full of meaning; and the squire and his good dame look at each other and remember when this same piper played the same tune how many many years ago, when they were younger than they are! It is all there, the romance of youth and love, in the piper's performance. And his honour when the tune closes takes a moment to clear his throat before he thanks the piper, who has, however, to amuse the youngsters, suddenly dashed into the "Cows amongst the Barley," or some other piece of imitative musical whim for which he is famous. Later on in the evening a dance will be got up—not amongst the servants mind you, *our* piper plays for the gentle folk; and what band of Tinney, Strauss, or Godfrey could equal for heel-powder the rapid rattling articulations of our instrument? Pipers of this quality have disappeared. The Irish gentry who encouraged them and welcomed them have gone also. But in Wilkie's picture we have fixed for ever something more than the likeness of an individual of the class; the portrait, without being idealized to a point of improbability, has still a typical expression, thoroughly Celtic and Irish, in its readiness to respond to the most diverse moods of emotion and sentiment.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes"—
Three little Maidens were saying—
"And see what God sends you!" little they thought
He listened while they were playing!
So little we guess that a light light word
At times may be more than praying.

"I," said Kate with the merry blue eyes,
"Would have lots of frolic and jolly;"
"I," said Ciss with the bonny brown hair,
"Would have life always smiling and jolly;"
"And I would have just what our Father may send,"
Said lovable little pale Polly.

Life came for the two, with sweetnesses new
Each morning in gloss and in glister.
But our Father above, in a gush of great love,
Caught up little Polly and kissed her.
And the churchyard nestled another wee grave;
The angels another wee sister.

THE PIPER OF MUCKLEBROWST.

[Richard Thomson, born 1795; died 2d January, 1865. He was for more than thirty years librarian of the London Institute. His chief works are: *The Book of Life*, a Bibliographical Melody; *Chronicles of London Bridge*; *Illustrations of British History*; *Tales of an Antiquary*, chiefly illustrative of London, &c. He also wrote various sketches and tales for the annuals and magazines.]

— "He was a stout carle for the nones,
Full big he was of brawn, and eke of bones;
A baggepipe well could he blow and soun."
CHAUCER.

About a century since, in the last "rugging and riving days" of Scotland, before the modern march of intellect had so completely routed the wonderful arts of magic and witchcraft as to leave neither witch nor conjuror in all the broad lands of Britain, there lived a noted fellow called RORY BLARE, who filled the office of town-piper to the prosperous fishing port of Mucklebrowst. He always affirmed his family to be of high antiquity, and as he was disclaimed by the Blairs of that ilk, and the Blairs of Balthayock, and the Blairs of Lethendie, and the Blairs of Overdurdy, and, in short, by all the other Blairs, he set up at once to be the head of the Blares of Bletherit and Skirlawa', which have furnished Scotland with pipers ever since it was a country. In the course of his life Rory had performed the

various parts of fisherman, sailor, soldier, and pedlar, none of which professions are peculiarly likely to teach a man temperance; and having procured his discharge in consequence of a wound in his head, which carried away a small fraction of his brain-pan, about the sober age of fifty-seven he settled down into a roistering and carousing town-piper. As he had a good deal of those rambling, mischief-loving, satirical characters, called in Scotland *hallen-shakers* and *blether-skytes*, and his strangest tricks were played, and his fun was ever the most furious when the malt was over the meal, all who knew him declared that "he certainly had a bee in his bonnet, puir man! ever sin' he gat that sair paik on his pow in the wars." Rory himself, however, was wont to assert that "he was as gude a man as ever;" which, perhaps, might be true in one sense, as he never was very celebrated for either his prudence or his sobriety.

So much for his person and character; and for his talents as a piper, he could most merrily "blaw up the chanter," as the old song says, with some skill and "richt gude will," untired, even through a long night of active dancing and loud carousal; which, with his mirth and bold demeanour, made him a special favourite throughout Mucklebrowst and its vicinity. Without at all underrating his own knowledge of music, he was fond of attributing some part of his popularity to his instrument, which, he was accustomed to relate, had been found in one of the holy wells of St. Fillan, in Perthshire; thereby inheriting a finer tone and easier breath than any mere mortal pipes could ever boast of, beside the power of resisting all kinds of glamour or witchcraft. The truth of this was never rightly known, though it was whispered that, if the pipes had belonged even to St. Fillan himself, Rory Blare had employed them so differently, that if they ever possessed any virtue it had long since departed.

As the worthy town-piper was always ready to be foremost in any kind of sport, or to bestow his counsel in any case of courtship, marriage, or witchcraft, which occupied the gossips,—that is to say, all the inhabitants of Mucklebrowst—he was everywhere welcome. But, though he distributed his patronage pretty equally, he appeared to be most merry, and to make himself most at home at the Maggie Lauder's Head, a little *public* kept by one Bauldie Queech, whose jovial and careless disposition matched exactly with his own. They would frequently sit till "the sma' hours," driving away time by glass after glass, rant after rant, and song after song, until the de-

cease of Katie Queech, Bauldie's contentious spouse; when, though all expected to see him take a younger and more agreeable partner, and had even settled who it was to be, he suddenly sank into a dismal and melancholy mood, under the influence of which he drank twice as much as before, though he never laughed at all. Rory Blare, however, did not desert his old companion; for indeed the warmth of his friendship very frequently led him to sit piping and drinking with him throughout the whole night; and one dark and windy evening in autumn they were thus engaged, with a single sedate-looking stranger habited in pale gray, who had come in about night-fall.

"Hout, tout, man!" exclaimed Rory, finding that even St. Fillan's blessed pipes had no effect upon his host, "ye're unco hard to please, I trow; and yet yere lugs used to ken whan they heard gude music: but I daur say the deil's cussen his cloak owre ye, as King Jamie said o' his bairn. Ye'll no think now, honest frien'" continued he, addressing himself to the guest, "that the gudeman was ance ane o' the merriest men o' Mucklebrowst, though ever sin' Luckie Queech died he's no had a word for a dog, let alone a blythe lad or a bonnie lassie."

"Let him look for another Luckie, then, and the sooner the better," answered the stranger, "take heart, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"And that's true too, though the deil himself spak it," rejoined the piper, "I'm thinkin', Bauldie, that I'll hae to play 'Fy, let us a' to the bridal,' before ye yet. And wha shall it be, gudeman? wha shall it be? for ye ken there's a hantle o' bonnie lassies in Mucklebrowst, to speak naething o' them o' Leven, or the limmers o' Largo. But ye'll look to the tocher, billie, and see that the lass has a quick lug for the music, and a light fit for the dance."

"They may hae what they will for me," at length answered the host, with a deep sigh, "and they may be as bonnie as they will for me; but they can nane o' them be either less or mair to me."

"Think again, friend," said the guest, "and you will think better of it, for I've often known as broken a ship come to land. What say ye now to Sibbie Carloups, of Gouks-haven, with golden hair on her head, and gold coin in her pouch; I promise you now, that she'd be the girl for me."

"She was no that unsensie a lassie, but she was nae muckle better than wud, or a witch, whan she leevet there," returned the piper.

"but that's fu' twenty years ago, for she suddenly gaed awa' and no ane kenned where, though folk said she went mad, or was carried awa' to be the dell's jo, some gate about Forfar or Glammis."

"It's a' true!" exclaimed Bauldie Queech, in voice of great distress, "it's an ower true tale, as I ken fu' weel, and fu' sadly, though I didna think to hae tauld what I ken o't to ony ane but the minister: but Rory, ye're a fearless and lang-headed chiel at a hard pass, and as ever ye did gude to a puir body at their wits' ends, ye maun e'en help me now."

"Say awa' then wi' yere story, neebor," returned the piper, "and if it be in the skeel o' man, and I dinna stand by you, may the deil burst the bag o' my pipes, and split the drone and chanter!"

"Weel, weel," answered the host, with more composure, "I'm no misdoubting ye, though I trow it's past your art; but at ony rate it will gie some ease to my mind; so I'll e'en mak a clean breast, and tell ye a' about it. About twenty years back, as ye said, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie, and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel'; and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxpence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-haven, she was departed."

"And did you no follow her, man?" demanded Rory Blare, "ye suld hae followed her ower land and lea till ye met again; I'se warrant she wadna hae 'scaped me like the blink o' a sunbeam."

"I did follow her," said Bauldie Queech, "and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and speir'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to show. Weel, I cam back to Mucklebrowst, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links, o' St. Monan's; and then, as ye ken, she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, man, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week o' mair, when an auld, ill-fa'rd, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! 'And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?' says I, when I could speak for won-

der, and some little o' fear; 'Troth, lad,' said she, 'I canna just tell ye where I hae been; a frien' o' mine has taken me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I dinna forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit when ye will.' 'Marry thee!' thought I, 'I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!' But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to come ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. 'Oh, ho! Luckie!' thought I again, 'it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing then for me:' so I drew me back a wee, and then said bauldly, 'I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer; folk say ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes' sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and be-gone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you.'—'Aha, billie,' then said the auld carline, 'there are twa words to that; if ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying ony body without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion.' To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay haud on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak haud o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare. And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say, than that I wad gae half my gudes to onybody wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be brunt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar."

"Baith o' whilk I wad do blithely," said the piper, "gin ye could tell me where I could find the witch-carline; for I wadna think muckle o' meeting her and her haill clanjamfray wi' St. Fillan's pipes; I trow I'd gae them sic music as they ne'er dancit to before."

"Waes me! then," exclaimed Bauldie Queech in reply, "for there's nae finding a witch against her will; sae there's nae help for me in this warld."

"But there may be some in another," said the stranger-guest, "and I think I can show

it, if your piper-friend be only as stout and fearless as he seems; I promise you that his success is certain, and that the only danger will be in shrinking back when the work is begun."

"Deil doubt me then," said Rory, "there's my thumb on't: and ye ken I'm no vera sune daunted."

"Then," answered the stranger, "the sooner you set out the better, since you may have a long journey before you; so mount my horse, for he knows the way you're going; ride out of the town towards Glammis, and you will meet a number of persons, with whom Sibbie Carloups will certainly be. Ask them for Gossip Paddock; and say to her, that you come from Melchior the comptroller, who commands her to give up Bauldie Quech's token; but take heed that you have no other intercourse with them, and, above all, that you bring nothing else away with you."

With these instructions and his blessed pipes Rory Blare departed, followed by the anxious hopes and good wishes of the host. He was nothing dismayed at the cheerless appearance of the night, which was overclouded; whilst a violent storm of wind roared round him, seeming as if it raged purposely to impede his progress. He rode on at a rapid pace; but the way looked wilder and more lonely than usual, no person appearing of whom he might make his mystic inquiries. The features, too, of that well-known road seemed altogether altered, since the piper missed the little towns and change-houses with which he knew it to be studded; though he failed not to recognize, with increased terror, the spots which had been rendered famous by any fearful circumstances. At length, however, he entered a deep and spacious glen, covered with dark heather, which was wholly unknown to him; so that he was now assured that he had missed his way altogether.

As the wind still continued to blow furiously, and the rain to fall with violence between the gusts, Rory Blare was rejoiced to see the dim outline of a building appear in the glen before him, one part of which was glowing with lights, and resounding with the loudest notes of merriment. He made up to it, if it were only in the hope of getting some information of his way and a temporary shelter; and arriving at a little stone portal, which was half open, beneath the lighted chambers, he rang, and knocked, and shouted for some time, without procuring any reply. Alighting from the stranger's horse, therefore, and fastening him to the door, he went in and ascended a flight

of narrow winding stairs, which terminated in a suite of state-chambers, decorated in the style, however, of three centuries before. The room which he first entered was richly illuminated, and in the centre appeared a table, round which several tall powerful men were seated, playing at cards. They were all habited in the most costly and antique dresses; for there were pall and velvet, steel armour and two-handed swords, and robes of ermine and minever. They swore and stamped at each other, raged and shouted in the most fearful manner, as they won or lost the broad gold pieces which lay on the table before them; but the most furious of all was one old hard-featured baron who sat at the head of the chamber, distinguished from the rest by an immensely long beard. He lost much and repeatedly, tore the cards and dashed his clenched hands passionately on the board, then called for wine, and again engaged in the game, swearing in the wildest manner that he would play on till doomsday.

The terrific features of this scene made even the piper desirous of exchanging it for the stormy night and dark glen without; but upon looking round for the door by which he entered, he found that it had closed, and was covered by hangings similar to the rest of the room, so that it could nowhere be seen. Whilst he was gazing about him for some other passage, he was accosted by the long-bearded nobleman, who demanded of him in a thundering tone "what he wanted, and who sent him there?" Rory felt his blood rather chilled whilst he answered that he had missed his way to Glammis, on the road to which one Master Melchior the comptroller had sent him to inquire for Gossip Paddock, to recover a token from her.

"The fiend take Melchior the comptroller!" exclaimed the ancient baron, "he'll ruin the trade of us a', if he gae on at this rate. And what base carle are ye, whom he has sent on sic a fule's errand?"

"I'm Rory Blare, the town-piper o' Mucklebrowst, if it like your honour," was the reply; "I hae the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan wi' me, and I'll gie ye ane of the Saunt's ain sangs by which he drave awa' the deil on the chanter, an ye wad like to listen till it."

There was something in this proposal not very pleasing to the long-bearded baron, since he ground his teeth and grinned fearfully upon the piper, and roared out fiercely to Nickie Deilstyke to take the canting dog down to the revel in the court-yard, and show him where Cummer Paddock hung her curch whilst she danced. Rory Blare followed the servitor through several winding passages, into what

seemed to him a churchyard, surrounded by a ruined cloister, and part of an ancient chapel, with a running stream forming the lower boundary. Both the building itself, which appeared to be illuminated, and the grassy cemetery, were crowded with a host of females, young and old, fair and foul, dancing furiously to the sound of the deepest and shrillest pipes Rory had ever heard. The tune in general was a loud and continued rant, held on in the same clamorous key, though it often swelled suddenly into a positive howl of wild merriment, increased by the shouts and shrieks of enraptured dancers; which, however, sounded in the piper's ears more like cries of pain than those hearty halloos of pleasure which distinguish the native dances of Scotland.

Rory's guide stopped at a whin-bush beside a fallen column, and pointing to a dark-coloured hood hanging upon it, directed the piper to seize it, and when the owner came up to make his own terms for its restoration, since she would never be able to quit that place without it. He had scarcely laid hold of it, and thrust it into his bosom under the Saint's pipes, when a woman, bent almost double, and with features nearly resembling those of a toad, came up to him, and in a whining flattering voice entreated him to give it back; adding, that she would give him many gifts, and specially teach him to play as never piper played before. All her entreaties, however, availing nothing until she produced Bauldie Quech's troth-pledge, the witch in a rage flung the broken coin upon the ground, exclaiming, "There, you suspicious tyke, will ye no gie me my curch now?"

"Let's see if a' be right first, Luckie," answered the invincible piper, "all's not gowd that glitters, ye ken;" and having taken the pledge from the ground, and satisfied himself that there was no deception, he thrust it into his breast, and approaching the running stream, drew out the witch's hood and hurled it in, saying, "There, cummer, as the gudeman at Mucklebrowst wants nae mair o' yere visits, we'll e'en tak awa' yere power o' making them!"

The witch gave a wild shriek as she saw her magic curch sink down, with a dark flash of fire, in a place where she had no power to follow it; knowing also that the loss of it involved her own instant destruction. A loud shout of exultation immediately arose from the wizard crowd, which came pouring down and whirled away the unfortunate Sibbie Carloups, after which she was never more seen on earth.

The music then changed to a brisk and

sprightly tune, still frequently played in Scotland, though formerly condemned as an unhallowed spring—called "Whistle o'er the lave o't." This was a strain in which Rory was considered to have extraordinary skill; and being animated by the well-known notes, and elated by his recent victory, he at once forgot his hazardous situation and the saintly character of his pipes; and leaping up on the broken pillar he cried out, "Lilt awa'! cummers, lilt awa'! yon birkie blows the chanter unco weel; but I'd play that spring wi' Auld Clootie himsel, sae here goes till ye;" but with the very first notes the bag of his instrument suddenly burst, and the pipes split from top to bottom! "Deil's in't!" exclaimed the alarmed Rory Blare, "if there's no an end o' the blessed pipes o' St. Fillan! God hae us in his keeping! what are we to do now?"—but scarcely had he uttered the holy name when the whole scene was swept off in a howling whirlwind, and he saw no more till he found himself, at daybreak, lying with the broken pipes and the love-token, under the ancient walls of Glamis Castle, upwards of thirty miles distant from Mucklebrowst.

Having made the best of his way back to Bauldie Quech, he found him quite another man, and joyfully preparing for his marriage with Janet Blythegilpie, of the East Green, it being already known that Sibbie Carloups had been carried away in a fearful storm of wind, on Hallowe'en, at midnight; which the piper's story and the production of the broken sixpence were supposed entirely to confirm. It was never very clearly made out how long Rory Blare had been gone, where he had been, or who was the stranger by whose advice he went; for, whilst the piper affirmed that he was absent but a single night, all Mucklebrowst declared that his office had been vacant for a week; and that he was certainly away at the fearful season of Hallowe'en. As to the second point, it was agreed that he had wandered to Forfar, or Glamis Castle, or perhaps had a drunken vision in the ruins of Restennet Priory. The howling of the wind through the arches, and his imagination, familiar with the superstitious of those places, might have supplied the witches, music, and revelry; together with the revelation of that secret chamber, wherein Alexander, surnamed Beardie, third Earl of Crawford, is supposed to be playing at cards until the day of judgment. And lastly, the person by whose counsel he went on the journey was very generally considered to be a famous white wizard, or benevolent magician, who used his art to counteract the powers of darkness.



PAUL HARDY.

THE PIPER HURLS THE WITCH'S HOOD INTO THE STREAM.

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Bauldie Quech became a person of consequence in Mucklebrowst, being made treasurer; and his name yet lives in its traditions for having kept the municipal moneys in a manner worthy of the most primitive ages of the world. His depositories were nothing less than two large jack-boots, which hung beside his fireplace; into one of which he threw all sums received, and into the other all his vouchers for payments. At the end of the year both were emptied and a balance struck, though it is reported that, as there was some deficiency in the debtor-boot, it was thought more prudent to transfer the trust to other hands; notwithstanding which, the ex-treasurer always asserted that it was the best way possible of keeping the accounts, since every one in his dwelling was of indubitable honesty, and "it saved a wheen hantle o' perplexing buiks and skarts o' writing." The good town also gave Rory Blare a new stand of pipes, by the first maker of his time, but they were never thought to be equal to those of St. Fillan; and to his dying hour he could never be prevailed upon to play the 'witching tune of "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

POWER AND GENTLENESS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.¹

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and dear
Answering the strain with downward drag anstere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature gathering, seems to crown;
Then of cathedral, with its priestly height,
Seen from below, at superstitious night;
Of ghastly castle, that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,

Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Mæmnon, that long sitting by
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men;
And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
Brute force and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which lights the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.—

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks, by the fire-light,
Me and my friends here this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one half the might
Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise;
The battle, to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe, that basks about the sun,
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her many million-starred deeps;
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
Which tells a tale of peace, beyond whate'er was spoken.

PETER KLAUS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.¹

Peter Klaus was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen Mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped

¹ See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 373. In his *Sketches of Poetical Literature*, D. M. Moir said: "With acute powers of conception, a sparkling and lively fancy, and a quaintly-curious felicity of diction, the grand characteristic of Leigh Hunt's poetry is word-painting; and in this he is probably without a rival save in the last and best productions of Keats." An American critic, H. T. Tuckerman, says: "In the outset of his career his ambition was to excel as a bard. His principal success, however, seems to be in a certain vein of essay-writing, in which fancy and familiarity are delightfully combined. Still he has woven many rhymes that are not only sweet and cheerful, but possess a peculiar grace and merit of their own, besides illustrating some capital ideas relative to poetical diction and influence."

¹ This legend will be interesting to the admirers of Washington Irving, as the source of his amusing story *Rip Van Winkle*.—See *Casquet*, vol. i. page 85.

through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people whom he met before the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and, when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally

under the influence of enchantment; still he recognized the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him; and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: it was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The by-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?"—"Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognized his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!" "And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen Mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—welcome after twenty years!"

THE LUPRACAUN, OR FAIRY
SHOEMAKER.

(A RHYME FOR THE CHILDREN.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's¹ green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird²
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour—
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
"Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stich,
Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

¹ "Rath," ancient earthen fort.² "Yellow bird," the yellow-bunting or *gorlin*.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tack-tack-too!
(A grig skipp'd upon my cap,
Away the moth flew)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt;
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph," says he,
And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
The queer little Lupracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

—From *Fifty Modern Poems*.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

[Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., born in Boston, 17th January, 1706; died in Philadelphia, 17th April, 1790. Statesman, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. Lord Brougham said that Franklin's name, "in one point of view, must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century." In statesmanship and philosophy he was equally distinguished, "and his efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous had he done nothing in the other." He was the youngest but two of seventeen children. He began his active career as a printer; he became President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and in 1787 sat with Washington in the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. His experiments proved that lightning and electricity are the same; he wrote numerous political, historical, scientific, and moral essays; he founded the institution which subsequently became the University of Pennsylvania, and he established various useful periodicals—amongst which was *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The following was one of his most successful popular essays; it was read by everybody, but of late it has been somewhat overlooked.]

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being

come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth like rust, consumes faster than labour wears; while the used key is always bright' as Poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that 'The sleeping fox catches no poultry,' and that 'There will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;' and 'He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;' while 'Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;' and 'Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for

better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands;' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further, 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mitens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones;' and 'By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrive so well as those that settled be."

And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, 'The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for 'In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and

"Many estates are spent in the getting.
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

'Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great."

And further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think,

perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the *Almanac*. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed

so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says,

“Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.”

And again, ‘Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.’ When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, ‘It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.’ And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

“Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.”

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for as Poor Richard says, ‘Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.’ And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

“But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months’ credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for ‘The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,’ as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, ‘Lying rides upon Debt’s back;’ whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. ‘It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.’

“What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under

such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, ‘Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.’ The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. ‘Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.’ At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

“For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.”

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expense is constant and certain; and ‘It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,’ as Poor Richard says; so, ‘Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.’

“Get what you can, and what you get hold;
’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.”

And, when you have got the Philosopher’s Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

“IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

“And now, to conclude, ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,’ as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, ‘We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.’ However, remember this, ‘They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;’ and further, that, ‘If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,’ as Poor Richard says.”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just

as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he had ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,—RICHARD SAUNDERS.

A GRECIAN EDEN.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

It is an isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of paradise;
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,
 This land would have remained a solitude,
 But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the elysian, clear, and golden air
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold;
 Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
 With ever-changing sound, and light, and foam,
 Kissing the sifted sands and caverns hoar;
 And all the winds, wandering along the shore,
 Undulate with the undulating tide.
 There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 As clear as elemental diamond;
 And all the place is peopled with sweet airs.
 The light clear element which the isle wears
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
 And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain,
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
 With that deep music is in unison
 Which is a soul within the soul:—they seem
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.
 It is a favour'd place. Famine or blight,
 Pestilence, war, and earthquake never light
 Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way.
 The winged storms, chanting their thunder-psalm

To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
 From which its fields and woods ever renew
 Their green and golden immortality.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still;
 A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
 "Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
 A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love
 (And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful! So his fame
 Should share in Nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing! and so his song
 Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
 Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learned
 A different lore: we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
 And joyance! 'Tis the merry nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
 Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths;
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily,
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven

Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell!

TO A SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

FROM AN OLD WOMAN.

[Justus Möser, born at Osnabrück, 1720; died 8th January, 1794. He studied law at Jena and Göttingen, and held various important appointments under government. His short essays upon social subjects, and his zeal for the improvement of the condition of the poor, obtained for him the title of the Franklin of Germany.]

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labour and exertion, and finds his pleasure in them; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labour and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you, in livelier colours than ever, those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do; the best husband is also the

most useful and active member of society; and when love no longer demands toil and trouble, when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last, when success has lost something of its value, along with its novelty, the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly, by the silver brook or under the beech-tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look; I see what you want—that I would sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church-steeple on a rope-ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are passed and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery, and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church-tower, or the honour of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department; and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals,

whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mind of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash-book as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with ennui, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently awaited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy; or have been compelled to find refuge at the card-table—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times, and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope-ladder from the top of the church-steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "O, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to

your good cause and your good heart (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes), and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew.

I fancy you are at home, just as you were a week ago, in society, at our excellent G——'s, where I found you as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each on the subject I thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humour.

What I did there I do daily at home. I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

SIR THOMAS WYAT (1503-1541).

OH, OPEN THE DOOR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

LORD GREGORY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may not be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

CHILDREN.

[Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, born 21st March, 1763, at Wonsiedel, Baireuth; died 14th November, 1825. Carlyle says of him, that with "his hundred real and ten thousand seeming faults," he possessed the "spirit of a true poet and philosopher. A poet, and among the highest of his time we must reckon him, though he wrote no verses; a philosopher, though he promulgated no systems; for, on the whole, that 'divine idea of the world' stood in clear ethereal light before his mind; he recognized the Invisible, even under the mean forms of these days, and with a high strong not uninspired heart, strove to represent it in the Visible, and publish tidings of it to his fellow-man." He wrote numerous miscellaneous papers, and many novels which would be more appropriately designated studies of life. His chief works are: *Greenland Law-suits*—"a collection of satirical sketches full of wild gay wit and keen insight"—*Selections from the Papers of the Devil*; *Invisible Lodge*; *Hesperus*; *Titan*; *Wild Oats* (*Pflegeljahre*); *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces*; *Life of Quintus Fixlein*; *Parson in Jubilee*; *Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess*; *Fibel's Life*; *Katzenberger's Journey to the Bath*; *Schmelzles Journey to Flatz*; *The Comet*, or *Nicholus Margraf*; *Autobiography*, &c.]

The inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is coloured black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a fitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.

HOW CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP.

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action, are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.

Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. These will extend to them, unveiling at length the object by which they are excited, though at the beginning they are awe-struck with you, not knowing wherefore. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus be-

came, without words, a teacher of religion to children.

Instead of carrying children frequently to public worship, I should prefer simply to conduct them upon great days in nature or in human life into the empty church, and there show them the holy place of adults. To this I might add twilight, night, the organ, the hymn, the priest, exhortation; and so by a mere walk through the building, a more serious impression might remain in their young hearts than after a whole year of common church routine. Let every hour in which their hearts are consecrated to religion, be to them as absorbing as that in which they partake for the first time of the Lord's Supper.

Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the road-side—the same as to the ancient Druidical oak of his ancestors. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men, as different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE SENSES.

Who has not felt with me, that frequently a rural nosegay, which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to godlike childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first encircling aurora-cloud of our earliest obscure sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most powerful and interior?

JOYOUSNESS.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TOYS.

You need not surround your children, like those of the nobility, with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not

figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations. On the contrary, the older man grows, the larger reality appears. The fields which glisten for the young with the morning dew of love's brightness, chill the gray half-blind old man with heavy evening damps, and at last he requires an entire world, even the second, barely to live in.

TRUTH.

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength. The weak, whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children, for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood—they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud; and as one half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves. Besides, at first they love to sport with their new art of speech; and so talk nonsense merely to hear themselves. Often they do not understand your question, and give an erroneous, rather than a false reply. We may ask, besides, whether, when children seem to imagine and falsify, they are not often relating their remembered dreams, which necessarily blend in them with actual experience.

Children everywhere fly on the warm, sunny side of hope. They say, when the bird or the dog has escaped from them, without any reason for the expectation—"he will come back again soon." And since they are incapable of distinguishing hope, that is, imagination, from reflection or truth, their self-delusion consequently assumes the appearance of falsehood. For instance, a truthful little girl described to me various appearances of a Christ-child, telling what it had said and done. In all those cases in which we do not desire to mirror before the child the black image of a lie, it is sufficient to say, "Be sober, have done with play."

Finally, we must distinguish between untruths relating to the future and the past. We do not attribute to a grown man who breaks his word in reference to some future performance, that blackness of perjury which we charge on him who falsifies what has been already done; so with children, before whose brief vision time, like space, is immeasurable, and who are as unable to look through a day, as we through a year, we should widely separate untruthfulness of promise from untruthfulness of assertion. Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course, it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE.

Only place all life before the child as within the realm of humanity, and thus the greater reveals to him the less. Put life and soul into everything; describe to him even the lily, which he would pull up as an unorganized thing, as the daughter of a slender mother, standing in her garden-bed, from whom her little white offspring derives nutriment and moisture. And let not this be done to excite an empty enervated habit of pity, a sort of inoculation-hospital for foreign pains, but from the religious cultivation of reverence for life, the God all-moving in the tree top and the human brain. The love of animals, like maternal affections, has this advantage, that it is disinterested and claims no return, and can also at every moment find an object and an opportunity for its exercise.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.¹

AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

[Rev. Richard Harris Barham, born at Canterbury 6th December, 1788; died 17th June, 1845. As Thomas Ingoldsby, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, he is recognized as one of the greatest humorists of our century. In his *Life and Letters*, edited by his son (published by Bentley, 1870), appears the following criticism, which is perfectly just, notwithstanding the relationship of the writer to the subject of his biography: "As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from various languages, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every sort of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most exacting find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates." The Rev. Mr. Barham was rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith, and a minor canon of St. Paul's, London. Besides the *Legends* he wrote a novel entitled *My Cousin Nicholas*, and contributed largely to the principal magazines.]

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,

¹ Inserted by special permission of Messrs. R. Bentley & Son, London.

With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knees.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

 In and out
 Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
 Here and there
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
 With saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 "We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
 Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The fawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
 Came, in order due,
 Two by two,
 Marching that grand refectory through!
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
 One little boy more
 A napkin bore,
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
 From his finger he draws
 His costly turquoise;
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
 Deposits it straight
 By the side of his plate,
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
 And a dence of a rout,
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,
 But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out.
 The friars are kneeling,
 And hunting, and feeling
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
 The Cardinal drew
 Off each plum-coloured shoe,
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
 He peeps, and he feels
 In the toes and the heels;
 They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
 —They turn up the rugs,
 They examine the mugs:—
 But, no!—no such thing:—
 They can't find THE RING!
 And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
 Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
 He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
 In holy anger, and pious grief,
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head:
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
 Never was heard such a terrible curse!!
 But what gave rise
 To no little surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
 The night came on,
 The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
 When the Sacristan saw,
 On crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
 No longer gay,
 As on yesterday;
 His feathers all seem'd to be turned the wrong way:—
 His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
 His eyes so dim,
 So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S
 HIM!—
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
 The poor little Jackdaw,
 When the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
 And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
 "Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower
 He limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry doer,
 Where the first thing they saw,
 Midst the sticks and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took;
 The mute expression
 Served in lieu of confession,
 And being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
 —When those words were heard,
 That poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
 He grew sleek and fat;
 In addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
 His tail wagged more
 Even than before;
 But no longer it wag'd with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopp'd now about,
 With a gait devout;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads,
 If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
 Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,
 That good Jackdaw
 Would give a great "Caw!"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
 That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
 He long lived the pride
 Of that country side,
 And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
 When, as words were too faint
 His merits to paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

ARNE.

A TALE OF PEASANT LIFE IN NORWAY.

[Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, born at Quikne, Oesterdal, 8th December, 1832. He is the most prominent of living Norwegian novelists, and his sketches of the lives and habits of the peasants of Norway are marked by idyllic pathos and humour. His chief works are: *Thrand*, *Arne*, *Synneve Solbakken*, *Ovind*, *The Fisher Maiden*, *The Happy Boy*, *The Newly Married Couple*, and *Love and Life in Norway*—all tales of the peasantry. They have been translated into English chiefly by A. Plesner. The following extracts from *Arne* are taken from a translation made by a Norwegian, and published in English at Bergen by H. J. Geelmuydens.]

[Arne is the son of Margit Kampen, the owner of a small farm; his father Nils, the tailor and fiddler, a drunken ne'er-do-well, who had been the idol of the lasses at all rural gatherings, is dead. Arne has grown up an industrious lad, but a maker of songs, and possessed with strange longings to see other lands beyond the hills of snow. Besides managing his mother's land he works at seasons at neighbours' farms, and he falls in love with Eli, the daughter of Birgit Boen, who had been one of his father's many admirers, and had hoped to be his wife.]

As Arne with his hand-saw on his shoulder walked over the ice and approached the farm of Boen, it seemed to him a very nice one. The house looked as if it were newly painted. He felt somewhat cold, and perhaps that was why the house looked so comfortable. He did not go straight in, but went first to the cow-house. There a flock of thick-haired goats were standing in the snow, gnawing the bark of some sprigs. A chained dog was running to and fro by its kennel barking as if the fiend himself had been coming, but wagged his tail as soon as Arne stopped, and then allowed himself to be patted. The kitchen door on the upper side of the house was often opened, and, every time, Arne looked that way; but it was either the dairy-maid who came with her milk-pans, or the cook-maid who emptied some vessels for the goats. In the barn they were threshing; to the left before the wood-house a boy was standing cutting wood, and behind him there was a great quantity of wood piled together. Arne put down his hand-saw and went into the kitchen; there was white sand on the floor and juniper cut in very small pieces strewn over. Copper kettles were shining on the walls, and jugs and plates standing in long rows. They were preparing dinner, and he asked to speak to Bard. "Go in to the room," said somebody, pointing to the door. He went. There was no latch to the door, but the handle was of brass. Inside it was light and painted, the ceiling ornamented with many roses; the cupboards red, with the name of the proprietor in black; the bedstead red likewise, but with blue stripes on all the edges. Near the stove there was a broad-shouldered man sitting with a mild face and long yellow hair. He was putting some hoops round some little tubs. At the long table a tall and slender woman was sitting with a handkerchief on her head and with a tight-sleeved gown. She was dividing some corn into two heaps. There was no one else in the room.

"Good day, and blessing to your work!" said Arne, taking off his cap. Both looked up, the man smiling, and asked who he was.

"He who is to cut with a hand-saw." The man then smiled more and said, whilst bending his head down and again beginning his work, "Oh! Arne Kampen?"

"Arne Kampen!" cried out the woman, staring with all her eyes.

Her husband looked up, smiling anew. "Son of Nils the tailor;" and he set to work again.

Some while afterwards the woman rose, went up to a shelf, turned round, went to the cupboard, turned again, and whilst at last standing and looking at something in the drawer of the table she asked without looking up, "Is he going to work here?"

"Yes, he is," replied the man, also without looking up. "I am afraid nobody has asked you to sit down," continued he, turning towards Arne. He went to take a seat; the woman went out, the man went on working, so Arne asked if he should also begin. "We must dine first."

The woman did not come in any more, but the next time the kitchen door was opened it was Eli who entered. She pretended at first not to see him; when he rose to go to her she stopped, half turning to offer him her hand, but she did not look at him. They then spoke a couple of words to each other, the father going on working. She had her hair plaited, was dressed in a high-bodied gown with narrow sleeves; she was slender and straight, round about the waist, and had very small hands. She laid the table, as the working men dined in the other room, but Arne with the family in this room. "Will not your mother come?" asked the man.

"No, she is upstairs weighing some wool."

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes, but she says she wants nothing." There was some silence.

"But it is cold upstairs."

"She did not wish that I should light a fire."

After dinner Arne worked; in the evening he was again in the room with the family. Then Eli's mother was also there. The women were sewing, the husband doing some little jobs, Arne assisting him, and there was a silence of some hours, for Eli, who always seemed to be the spokeswoman, was also silent now. It pained Arne to think that so it was also often in his home, but he did not seem to think of it before now. At length Eli once drew a deep breath as if she had kept silence long enough, and then she began to laugh.

Then her father also laughed, and Arne also thought it very ridiculous, and began to laugh too. From this time they talked a little, especially Eli and Arne, the father occasionally joining in with a word. But once, as Arne had happened to talk a long time, he looked up. He then saw that the mother had let her work fall and sat looking eagerly at him. She now began to work again, but at the first words he happened to say she looked up.

It was now bedtime, and every one went to rest. Arne would try to remember the dream he had the first night he slept in a new place, but there was no sense in it. The whole day he had spoken little or nothing with Eli's father, but all night long it was of him he was dreaming. The last thing he dreamed was, that Bard was sitting playing cards with Nils the tailor, who was very angry and pale in the face, whilst Bard was smiling and dragging all the cards over to him.

Arne remained there several days, during which little was spoken, but a great deal of work was done. Not only the family in their own room were silent, but even the servants, the workmen, and the women. There was an old dog in the yard, which was always barking whenever there came any stranger to the farm; but the people said "Hush!" and then he went away growling to lie down again. At home at Kampen there was a great weather-cock on the top of the house, that turned with the wind. Here there was a still larger one that Arne could not but take notice of, because it did not turn at all. When the wind was strong the weather-cock always worked hard to get loose, and Arne looked at this so long that he was induced to go up on the roof to loosen it. It was not frozen fast, as he thought, but a stick was put in to make it stand still. This Arne took out and threw down. The stick hit Bard, who was walking underneath. He looked up: "What are you doing there?"

"I am loosening the weather-cock."

"Do not do that, it creaks when it goes."

Arne was sitting astride on the ridge of the house. "I am sure that it is better than to let it be silent."

Bard looked up at Arne and Arne looked down on Bard. Then Bard smiled and called up to him, "If I must shriek when I am to talk then I had better be silent."

Now it may happen so that a word is remembered a long time after it has been said, and especially when it is the last word said. These words followed Arne when in the cold weather he crept down from the roof, and they were in his mind when he entered the room in the

evening. There stood Eli in the dusk of the evening near a window looking across the ice, which was lying as smooth as a mirror in the moonlight. He went to the other window and looked out as she did. Inside it was warm and quiet, outside cold; and a sharp evening breeze rushed through the valley, shaking the trees so much that the shadows which they threw in the moonlight did not lie still, but groped about and crept on the surface of the snow. In the parsonage a light could be seen that came ever opening and shutting itself, taking many shapes and colours as it always appears when one is looking too long at it. The dark mountain stood overhead, with many marvellous fairy stories in the bottom, but with moonlight on the snowy plains of its summit. In the sky could be seen the stars and some little flickering aurora borealis yonder in one corner; but it did not increase all over the sky. Some distance from the window down towards the water several trees were standing, and they seemed stealing over to each other through their shadows; but the great ash stood by itself writing on the snow.

It was quite silent everywhere; only occasionally there was something that gave a long and yelling shriek that sounded quite plaintive. "What is that?" asked Arne.

"It is the weather-cock," replied Eli, afterwards adding more slowly, as if to herself, "It must have been loosened." Arne had felt as if he had been wanting to talk and was not able; but now he said:

"Do you remember the story of the thrushes; that song?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I remember it was you who told it us. That was a nice story."

She now said in so soft a voice that it seemed to him the first time he heard it, "I often think there is something that sings when it is quite still."

"That is what is good in us."

She looked towards him as if there was something too much in that answer. They were both silent afterwards. Then she asked him while she was writing with her finger on the glass-pane, "Have you lately made any song?"

He turned red, but she did not see it. She therefore asked again, "How do you manage to make songs?"

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes, I should."

"I take care of such thoughts as others allow to pass." She was now silent a long time. I dare say she was trying to compose a song of some sort or other, as if she had had some

thoughts but allowed them to pass. "That was strange," said she, as if to herself, and began writing again on the glass-pane.

"I was making a song the first time I saw you."

"Where was that?"

"Near the parsonage that evening you left it. I saw you in the water."

She laughed, stood quiet a little, and said, "Let me hear that song."

Arne had never before done anything of the kind, but now he commenced saying the song:

My Thora jumped so light on her feet

Her lover to meet.

He sang. It was heard over roof and way—

Good day! good day!

And all little birds sang merry and gay:

"Till midsummer-eve

Laughter and dancing they never leave;

Later but little I know, if she does her garland weave."

Eli stood very attentive a long time after he had done. At last she burst out, "Well, how I do pity her!"

"It appears to me as if I had not made that song," said he, and remained standing as if looking after the song.

Then she said, "But I hope it will not go so with me."

"No, I thought more of myself."

"Will it go so with you then?"

"I do not know, but I have felt so at times."

"That is strange," and she wrote on the glass-pane again.

The next day when Arne came in to dine he went up to the window. Outside it was gray and thick, inside it was warm and comfortable. But on the window-pane was written with a finger: Arne, Arne, Arne, and continually Arne. It was near this window that Eli had been standing the preceding night.

[His mother dreads that Arne will go away, and is glad to discover that he has fallen in love; but, knowing his shyness, she schemes to bring about the match, and the kindly pastor of the village aids her.]

"Good-bye," said Margit, in the door up at the clergyman's. It was a Sunday evening later in the summer; he was come from church, and she had been sitting there till now—it was almost seven. "Good-bye, Margit," said the clergyman. She made haste down the stairs and out into the yard, for there she had just seen Eli Boen playing with the clergyman's son and her own brother.

"Good evening," said Margit, and remained standing. "God bless the party!" "Good evening," said Eli. She was burning red in the face, and would leave off, though the boys

pressed her to go on; but she begged to be excused, and was permitted to leave off for to-night.

"I almost think I should know you," said Margit.

"That may be so," said the other.

"It could not be Eli Boen?" Yes, it was she. "Why, to be sure, so you are Eli Boen? Yes, now I see how like you are to your mother."

Eli's tawny hair was torn out, so it hung long and loose down; she was as hot and red in the face as a berry; her breath came heavily, so much so that she could not talk and laugh. "Well, now, that belongs to youth, that does," said Margit, and looked at the girl till she grew quite fond of her. "I suppose you do not know me, do you?" Eli wished to ask, but did not do so on account of the other being elder, so she said that she did not recollect ever having seen her before. "Why, no, it could not be expected that you knew me; old people seldom get out. My son you know perhaps a little—Arne Kampen? I am his mother." She stole a glance at Eli, whose breath directly came slowly, and her face became serious, and eyes staring. "I almost think he has been at work once yonder at Boen." Yes, he had. "It is beautiful weather to-night. We threw about the hay during the day and took it in before I left, it is such blessed weather."

"It will certainly be a good hay harvest this year," said Eli.

"Yes, you may say so. At Boen I suppose it is beautiful?"

"They have done there now."

"I dare say they have; great help, active people. Are you going home to-night?" No, she should not do so. "Could not you go with me part of the road? It is so seldom I find any one to talk with, and I dare say it does not matter much for you." Eli excused herself that she had not her jacket on. "Why, yes. I am almost ashamed to ask such a thing the first time I see a person, but one must bear with old people." Eli said she might go with her; she would only run in for her jacket.

It was a very close jacket. When it was hooked, it looked as if it were a body of a dress that she had on; but now she only hooked the two lowest hooks, she was so hot. Her fine linen had a little collar, that was turned over and kept together in the front by a silver button in the form of a bird with wings spread out. Such a button Nils the tailor had worn the first time Margit Kampen danced with him.

"A nice button," said she, looking at it.

"I got it from mother," said Eli.

"Yes, I suppose you have," and she was helping her and putting her in order.

Now they walked on. The grass was mowed down, and was lying in little heaps, to which Margit went up, and found when smelling it that it was good hay. She asked about the cattle they had on this farm, and then got the opportunity to ask about the cattle they had at Boen and told how much cattle they had at Kampen. "Our farm has improved much in the later years, and it may be more than twice as large. There are now twelve milch cows, and there might be more, but Arne has so many books he reads in and manages after, therefore he will have them fed in such a grand style." Eli said nothing to all this, as might be expected, but Margit asked her how old she was. She was a little more than twenty years. "Have you tried your hand in house-keeping? You look such a lady I suppose it has not been much." Yes, she had helped somewhat, especially in the later time. "Well, it is good to be used to everything. When one gets a large house much may be wanted. But certainly that one who finds good help before her has no reason to complain." Eli would like to return, for now they were a long way past the parsonage. "It will be a couple of hours before the sun goes down; it would be kind of you to go on talking with me a little longer." And Eli went with her.

Margit now began to talk of Arne. "I do not know if you know much of him. He might be able to teach you something. Good Lord, what a deal he has read!" Eli confessed she knew he had read much. "But that is the least good in him, that is. So good as he has been towards his mother all his days, that is something more. If the old adage be true that the person who is kind to his mother is sure to make a good husband, then that one he chooses will not have much to complain of." Eli asked why they had painted the house yonder with gray colours. "I suppose they have not had any other," thought Margit. "I am sure I should wish with all my heart that my Arne got a reward for all the good he has been doing to his mother. The woman he ought to have for a wife ought to be well instructed and of good heart. What is it you are looking after, my child?"

"I only lost a little sprig I was carrying."

"Well, I have many thoughts, I can tell you, whilst I am sitting yonder in the forest by myself. If he should happen to carry one home who took a blessing with her both to the house and to her husband, then I know

that many a poor one would be glad on that day." They were both silent, and walked on without looking at each other. "He is so strange," began again the mother, "he has been so much frightened as a child, and therefore he has been used to keep all his thoughts quite to himself, and such people do not generally get on." Now Eli insisted on returning, but Margit said it was only about a mile to Kampen—not so much even—and therefore she must see Kampen as she had come so far. But Eli thought it was too late for her. "Oh! there are always those who will go home with you," said Margit.

"No, no!" answered Eli quickly, and wanted to return.

"Well, Arne is not at home," said Margit, "so it will not be he; but I dare say we shall find somebody else."

Eli had now no longer so great an objection. "If it only will not be too late," said she.

"Well, if we stand here long talking it may soon be too late," and they walked on. "I suppose you have read much, you who have been educated at the clergyman's?" Yes, she had. "That will be of good service to you when you get one for your husband who knows somewhat less." No; such a one Eli said she would not have. "I dare say that would not be the best either; but here in the parish people generally know very little." Eli now asked if it was Kampen that she could see right before her. "No; that is Gransetren, the last farm before you come into the wood; when you come a little further up you will see Kampen. It is easy to live at Kampen I can tell you. It certainly seems to be a little aside, but happiness does not depend upon that." Eli now asked what it was she saw smoking yonder in the wood. "It is from the house of a tenant who has got a place under Kampen. There lives a man from Uplands whose name is Canute. He went about quite alone, and then Arne gave him this spot to clear. Poor Arne knows what it is to be alone." In a little while they came so high up that they could see the farm.

"Is that Kampen?" said Eli, stopping and pointing.

"It is," said Margit. She stopped also.

The sun now looked them right in the face; they put their hands up to shade their eyes and looked downwards. In the middle of the plain lay the farm-house, painted red, with white window-frames; round about, the grass was mowed down; some hay was standing in heaps; the corn-fields lay green beyond the pale meadow; yonder, near the cow-house,

they were very busy—cows, sheep, and goats coming home, the dogs barking, the dairymaids calling; but over it all the loud noise of the waterfall rose dreadfully from the bottom of the glen. The longer Eli looked the more she heard this sound, which at last grew so frightful that her heart began to palpitate. It kept on thundering and roaring through her head till she felt as if quite wild, but afterwards so timid, that without perceiving it she walked cautiously with small steps, so Margit asked her to go on a little faster. This quite frightened her. "I have never heard anything like that waterfall before," said she. "I am getting frightened." "You will soon get used to it," said the mother.

"Dear me! Do you think so?" asked Eli.

"Well, that you will soon see," said Margit, smiling. "Come now, and let us first look at the cattle," continued she, turning away a little from the road. "These trees Nils planted on both sides, for Nils wanted to have it nice; and so does Arne also. Look, there is the garden he has laid out."

"Only look!" cried out Eli, running fast up to the fence.

"Yes; by-and-by we shall look at that also," said Margit. Eli now looked quickly through the windows as she passed them; nobody was inside.

Both halted on the bridge going up to the barn and looked at the cows as they passed them bellowing and going into the cow-house. Margit named them all by names, told Eli how much milk each of them had yielded, what time some should be calving, and which of them not. The sheep were counted and allowed to come in; they were all of a large foreign species, for Arne had been able to get hold of two lambs of that species from the southern parts of the country. "He is always applying himself to all such things, though we should not think it of him." They now went into the barn to have a look at the hay that was just taken in, and Eli must smell it, "for such hay is not found everywhere." Through an opening in the wall of the barn they looked out on the corn-fields, Margit telling Eli how much each field bore, and how much was sown of every sort. "Yes, I am sure she will be comfortable, that one who comes here." They went out of the barn and walked towards the house, but Eli, who had not answered anything to all the rest, when passing the garden now asked if she might be allowed to go in. And when she entered she asked if she might be allowed

to take a flower or two. There was a little bench in the corner on which she sat down only just to try it, for she immediately rose.

"We must make haste now, lest it should be too late," said Margit, standing at the door of the house, and they walked in. Margit asked if she should not treat her with anything as this was her first visit; but Eli blushed, answering shortly, "No." She looked about the room: it was not very large, but comfortable, and contained a clock and a stove. Here Nils's fiddle was hanging, now old and dark but with new strings. Here also a couple of guns that belonged to Arne, English fishing tackle, and other strange things that his mother took down and showed her. Eli looked, but did not touch anything. The room was not painted, for Arne liked it so. Nor was there need of any painting in the room, for the window overlooked the glen, that had the high mountain right opposite to it and the beautiful blue in the back-ground; this room was larger and nicer than the others; but in two smaller rooms in the wing the walls were painted, for there the mother was to live when she grew old, and when he had got a wife in the house. They went to the kitchen, to the pantry and larder, to the drying-houses, and it now only remained to go up to the second story.

Here, also, were rooms well fitted up and exactly corresponding to those downstairs, but they were new, and not taken into use with the exception of one overlooking the glen. In these rooms upstairs all sorts of furniture was placed, that was not used every day. Here were hanging a great many fur-coverlets and other bed-clothes. The mother took hold of them, lifting them; Eli did the same. All these things she was very fond of looking at; returned to some of them, asked many questions, and was more and more amused. Then said the mother, "Now we shall find the key to Arne's own room." They found it under a chest, and went into the room that overlooked the glen. The dreadful noise of the waterfall was again close to them, for the window was open. Here they could see the water lashing up between the rocks, but not the waterfall itself except higher up where a piece of rock had fallen into it, just as it came with all its might to its last plunge down into the deep. On the upper part of this rock fresh turf was lying; a couple of fir-cones had found place here, and were growing up again with the roots in the crevices of the rock. The wind had been wearing and tearing these trees, the waterfall continually washed them, so there was not a twig four ells from the root; on their knees they seemed bent,

their branches crooked, but yet they stood there rising high between the rocks. These were the first things Eli saw from the window, then the white snowy mountain higher up than the green. She looked back; over the fields there was peace and fertility; she then looked about in the room, and the first object she saw was a great book-shelf. There were so many books that she did not think the clergyman had more. A cupboard was standing near to the shelf, and down here he had his money. Twice they had inherited, said the mother, and they ought also to take a third inheritance if everything went on as it ought to do. "But money is not the best thing in the world. He might get what was much better." There were many little things interesting to look at in this cupboard, and Eli looked at them all as joyfully as a child. Then the mother showed her a big chest where all his gear was lying. This chest they also opened and looked at. Margit patted her on her shoulder, saying, "I have not seen you before to-day, but I love you already so much, my child," and she looked kindly into her eyes. Before Eli had time to be a little abashed Margit pulled her dress, saying quite slowly, "There you see a little red-painted box; you may be sure there is something strange in it." Eli looked at it; it was a little square box, that she should like very much to have. "He does not want me to know what is in it," whispered the mother, "and he hides away the key every time." She went to some clothes that were hanging on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, looked in the watch-pocket, and there was the key lying. "Come now, and you shall see," whispered she. They went quite slowly and placed themselves on their knees before the box. At the same time as the mother opened the lid a delightful perfume arose out of it, so Eli beat her hands together before she had yet seen anything. Uppermost there lay a handkerchief spread out, which the mother took aside. "Look here," whispered she, taking up a fine black silk handkerchief, not such a one as men wear. "It looks just as if it were for a girl," said the mother. Eli spread it out over her lap, looking at it, but did not say a word. "Here is one more," said the mother. Eli took it,—she could not help herself; but the mother must try it on her, though Eli did not like it, and bent her head. She did not know what she would give for such a handkerchief, but yet it was not this she was thinking of. They put them together again, but slowly. "Here you shall see," said the mother, taking up some

nice silk ribbands. "It all looks as if it were for a girl." Eli turned fiery red, but was silent. "Here is something more;" the mother now took up a nice black dress. "I'm sure that's fine," said she, holding it up towards daylight. Eli's hands trembled a little, her chest was rising, she felt the blood rushing up to her head, she would like to turn away, but that would not do. "He has bought something every time he has been to town," said the mother. Eli was scarcely able to stand it any longer, her eyes ran from one thing to another in the box and turned again to the dress. She was burning hot in the face. The last thing the mother took up was lying in a paper, which they removed; it was a pair of small shoes. They had never seen anything like these shoes, any of them. The mother said she did not think they could be worked. Eli did not say a word, but when she took the shoes in her hand all her five fingers were seen marked on them. "I am in a perspiration, I see," whispered she, drying herself. The mother laid the things to rights again. "Does it not look quite as if he had bought these all little by little for one he dared not give them to?" said she, looking at Eli; "in the meantime he seems to have put them here in the box." She replaced everything carefully. "Now we shall see what there is here in this small compartment at the end of the box." She opened it very slowly, as if she should see something very nice. There was lying a buckle wide and broad as if for a waistband. This was the first thing Eli saw; then she saw a couple of gold rings tied together, and then a psalm-book bound in velvet with silver clasps, but she could not see any more, for she had seen pricked in on the silver of the psalm-book with very fine letters, "Eli Boen." The mother wanted her to look again, but got no answer, and presently saw tears rolling down her cheeks. Then the mother laid down the buckle she had been keeping in her hand, shut again this little compartment, turned to Eli, and took her to her bosom. Then the daughter wept, and the mother cried over her without any of them saying anything more.

Some while after this Eli walked by herself in the garden; the mother was busy in the kitchen, as she had something nice to prepare, for now Arne would be coming. Afterwards she went out to look at Eli in the garden; she was sitting cowering down there writing names in the sand with a stick. She was sweeping it out when Margit came; she looked up and smiled; she had been crying. "Nothing to cry for, my child," said Margit, patting her

cheek. "Now supper is ready, and Arne will be coming." They saw something black between the bushes up on the road. Eli stole in, the mother following her. Here was a great laying out of the table with cream pudding, smoked bacon, and fancy bread, but Eli did not look at it; she sat down on a chair yonder near the clock, trembling if she only heard a cat move. The mother stood at the table. Quick and manly steps were heard outside on the stone-flags, a short and easy step in the passage, the door opened, and Arne entered. The first thing he saw was Eli yonder near the clock. He let go the handle of the door and stood still. This made Eli still more embarrassed. She rose, repented it immediately, and turned towards the wall. "Are you here?" said Arne, and became fiery red as soon as he had said these words. She lifted up one of her hands, as when the sun shines too strong in the eyes. "How are you come here?" said he, making a step or two. She dropped the hand, turned a little towards him, but bent her head, and burst into violent tears. "Why do you cry, Eli?" asked he, going up to her. She did not answer, but cried more. "God bless you, Eli!" said he, putting his hand round her waist. She leaned upon him. He whispered something into her ear; she did not answer, but took him round his neck with both her hands.

A long time did they remain thus; not a sound was heard save from the waterfall, that sang its eternal song, distant and quiet. Then there was somebody who cried near the table. Arne looked up; it was his mother, whom he had not seen before. "Now I am sure you will not leave me, Arne!" said she, going towards him; she cried much, but it did her good, she said.

UTOPIA.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

There is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side;
And all day between them in silence
The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Though I know the road thereto:
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

—*Lyrical Poems.*

WATCHING.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circle in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingle with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbblings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lips lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then boldly ventures out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,

Darting upon his prey
In such a tricky, winsome sort of way.
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky:
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt,
alone.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

"AD AMICOS"—1829-1876.

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted.
Old Time forgot his running sand,
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself, with gentle hand,
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days, with age grown dim,
Are dressed again in robes of glory.
In all its freshness spring returns,
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendour!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy,—
The shaft that stings through bone and
marrow.

Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! We may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter,
But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
How every heart to each grows warm!
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we'll be

As long as three, as two, are creeping;
Then here's to him—ah! which is he?—

Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,

The young man's health, the rich man's plenty.

All earth can give that earth has best,

And heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE DUKE'S PLOT.

[John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L., born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1814; died in England, 1877. Educated at Harvard University, and in Germany. Was minister for the United States at the courts of Austria and England. His *Rise of the Dutch Republic*—from which we take the following extract—is esteemed one of the most important of modern historical works. He also wrote: *The United Netherlands*; and two novels entitled *Morton's Hope* and *Merry Mount*.]

Early in January, 1583, he [the Duke of Anjou] sent one night for several of his intimate associates, to consult with him after he had retired to bed. He complained of the insolence of the states, of the importunity of the council which they had forced upon him, of the insufficient sums which they furnished both for him and his troops, of the daily insults offered to the Catholic religion. He protested that he should consider himself disgraced in the eyes of all Christendom, should he longer consent to occupy his present ignoble position. But two ways were open to him, he observed; either to retire altogether from the Netherlands, or to maintain his authority with the strong hand, as became a prince. The first course would cover him with disgrace. It was therefore necessary for him to adopt the other. He then unfolded his plan to his confidential friends La Fougère, De Fazy, Valette, the sons of Maréchal Biron, and others. Upon the same day, if possible, he was determined to take possession, with his own troops, of the principal cities in Flanders. Dunkirk, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Bruges, Ghent, Vilvoorde, Alost, and other important places, were to be simultaneously invaded, under pretext of quieting tumults artfully created and encouraged between the burghers and the garrisons, while Antwerp was reserved for his own especial enterprise. That important capital he would carry by surprise at the same moment in which the other cities were to be secured by his lieutenants.

The plot was pronounced an excellent one by the friends around his bed—all of them eager for Catholic supremacy, for the establish-

ment of the right divine on the part of France to the Netherlands, and for their share in the sacking of so many wealthy cities at once. These worthless *mignons* applauded their weak master to the echo; whereupon the duke leaped from his bed, and, kneeling on the floor in his night-gown, raised his eyes and his clasped hands to heaven, and piously invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the project which he had thus announced. He added the solemn assurance that, if favoured with success in his undertaking, he would abstain in future from all unchastity, and forego the irregular habits by which his youth had been stained. Having thus bribed the Deity, and received the encouragement of his flatterers, the duke got into bed again. His next care was to remove the Seigneur du Plessis, whom he had observed to be often in colloquy with the Prince of Orange, his suspicious and guilty imagination finding nothing but mischief to himself in the conjunction of two such natures. He therefore dismissed Du Plessis, under pretext of a special mission to his sister, Margaret of Navarre; but in reality, that he might rid himself of the presence of an intelligent and honourable countryman.

On the 15th January, 1583, the day fixed for the execution of the plot, the French commandant of Dunkirk, Captain Chamois, skilfully took advantage of a slight quarrel between the citizens and the garrison, to secure that important frontier town. The same means were employed simultaneously, with similar results, at Ostend, Dixmuyde, Denremonde, Alost, and Vilvoorde, but there was a fatal delay at one important city. La Fougère, who had been with Chamois at Dunkirk, was arrested on his way to Bruges by some patriotic citizens who had got wind of what had just been occurring in the other cities, so that when Valette, the provost of Anjou, and Colonel la Rebours, at the head of fifteen hundred French troops, appeared before the gates, entrance was flatly refused. De Grijsse, burgomaster of Bruges, encouraged his fellow-townsmen by words and stout action to resist the nefarious project then on foot against religious liberty and free government, in favour of a new foreign tyranny. He spoke to men who could sympathize with and second his courageous resolution, and the delay of twenty-four hours, during which the burghers had time to take the alarm, saved the city. The whole population was on the alert, and the baffled Frenchmen were forced to retire from the gates, to avoid being torn to pieces by the citizens whom they had intended to surprise.

At Antwerp, meanwhile, the Duke of Anjou had been rapidly maturing his plan, under pretext of a contemplated enterprise against the city of Endhoven, having concentrated what he esteemed a sufficient number of French troops at Borgerhout, a village close to the walls of Antwerp.

On the 16th of January, suspicion was aroused in the city. A man in a mask entered the mainguard-house in the night, mysteriously gave warning that a great crime was in contemplation, and vanished before he could be arrested. His accent proved him to be a Frenchman. Strange rumours flew about the streets. A vague uneasiness pervaded the whole population as to the intention of their new master, but nothing was definitely known, for of course there was entire ignorance of the events which were just occurring in other cities. The colonels and captains of the burgher guard came to consult the Prince of Orange. He avowed the most entire confidence in the Duke of Anjou, but, at the same time, recommended that the chains should be drawn, the lanterns hung out, and the drawbridge raised an hour earlier than usual, and that other precautions, customary in the expectation of an attack, should be duly taken. He likewise sent the burgomaster of the interior, Dr. Alostannus, to the Duke of Anjou, in order to communicate the suspicions created in the minds of the city authorities by the recent movements of troops.

Anjou, thus addressed, protested in the most solemn manner that nothing was farther from his thoughts than any secret enterprise against Antwerp. He was willing, according to the figure of speech which he had always ready upon every emergency, "to shed every drop of his blood in her defence." He swore that he would signally punish all those who had dared to invent such calumnies against himself and his faithful Frenchman, declaring earnestly, at the same time, that the troops had only been assembled in the regular course of their duty. As the duke was so loud and so fervent; as he, moreover, made no objections to the precautionary measures which had been taken; as the burgomaster thought, moreover, that the public attention thus aroused would render all evil designs futile, even if any had been entertained; it was thought that the city might sleep in security for that night at least.

On the following morning, as vague suspicions were still entertained by many influential persons, a deputation of magistrates and militia officers waited upon the duke, the Prince of Orange—although himself still feeling a confidence which seems now almost in-

explicable—consenting to accompany them. The duke was more vehement than ever in his protestations of loyalty to his recent oaths, as well as of deep affection for the Netherlands—for Brabant in particular, and for Antwerp most of all, and he made use of all his vivacity to persuade the prince, the burgomasters, and the colonels, that they had deeply wronged him by such unjust suspicions. His assertions were accepted as sincere, and the deputation withdrew, Anjou having first solemnly promised—at the suggestion of Orange—not to leave the city during the whole day, in order that unnecessary suspicion might be prevented.

This pledge the duke proceeded to violate almost as soon as made. Orange returned with confidence to his own house, which was close to the citadel, and therefore far removed from the proposed point of attack, but he had hardly arrived there when he received a visit from the duke's private secretary, Quinsay, who invited him to accompany his highness on a visit to the camp. Orange declined the request, and sent an earnest prayer to the duke not to leave the city that morning. The duke dined as usual at noon. While at dinner he received a letter, was observed to turn pale on reading it, and to conceal it hastily in a muff which he wore on his left arm. The repast finished, the duke ordered his horse. The animal was restive, and so strenuously resisted being mounted that, although it was his usual charger, it was exchanged for another. This second horse started in such a flurry that the duke lost his cloak, and almost his seat. He maintained his self-possession, however, and placing himself at the head of his body-guard and some troopers, numbering in all three hundred mounted men, rode out of the palace-yard towards the Kipdorp gate.

This portal opened on the road towards Borgerhout, where his troops were stationed, and at the present day bears the name of that village. It is on the side of the city farthest removed from and exactly opposite the river. The town was very quiet, the streets almost deserted, for it was one o'clock, the universal dinner-hour, and all suspicion had been disarmed by the energetic protestations of the duke. The guard at the gate looked listlessly upon the cavalcade as it approached, but as soon as Anjou had crossed the first drawbridge, he rose in his stirrups and waved his hand. "There is your city, my lads," said he to the troopers behind him; "go and take possession of it!"

At the same time he set spurs to his horse, and galloped off towards the camp at Borger-

hout. Instantly afterwards, a gentleman of his suite, Count Rochepot, affected to have broken his leg through the plunging of his horse, a circumstance by which he had been violently pressed against the wall as he entered the gate. Kaiser, the commanding officer at the guard-house, stepped kindly forward to render him assistance, and his reward was a desperate thrust from the Frenchman's rapier. As he wore a steel cuirass, he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

The expression "broken leg," was the watchword, for at one and the same instant, the troopers and guards-men of Anjou set upon the burgher watch at the gate, and butchered every man. A sufficient force was left to protect the entrance thus easily mastered, while the rest of the Frenchmen entered the town at full gallop, shrieking "*Ville gagnée, ville gagnée! vive la messe! vive le Duc d'Anjou!*" They were followed by their comrades from the camp outside, who now poured into the town at the preconcerted signal, at least six hundred cavalry and three thousand musketeers, all perfectly appointed, entering Antwerp at once. From the Kipdorp gate two main arteries—the streets called the Kipdorp and the Meer—led quite through the heart of the city, towards the town-house and the river beyond. Along these great thoroughfares the French soldiers advanced at a rapid pace; the cavalry clattering furiously in the van, shouting "*Ville gagnée, ville gagnée! vive la messe, vive la messe! tue, tue, tue!*"

The burghers coming to door and window to look for the cause of all this disturbance, were saluted with volleys of musketry. They were for a moment astonished, but not appalled, for at first they believed it to be merely an accidental tumult. Observing, however, that the soldiers, meeting with but little effective resistance, were dispersing into dwellings and warehouses, particularly into the shops of the goldsmiths and lapidaries, the citizens remembered the dark suspicions which had been so rife, and many recalled to mind that distinguished French officers had during the last few days been carefully examining the treasures of the jewellers, under pretext of purchasing, but, as it now appeared, with intent to rob intelligently.

The burghers, taking this rapid view of their position, flew instantly to arms. Chains and barricades were stretched across the streets; the trumpets sounded through the city; the municipal guards swarmed to the rescue. An effective rally was made, as usual, at the Bourse, whither a large detachment of the invaders had forced their way. Inhabitants of all classes

and conditions, noble and simple, Catholic and Protestant, gave each other the hand, and swore to die at each other's side in defence of the city against the treacherous strangers. The gathering was rapid and enthusiastic. Gentlemen came with lance and cuirass, burghers with musket and bandoleer, artisans with axe, mallet, and other implements of their trade. A bold baker, standing by his oven—stark naked, according to the custom of bakers at that day—rushed to the street as the sound of the tumult reached his ear. With his heavy bread shovel, which he still held in his hand, he dealt a French cavalry officer, just riding and screaming by, such a hearty blow that he fell dead from his horse. The baker seized the officer's sword, sprang all unattired as he was upon his steed, and careered furiously through the streets, encouraging his countrymen everywhere to the attack, and dealing dismay through the ranks of the enemy. His services in that eventful hour were so signal that he was publicly thanked afterwards by the magistrates for his services, and rewarded with a pension of three hundred florins for life.

The invaders had been forced from the Bourse, while another portion of them had penetrated as far as the market-place. The resistance which they encountered became every instant more formidable, and Fervacques, a leading French officer, who was captured on the occasion, acknowledged that no regular troops could have fought more bravely than did these stalwart burghers. Women and children mounted to roof and window, whence they hurled, not only tiles and chimney-pots, but tables, ponderous chairs, and other bulky articles, upon the heads of the assailants, while such citizens as had used all their bullets, loaded their pieces with the silver buttons from their doublets, or twisted gold and silver coins with their teeth into ammunition. With a population so resolute, the four thousand invaders, however audacious, soon found themselves swallowed up. The city had closed over them like water, and within an hour nearly a third of their whole number had been slain. Very few of the burghers had perished, and fresh numbers were constantly advancing to the attack. The Frenchmen, blinded, staggering, beaten, attempted to retreat. Many threw themselves from the fortifications into the moat. The rest of the survivors struggled through the streets, falling in large numbers at every step—towards the point at which they had so lately entered the city. Here at the Kipdorp gate was a ghastly spectacle, the slain being piled up in the narrow passage full ten

feet high, while some of the heap, not yet quite dead, were striving to extricate a hand or foot, and others feebly thrust forth their heads to gain a mouthful of air.

From the outside, some of Anjou's officers were attempting to climb over this mass of bodies in order to enter the city; from the interior, the baffled and fugitive remnant of their comrades were attempting to force their passage through the same horrible barrier; while many dropped at every instant upon the heap of slain, under the blows of the unrelenting burghers. On the other hand, Count Rochepot himself, to whom the principal command of the enterprise had been intrusted by Anjou, stood directly in the path of his fugitive soldiers, not only bitterly upbraiding them with their cowardice, but actually slaying ten or twelve of them with his own hands, as the most effectual mode of preventing their retreat. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time when the Duke of Anjou first rode out of the Kipdorp gate, before nearly the whole of the force which he had sent to accomplish his base design was either dead or captive. Two hundred and fifty nobles of high rank and illustrious name were killed; recognized at once as they lay in the streets by their magnificent costume. A larger number of the gallant chivalry of France had been sacrificed—as Anjou confessed—in this treacherous and most shameful enterprise, than had often fallen upon noble and honourable fields. Nearly two thousand of the rank and file had perished, and the rest were prisoners. It was at first asserted that exactly fifteen hundred and eighty-three Frenchmen had fallen, but this was only because this number happened to be the date of the year, to which the lovers of marvellous coincidences struggled very hard to make the returns of the dead correspond. Less than one hundred burghers lost their lives.

Anjou, as he looked on at a distance, was bitterly reproached for his treason by several of the high-minded gentlemen about his person, to whom he had not dared to confide his plot. The Duke of Montpensier protested vehemently that he washed his hands of the whole transaction, whatever might be the issue. He was responsible for the honour of an illustrious house, which should never be stained, he said, if he could prevent it, with such foul deeds. The same language was held by Laval, by Rochefoucauld, and by the Maréchal de Biron, the last gentleman, whose two sons were engaged in the vile enterprise, bitterly cursing the duke to his face, as he rode through the gate after revealing his secret undertaking.

Meanwhile, Anjou, in addition to the pun-

ishment of hearing these reproaches from men of honour, was the victim of a rapid and violent fluctuation of feeling. Hope, fear, triumph, doubt, remorse, alternately swayed him. As he saw the fugitives leaping from the walls, he shouted exultingly, without accurately discerning what manner of men they were, that the city was his, that four thousand of his brave soldiers were there, and were hurling the burghers from the battlements. On being made afterwards aware of his error, he was proportionably depressed; and when it was obvious at last that the result of the enterprise was an absolute and disgraceful failure, together with a complete exposure of his treachery, he fairly mounted his horse, and fled conscience-stricken from the scene.

A BAIRNIE'S SONG.

AIR—"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

Oh, I'll sing a songie-pongie to my bairnie to-day,
Before its daddie-paddie goesie-oesie away;
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day,
So it must be goodie-poodie and at homeie-omeie stay.

A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee,
Did you ever such a bonnie wee bit bairnie see.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie gallopie away.

Such a bonnie-onnie bairnie-pairnie noneie-oneie see,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie daddy-addy's knee;
With merry-perry, langhie-panghie, happy-appy glee,
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee.

Its little-ittie legie-pegies kickie-ickie high,
Its bonnie-onnie eenie-peenies lookie-ookie sly,
Its pittle-ittie mouthie-pouthie nevie-evie cry.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a doudle dum a di.

Now thisie-isie stepie-pepie horseie-porseie go,
A trotie-otie fastie-pastie, a walkie-palkie slow.
And stovie-opie soonie-poonie hearie-earie "Wo."
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a do.

Now a niceie-piceie hattie-attie getie-etie you,
A little-ittie coatie-poatie pittle-ittie blue.
And niceie-piceie shoosie-possie goodie-oodie new.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a du.

Now kissie-issie daddie-paddie goodie-oodie bye,
And sleepeie-peepie bedie-pedie shutie-utie eye,
And cuddie-wuddie cosie-oesie pussie-ussie lie,
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dy.

A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a dee,
Did you ever such a bonnie wee bit bairnie see.
A roudle dum, a doudle dum, a roudle dum a day,
A rideie-pideie horseie-porseie gallopie away.

BEAUTY.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

[This extract is from *Balder*, a poem which, on its first appearance, excited profound attention. In his preface to the second edition of the work, the poet explained that his object was to illustrate "the Progress of a Human Being from Doubt to Faith, from Chaos to Order."]

SCENE.—*A meadow of flowers. Balder and his wife Amy, who has been long an invalid, are the speakers.*

Balder. My beautiful!

Amy. Am I? Then give me now
The long long promised lesson; teach me what
Is beauty. I am very well to-day,
My brain is like that set of glass and fire
Whereof we read together, wherenpon
The angels walked. Let them walk thro' my soul.
Dost thou remember idle days when we
Lay here, and thou didst roll the broken rocks
That spun into the valley round as stars?
So take the worlds and bowl them round about me,
For well I think thou canst; and I'll not flinch;
Nay try me!

Balder. And thou liest among the bells
And blossoms, and lookest up to any star,
And thinkest in some Angel's face to read
The mystery of beauty? Loveliness
Is precious for its essence; time and space
Make it nor near nor far nor old nor new,
Celestial nor terrestrial. Seven snowdrops
Sister the Pleiads, the primrose is kin
To Hesper, Hesper to the world to come!
For sovereign Beauty as divine is free;
Herself perfection, in herself complete,
Or in the flowers of earth or stars of heaven
Merely contained in the seven-coloured bow
Arching the globe, and still contained in each
Of all its rain-drops. This, my thought, I give
To thee, and am no poorer; no, nor thou
Still giving, nor a singular of all
Whoever shall possess it, tho' my thought
Become the equal birthright of unborn
Nations of men, in every heart a whole.
There cannot be a dimple on the cheek
But all an everlasting soul hath smiled;
Day is but day to all the eyes on earth,
No less than day to mine. Love strong as death
Measures eternity and fills a tear;
And beauty universal may be touched
As at the lips in any single rose.
See how I turn toward the turf, as he
Who after a long pilgrimage once more
Beholds the face that was his desert dream,
Turning from heaven and earth bends over it,
And parts the happy tresses from her brow,
Counting her ringlets, and discoursing bliss
On every hint of beauty in the dear

Regained possession, oft and oft retraced,
So could I lie down in the summer grass
Content, and in the round of my fond arm
Enclose enough dominion, and all day
Do tender descant, owning one by one
Floweret and flower, and telling o'er and o'er
The changing sum of beauty still repaid
In the unending task for ever new,
And in a love which first sees but the whole,
But when the whole is partially beloved
Doth feast the multitude upon the bread
Of one, endow the units with no less
Than all, and make each meanest integer
The total of my joy. Yet I have stood
And clasped the earth as if she were a maid;
And held her, bearing all her sparkling stars
Upon her like a vase of Castalie
Upon a Greek girl's head, and made my boast
Of her, and as a lover let her fill
My feeding eyes! Or I have hovered far
Upon the verge of all things, and beheld
The round globe as a fruit upon a tree,
The spangled tree that night by starry night
Stands o'er us, and have seen an angel pass,
Pluck it and cool his lips, and drop the hull
To chaos, and this earth, that I have loved
And worshipped, fall out of the universe
As unrespected as a dead leaf falls
From summer aspen, while the innumerable stars
Twinkled and quivered in the wind of God
Walking between the shade of fruited heavens
Untold as once between the river-trees
Of Eden. But wherever I beheld
Or one or every one, the whole or part,
Some better thing that is not either or all
For ever putteth forth from all and each
A hand, and toucheth me, as he of old
Was touched in sleep; and I as one in sleep
Know not or how or where, but, having felt,
Believe, and serve the Invisible Unknown,
Calling it Beauty. Therefore in sweet awe
Tread the bright mystery of the sod beneath
Thy feet, thou priest of Beauty! who dost stand
Bareheaded 'neath the stars, nor dare to slight
Her presence in the floweret of the field!
Beware, for beauty, as a maid, delights
In summer ambush. Often the mere hem
And flutter of her garment doth betray
Her covert; or low murmurings of the leaves
O'er-fond about her naked loveliness,
Or jealous whisperings of envious winds,
Or voice of birds when her unwonted smile
Makes sudden sunshine in the dusky dell,
Or stir of showers that fall like kisses on her,
Or song of streams made happy by her limbs,
Is all her bruit. And oft she buried is
—Rapt from her upper realm by gnomes and ghouls,
A moment powerful in the pause of Fate.
And her immortal body thrust in haste
Below the earth some lingering tress reveals
That floateth like a floweret in the wind.

SELF-CULTURE.

[William Ellery Channing, D.D., born at Newport, U.S., 7th April, 1780; died at Bennington, 2d October, 1842. He was a Unitarian minister, and earned universal esteem by his discourses, essays, and miscellaneous writings. His critical estimates of *Milton* and *The First Napoleon* are two of his most popular essays. *Self-culture*—from which we quote—was one of his most successful lectures. His works were published in six volumes, and another edition in one volume was issued in London, 1872. Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love."]

Self-culture is practical, or it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and to fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger and trial. But passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were

tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labour tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it images to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence, the way to see and

feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this, that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—*Sir William Temple.*

TELL'S STATUE.¹

Inserted with the permission of Messrs. Maclehose.

Lion-like the archer stands,
With the clanging bow,
And the arrow in his hands,
As he stood there, long ago.
I hear the sounding string:
I see the father fling
A look of rage and woe
Around the hostile ring.
The shaft is driven home
To endless praise,
While the twin bolt that he holds,
That his fiery grasp enfolds
Is kept for other days.

I see him in the foam
Of tempests, tossed in rocky ways.
He leaps ashore, and dwells with wills
Like his among the thunderous hills.
I watch the mustering of his band,
Like torrents rolling to the strand.
Arrows of freedom dart; his hand
Chases the scourges from the land.

The statue stands, whose tale is told,
Fall often still in Uri's bay,
In cottage homes, when evening grey
Steals over Uri's peaks of gold.
The hero song of ages old,
The history of their warrior bold.

Moveless the marble features; yet Despair
And Exultation and Revenge are there:
The gathering of the clouds of wrath, the form
Of Victory, shadowed through the storm.
JOHN NICHOL.

IN THE KEY OF BLUE.²

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Inserted with the permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.

The nomenclature of colour in literature has
always puzzled me. It is easy to talk of green,
blue, yellow, red. But when we seek to

¹ *The Death of Themistocles and other Poems.* By John Nichol, M.A., LL.D. James Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow.

² *In the Key of Blue and other Essays.* By John Addington Symonds. Elkin Mathews.

distinguish the tints of these hues, and to accentuate the special *timbre* of each, we are practically left to suggestions founded upon metaphor and analogy. We select some object in nature—a gem, a flower, an aspect of the sky or sea—which possesses the peculiar quality we wish to indicate. We talk of grass-green, apple-green, olive-green, emerald-green, sage-green, jade-green; of sapphire, forget-me-not, turquoise, gentian, ultramarine, sky-blue; of topaz, gold, orange, citron; of rose and cherry, ruby and almandine, blood and flame. Or else we use the name of substances from which the pigments are compounded: as yellow-ochre, burnt sienna, cadmium, lamp-black, verdigris, vermilion, madder, cinnabar. To indicate very subtle gradations, the jargon of commerce supplies us liberally with terms like mauve, magenta, eau-de-Nile, peacock, mer-de-oce, Prussian blue, crushed strawberry, Venetian-red, gris-de-perle, and so forth to infinity. It is obvious that for purely literary purposes these designations have a very unequal value. Some of them are inadmissible in serious composition. The most precise often fail by interpreting what is absent from the reader's mental eye through what is unknown to his intelligence. Not everybody is familiar with jade, cadmium, Nile-water. What the writer wants would be a variety of broad terms to express the species (tints) of each genus (hue). In such terms some of the colours are richer than others. Green, I think, is the poorest of all. After verdant, it has to be content with compounds of itself, like pea-green and those which I have cited above. The Greeks had no generic name for green except one which also meant pale. Next to this they used an adjective derived from the leek. Blue fares better with its azure, cerulean, celestial, amethystine. Yellow is still more fortunate, rejoicing in golden, saffron, orange, tawny, blonde. Red stands at the head of the list, possessing a copious vocabulary of ruddy, rosy, russet, crimson, scarlet, pink, sanguine, mulberry, carnation, blushing. It will be noticed that all these words denominating tints are eventually derived from substances which have been accepted into common parlance. In one shape or another, for example, blood and the rose contributed largely to the phraseology of red.

These thoughts were in my mind at Venice, where the problem of colour gradations under their most subtle aspect presents itself on all sides to the artist. I had been especially attracted to the qualities of blue in the dresses

of both men and women, and to the behaviour of this colour under various effects of natural and artificial light. . . . It struck me that it would be amusing to try the resources of our language in a series of studies of what might be termed "blues and blouses". For this purpose I resolved to take a single figure—a *fucchino*¹ with whom I have been long acquainted—and to pose him in a variety of lights with a variety of hues in combination.

It was a hot June night. Scirocco lay heavy on the air, swathing Venice in damp mists of inky darkness, brooding low upon the city, yet not interfering with the local pungency of lamplight. I had gone with friends to a theatre where Boito's *Mefistofele* was being creditably represented. At the end of the prologue I left the house, intending to return for the prison scene and the beautiful last act. I crossed the Rialto, strolled through the Pescherà, and walked steadily along the Riva dell' Olio. At the very end, upon the barriers of the *traghetto*², under the flaring gas-lamp, Augusto was sitting gazing dreamily and tired across the Grand Canal. Scattered lights broke the surface of the water, and gondolas, like glow-worms, now and then moved silently upon that oily calm. Augusto was intensely blue, giving the single blot of colour on a ground of gloom. This suggested the first of my studies:

A symphony of black and blue—
 Venice asleep, vast night, and you.
 The skies were blurred with vapours dank:
 The long canal stretched inky-blank,
 With lights on heaving water shed
 From lamps that trembled overhead.
 Pitch-dark! You were the one thing blue;
 Four tints of pure celestial hue:
 The larkspur blouse by tones degraded
 Through silken sash of sapphire faded,
 The faintly floating violet tie,
 The hose of lapis-lazuli.
 How blue you were amid that black,
 Lighting the wave, the ebon wrack!
 The ivory pallor of your face
 Gleamed from those glowing azures back
 Against the golden gaslight; grapes
 Of dusky curls your brows embrace,
 And round you all the vast night gapes.

Augusto, though he was then nineteen years of age, had never left Venice for a day. He once went to Mestre with wine-casks, touched the land, and returned in one of those great *barche*³. He wanted to know what the world

¹ *Fucchino*, porter.

² *Traghetto*, ferry.

³ *Barche*, plural of *barca* = barge, bark, ferry-boat.

of fields and woods was like, where horses moved the vehicles, instead of men, and the highroads are not paved with water. Willing to pleasure him, I proposed that we should spend a couple of days in the Euganean Hills. The first day took us to Val San Zibio. Here we visited that ancient garden of enchantment, with its pleached alleys and labyrinths of box, the gush of mountain streams conducted through stone basins among sculptured deities, the huge umbrageous chestnuts swaying heavy limbs above smooth gravelled paths. We slept at Val San Zibio, in company with silkworms. Next day we drove through Praglia, and round by Rovolone, up to Teolo. On that drive Augusto gave me the second of my studies. His blue dress was now combined with white:

A symphony of blues and whites—
You, the acacias, dewy-bright,
Transparent skies of chrysolite.
We wind along these leafy hills;
One cord of blue the landscape thrills,
Your three blent azures merged in those
Cerulean heavens above the blouse.
The highest tones flash forth in white—
Acacia branches, bowed with snow,
Of scented blossom; broken light;
The Ivory of your brows, the glow
Of those large orbs that are your eyes:
Those starry orbs of lustrous jet
In clear enamelled turquoise set,
Pale as the marge of morning skies.

There is an *osteria*¹ in the Calle del Campanile, where I sometimes go to dine with Augusto. The padrona cooks excellently, and the place is frequented by sober people of the quarter. They are all of them very poor, tired with labour, clothed in the most homely garb. At the end of the day's work a little suffices to amuse them—itinerant musicians, a bit of dancing among themselves, a glass of wine added to the frugal store of bread and sausages they bring in handkerchiefs or newspapers. The company is well-bred, and they do not receive a stranger unwillingly, provided they see that he has found a mate of their own kindred. It was here that Augusto suggested the third of my studies in blue:

A symphony of blues and brown—
We were together in the town:
A grimy tavern with blurred walls,
Where dingy lamplight floats and falls
On working men and women, clad
In sober watchet, umber sad.
Two viols and one 'cello scream
Waltz music through the smoke and steam:

You rise, you clasp a comrade, who
Is clothed in triple blues like you:
Sunk in some dream voluptuously
Circle those azures richly blent,
Swim through the dusk, the melody;
Languidly breathing, you and he,
Uplifting the environment;
Ivory face and swart face laid
Cheek unto cheek, like man, like maid.

The host of this *osteria*, which has no name or sign by which it may be known, is called Giovanni. The blank back of the Church of S. Casciano frowns down upon his house, and chokes the light out. He has a heap of children, the youngest of whom come home at nightfall, just after we have finished supper. Augusto one evening took a little bright-eyed girl upon his knee. We were sitting with the table between us, and a gas-lamp above our heads. That is the *motif* of my fourth study:

A symphony of pink and blue,
The lamp, the little maid, and you.
Your strong man's stature in those three
Blent azures clothed, so loved by me;
Your grave face framed in felt thrown back;
Your sad sweet lips, eyes glossy black,
Now laughing, while your wan cheeks flush,
Like warm white roses with a blush.
Clasped to your heart, held by your hands,
Smothered in blues, the baby stands;
Her frock like some carnation gleams:
Her hair, a golden torrent streams:
Blue as forget-me-not her eyes,
Or azure-winged butterflies:
Her cheek and mouth so richly red,
One would not think her city-bred.
Your beautiful pale face of pain
Leaned to the child's cheeks breathing health;
Like feathers dropped from raven's wing,
The curls that round your forehead rain
Merged with her tresses' yellowy wealth;
Her mouth that was a rose in spring
Touched yours, her pouting nether lip
Clasped your fine upper lip, whose brink,
Wherefrom Love's self a bee might sip,
Is pencilled with faint Indian ink.
Such was the group I saw one night
Illumined by a flaring light,
In that dim tavern where we meet
Sometimes to smoke, and drink and eat;
Exquisite contrast, not of tone,
Or tint, or form, or face alone.

Augusto and I were once more in the country together. This time we fared further, and found a nook of the hills which was all overgrown with yellow shrubs and plants in bloom. The sunlight was intense, and summer in the air. He lay prone in grass, which was not so much grass as a vast field of cloth of gold. The blues he wore struck me as giving its

¹ *Osteria*, tavern, inn.

accent to the scene, and so I made a fifth study:

A symphony of blues and gold,
Among ravines of grey stones rolled
Adown the steep from mountains old.
Laburnum branches drop their dew
Of amber bloom on me, on you:
With cythus and paler broom
Electron glimmering through the gloom.
Around us all the field flames up,
Golden-rod, hawkweed, buttercup;
While curling through lush grass one spies
Tendrils of honeyed heliocryse.
'Tis saffron, topaz, solar rays,
Dissolved in fervent chrysopræse.
Cool yet how luminous the blue,
Centred in triple tones by you,
Uniting all that yellow glare
With the blue circumambient air,
The violet shades, the hard cobalt
Of noon's inexorable vault.

How are blues to be combined with green? That question haunted me, until I passed in my gondola one day down a narrow Rio, where there was a dyer's workshop. Augusto had nothing to do with the study which I place sixth on my list. It must be noticed that the tone of blue here is indicated very low, and that of green is diminished to mere notes and suggestions. It might have been possible to discover a concord of blue and green under intenser conditions of light and colour, as when, in the after-glow, barges laden with fresh-cut grass glide against the purples of the east. Yet, as I saw the harmony, I give it here in verse:

A symphony of blues and green,
Swart indigo and eau-marine.
Stripped to the waist two dyers kneel
On grey steps strewn with orange peel;
The glaucous water to the brink
Welters with clouds of purplish ink:
The men wring cloth that drips and takes
Verditer hues of water-snakes,
While pale by sun and moon
Repeat the tint in verdigris.
Those brows, nude breasts, and arms of might,
The pride of youth and manhood white,
Now smirched with woad, proclaim the doom
Of labour and its life-long gloom.
Only the eyes emergent shine,
These black as coals, those opaline;
Lighten from storms of tangled hair,
Black curls and blonde curls debonnaire,
Proving man's untamed spirit there.

The lagoon toward Fusina takes the whole glory of Venetian sunset. The sun sinks down into the Lombard plain incarnadining the vault of clouds and the vast mirrors of the

undulating water floor. Colours which are cold by nature now assume an unexpected warmth. The blue of blouse and sash and trousers passes transfigured into gems or flowers. It is raised to amethyst, irradiated with crimson. Alone with Augusto at such a moment, I obtained the seventh of my studies:

A symphony of blues and red—
The broad lagoon, and overhead
Sunset, a sanguine banner, spread.
Fretty of azure and pure gules
Are sea, sky, city, stagnant pools:
You, by my side, within the boat,
Imperially purple float,
Beneath a burning sail, straight on
Into the west's vermillion.
The triple azures melt and glow
Like flaunting iris-flowers arow;
One amethystine gem of three
Fused by the heaven's effluency.
Now falls the splendour, day dies down
Beyond the hills of Padua's town;
And all along the eastern sky
Blue reassumes ascendancy;
Lapped in those tints of fluor-spar,
You shine intense, an azure star,
With roses flushed that slowly fade
Against the vast aerial shade.

I have made Augusto pose long enough as a mere model or lay figure, dressed in three sorts of blue, composing pictures. The next study, in which the sense of colour is not wholly lost, deals at last with more actual and kindly human sympathies. I give it as a record of a day spent in a little town between Treviso and Vicenza. The old towers and walls of Castelfranco still exist; and a moat surrounds them filled with running water. The walls and turrets rise, covered here and there with ivy, from green banks—intensely red in their time-mellowed brickwork. The banks are planted like a garden with flowering shrubs and trees, among which, at the time of our visit, clumps of Guelder roses, with their heavy white bosses in full bloom, were conspicuous. Around the ancient burgh, separated from the moat by a broad highroad, runs a suburb of low houses, with mediæval arcades; and there are avenues of tall white poplars. The town and its suburb form two squares, at one angle of which, fronting Giorgione's great white marble statue, is the Albergo della Spada, a Venetian palace with Gothic windows, and a balustraded balcony adorned with little seated lions.

At Castelfranco, with a blouse
Venetian, blent of triple blues,

I walked all through the sleepy town,
 Worshipped Madonna gazing down
 From that high throne Giorgione painted
 Above the knight and friar sainted,
 Drank in the landscape golden-green,
 The dim primeval pastoral scene.
 The blouse beside me thrilled no less
 Than I to that mute loveliness;
 Spoke little, turned aside, and dwelt
 Perchance on what he dumbly felt.
 There throbbed a man's heart 'neath the shirt,
 The sash, the hose—a life alert,
 Veiled by that dominating hurt.
 Then swept a storm-cloud from the hills;
 Eddying dust the city fills,
 The thunder crashes and the rain
 Hisses on roof and flooded plain.
 Ere midnight, when the moon sailed low,
 Peering through veils of indigo,
 We went abroad, and heard the wail
 Of many a darkling nightingale,
 Pouring as birds will only pour
 Their souls forth when heaven's strife is o'er.
 Those red walls, and the mighty towers,
 Which lustrous ivy over-flowers,
 Loomed through the murk divinely warm,
 As palpitating after storm.
 Hushed was the night for friendly talk;
 Under the dark arcades we walk,
 Pace the wet pavement, where light steals
 And swoons amid the huge abeles:
 Then seek our chamber. All the blues
 Dissolve, the symphony of hues
 Fades out of sight, and leaves at length
 A flawless form of simple strength,
 Sleep-seeking, breathing, ivory-white
 Upon the couch in candle-light.

I will now close this fantasia on blues and
 blouses with an envoy to the man who helped
 to make it. An artist in language must feel
 the mockery of word-painting, though he is
 often seduced to attempt effects which can
 only be adequately rendered by the palette.
 Description is not the proper end of writing.
 Word-paintings are a kind of hybrid, and
 purists in art criticism not irrationally look
 askance at the mixed species.

"Pictures or poems? Dithyramb or prose?
 What are they?" cries this critic. This replies:
 "Word pictures or verse-idylls, no man knows!"
 "One thing is sure," a third saith: "sure he lies
 Who finds in these thrice-sifted rhapsodies
 The stuff of good plain writing!" "Put them by,"
 A fourth, more cautious, murmurs: "time will try."

Were silence, then, not better than this speech?
 Words do no work of pencil, palette, brush,
 Words are designed to thrill the heart, or teach;
 Not to depict, not to revoke the blush
 Of dawn, or reincarnadine the flush
 Of sunset; break this wavering wand and go
 Back to the books, poor powerless Prospero.

Nevertheless, something may still be pleaded
 in favour of verbal description. If it be suf-
 ficiently penetrated with emotion, it has by
 its very vagueness a power of suggestion which
 the more direct art of the painter often misses.
 Sympathetic minds are stimulated to acts of
 creation by the writer, while pictures make
 demands upon their assimilative faculties
 alone.

How can words paint this warmth of blues,
 Blended with black, white, brown, all hues?
 Longhi we want, Tiepolo,
 To make us moderns feel blue so:
 They knew the deep Venetian night,
 The values of Venetian light,
 Venetian blouses led them right.
 Come back, my muse, come back to him
 Who warmed the cold hue, bright or dim.
 Those ivory brows, those brief replies;
 These are thy themes—the man, the life—
 Not tints in symphony at strife.

A NOVEL STYLE OF DWELLING- HOUSE AND A NOVEL STYLE OF BOARDER.¹

[Francis Richard Stockton, born at Philadelphia, U.S., 1834; died, 1902. An exceedingly entertaining writer, with a vein of very droll and original humour. Mr. Stockton began life as an engraver and draughtsman, but soon turned journalist, and found his vocation as a writer of humorous stories. Of his works we may mention *Rudder Grange*; *The Lady or the Tiger* and *other Stories*; *The Custing Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*; *The Bee Man of Orn*; *The Hundredth Man*; *Amos Kilbriht*; *The Disantes*; *The Great War Syndicate*, and *Pomona's Travels*. With the permission of Mr. David Douglas we take the following extract from his charming shilling edition of *Rudder Grange*.]

One evening we were sitting, rather discon-
 solately, in our room, and I was reading out
 the advertisements of country board in a news-
 paper, when in rushed Dr. Heare—one of our
 old friends. He was so full of something
 that he had to say that he didn't even ask us
 how we were. In fact, he didn't appear to
 want to know.

"I tell you what it is," said he, "I have
 found just the very thing you want."

"A canal-boat?" I cried.

"Yes," said he, "a canal-boat."

"Furnished?" asked Euphemia, her eyes
 glistening.

"Well, no," answered the doctor, "I don't
 think you could expect that."

¹From *Rudder Grange*, by Frank R. Stockton. David Douglas.

"But we can't live on the bare floor," said Euphemia; "our house *must* be furnished."

"Well, then, I suppose this won't do," said the doctor, ruefully, "for there isn't so much as a boot-jack in it. It has most things that are necessary for a boat, but it hasn't anything that you could call house-furniture; but, dear me, I should think you could furnish it very cheaply and comfortably out of your book."

"Very true," said Euphemia, "if we could pick out the cheapest things and then get some folks to buy a lot of the books."

"We could begin with very little," said I, trying hard to keep calm.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "you need make no more rooms, at first, than you could furnish."

"Then there are no rooms," said Euphemia.

"No, there is nothing but one vast apartment extending from stem to stern."

"Won't it be glorious!" said Euphemia to me.

"We can first make a kitchen, and then a dining-room, and a bedroom, and then a parlour—just in the order in which our book¹ says they ought to be furnished."

"Glorious!" I cried, no longer able to contain my enthusiasm; "I should think so. Doctor, where is this canal-boat?"

The doctor then went into a detailed statement.

The boat was stranded on the shore of the Scoldsbury river not far below Ginx's. We knew where Ginx's was, because we had spent a very happy day there during our honeymoon.

The boat was a good one, but superannuated. That, however, did not interfere with its usefulness as a dwelling. We could get it—the doctor had seen the owner—for a small sum per annum, and there was positively no end to its capabilities.

We sat up until twenty minutes past two, talking about that house. We ceased to call it a boat at about a quarter to eleven.

The next day I "took" the boat and paid a month's rent in advance. Three days afterward we moved into it.

We had not much to move, which was a comfort, looking at it from one point of view. A carpenter had put up two partitions in it which made three rooms—a kitchen, a dining-room and a very long bedroom, which was to be cut up into a parlour, study, spare-room,

&c., as soon as circumstances should allow, or my salary should be raised. Originally, all the doors and windows were in the roof, so to speak, but our landlord allowed us to make as many windows to the side of the boat as we pleased, provided we gave him the wood we cut out. It saved him trouble, he said, but I did not understand him at the time. Accordingly, the carpenter made several windows for us, and put in sashes, which opened on hinges like the hasp of a trunk. Our furniture did not amount to much at first. The very thought of living in this independent, romantic way was so delightful, Euphemia said, that furniture seemed a mere secondary matter.

We were obliged indeed to give up the idea of following the plan detailed in our book, because we hadn't the sum upon which the furnishing of a small house was therein based.

"And if we haven't the money," remarked Euphemia, "it would be of no earthly use to look at the book. It would only make us doubt our own calculations. You might as well try to make brick without mortar, as the children of Israel did."

"I could do that myself, my dear," said I, "but we won't discuss that subject now. We will buy just what we absolutely need, and then work up from that."

Acting on this plan, we bought first a small stove, because Euphemia said that we could sleep on the floor, if it were necessary, but we couldn't make a fire on the floor—at least not often. Then we got a table and two chairs. The next thing we purchased was some hanging shelves for our books, and Euphemia suddenly remembered the kitchen things. These, which were few, with some crockery, nearly brought us to the end of our resources, but we had enough for a big easy-chair which Euphemia was determined I should have, because I really needed it when I came home at night, tired with my long day's work at the office. I had always been used to an easy-chair, and it was one of her most delightful dreams to see me in a real nice one, comfortably smoking my pipe in my own house, after eating my own delicious little supper in company with my own dear wife. We selected the chair, and then we were about to order the things sent out to our future home, when I happened to think that we had no bed. I called Euphemia's attention to the fact.

She was thunderstruck.

"I never thought of that," she said. "We shall have to give up the stove."

"Not at all," said I, "we can't do that. We must give up the easy-chair."

¹ The book referred to is one written by themselves in which they have "told young married people how to go housekeeping, and how much it would cost them."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said she. "The house would seem like nothing to me without the chair!"

"But we must do without it, my dear," said I, "at least for a while. I can sit out on deck and smoke of an evening, you know."

"Yes," said Euphemia. "You can sit on the bulwarks, and I can sit by you. That will do very well. I'm sure I'm glad the boat has bulwarks."

So we resigned the easy-chair and bought a bedstead and some very plain bedding. The bedstead was what is sometimes called a "scissors-bed". We could shut it up when we did not want to sleep in it, and stand it against the wall.

When we packed up our trunks and left the boarding-house Euphemia fairly skipped with joy.

We went down to Ginx's in the first boat, having arranged that our furniture should be sent to us in the afternoon. We wanted to be there to receive it. The trip was just wildly delicious. The air was charming. The sun was bright, and I had a whole holiday. When we reached Ginx's we found that the best way to get our trunks and ourselves to our house was to take a carriage, and so we took one. I told the driver to drive along the river road and I would tell him where to stop.

When we reached our boat, and had alighted, I said to the driver—

"You can just put our trunks inside, anywhere."

The man looked at the trunks and then looked at the boat. Afterwards he looked at me.

"That boat ain't goin' anywhere," said he.

"I should think not," said Euphemia. "We shouldn't want to live in it if it were."

"You are going to live in it?" said the man.

"Yes," said Euphemia.

"Oh!" said the man, and he took our trunks on board without another word.

It was not very easy for him to get the trunks into our new home. In fact it was not easy for us to get there ourselves. There was a gang-plank, with a rail on one side of it, which inclined from the shore to the deck of the boat at an angle of forty-five degrees, and when the man had staggered up this plank with the trunks (Euphemia said I ought to have helped him, but I really thought that it would be better for one person to fall off the plank than for two to go over together), and we had paid him, and he had driven away in a speechless condition, we scrambled up and stood upon the threshold, or, rather, the after-deck of our home.

It was a proud moment. Euphemia glanced around, her eyes full of happy tears, and then she took my arm and we went downstairs—at least we tried to go down in that fashion, but soon found it necessary to go one at a time. We wandered over the whole extent of our mansion, and found that our carpenter had done his work better than the woman whom we had engaged to scrub and clean the house. Something akin to despair must have seized upon her, for Euphemia declared that the floors looked dirtier than on the occasion of her first visit, when we rented the boat.

But that didn't discourage us. We felt sure that we should get it clean in time.

Early in the afternoon our furniture arrived, together with the other things we had bought, and the men who had brought them over from the steamboat landing had the brightest, merriest faces I ever noticed among that class of people. Euphemia said it was an excellent omen to have such cheerful fellows come to us on the very first day of our housekeeping.

Then we went to work. I put up the stove, which was not much trouble, as there was a place all ready in the deck for the stove-pipe to be run through. Euphemia was somewhat surprised at the absence of a chimney, but I assured her that boats were very seldom built with chimneys. My dear little wife bustled about and arranged the pots and kettles on nails that I drove into the kitchen walls. Then she made the bed in the bedroom and I hung up a looking-glass and a few little pictures that we had brought in our trunks.

Before four o'clock our house was in order. Then we began to be very hungry.

"My dear," said Euphemia, "we ought to have thought to bring something to cook."

"That is very true," said I, "but I think perhaps we had better walk up to Ginx's and get our supper to-night. You see we are so tired and hungry."

"What!" cried Euphemia, "go to a hotel the very first day? I think it would be dreadful! Why, I have been looking forward to this first meal with the greatest delight. You can go up to the little store by the hotel and buy some things and I will cook them, and we will have our first dear little meal here all alone by ourselves, at our own table and in our own house."

So this was determined upon, and, after a hasty counting of the fund I had reserved for moving and kindred expenses, and which had been sorely depleted during the day, I set out, and in about an hour returned with my first marketing.

I made a fire, using a lot of chips and blocks

the carpenter had left, and Euphemia cooked the supper, and we ate it from our little table, with two large towels for a table-cloth.

It was the most delightful meal I ever ate!

And when we had finished, Euphemia washed the dishes (the thoughtful creature had put some water on the stove to heat for the purpose, while we were at supper), and then we went on deck, or on the piazza, as Euphemia thought we had better call it, and there we had our smoke. I say *we*, for Euphemia always helps me to smoke by sitting by me, and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do.

And when the shades of evening began to gather round us, I hauled in the gang-plank (just like a delightful old drawbridge, Euphemia said, although I hope for the sake of our ancestors that drawbridges were easier to haul in) and went to bed.

It is lucky we were tired and wanted to go to bed early, for we had forgotten all about lamps or candles.

For the next week we were two busy and happy people. I rose about half-past five and made the fire,—we found so much wood on the shore that I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses,—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage near by where we had arranged for water-privileges, and filled two buckets with delicious water and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station near Ginx's, I ceased to patronize the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urchin had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful evening hours, when over my pipe (I had given up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and had taken to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco) we talked and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing, but we found it no easy matter to

select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were: "Safe Ashore", "Firmly Grounded", and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would *sound* like a house and *be* like a boat.

"Partitionville" she objected to, and "Gang-plank Terrace" did not suit her because it suggested convicts going out to work, which naturally was unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house "Rudder Grange".

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our spare time in talking. An hour or two every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house", and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors, and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently, especially of a Sunday, we had company, and our guests were always charmed with Euphemia's cunning little meals. The dear girl loved good eating so much that she could scarcely fail to be a good cook.

We worked hard, and were very happy. And thus the weeks passed on.

In this delightful way of living, only one thing troubled us. We didn't save any money. There were so many little things that we wanted, and so many little things that were so cheap, that I spent pretty much all I made, and that was far from the philosophical plan of living that I wished to follow.

We talked this matter over a great deal after we had lived in our new home for about a month, and we came at last to the conclusion that we would take a boarder.

We had no trouble in getting a boarder, for we had a friend, a young man who was engaged in the flour business, who was very anxious to come and live with us. He had been to see us two or three times, and had expressed himself charmed with our household arrangements.

So we made terms with him. The carpenter partitioned off another room, and our boarder brought his trunk and a large red velvet arm-chair, and took up his abode at "Rudder Grange".

We liked our boarder very much, but he had some peculiarities. I suppose everybody has them. Among other things, he was very fond of telling us what we ought to do. He suggested more improvements in the first three days of his sojourn with us than I had thought of since we commenced housekeeping. And what made the matter worse, his suggestions were generally very good ones. Had it been otherwise I might have borne his remarks more complacently, but to be continually told what you ought to do, and to know that you ought to do it, is extremely annoying.

He was very anxious that I should take off the rudder, which was certainly useless to a boat situated as ours was, and make an ironing-table of it. I persisted that the laws of symmetrical propriety required that the rudder should remain where it was—that the very name of our home would be interfered with by its removal, but he insisted that “Ironing-table Grange” would be just as good a name, and that symmetrical propriety in such a case did not amount to a row of pins.

The result was, that we did have the ironing-table, and that Euphemia was very much pleased with it. A great many other improvements were projected and carried out by him, and I was very much worried. He made a flower-garden for Euphemia on the extreme forward-deck, and having borrowed a wheelbarrow, he wheeled dozens of loads of arable dirt up our gang-plank and dumped them out on the deck. When he had covered the garden with a suitable depth of earth, he smoothed it off and then planted flower-seeds. It was rather late in the season, but most of them came up. I was pleased with the garden, but sorry I had not made it myself.

One afternoon I got away from the office considerably earlier than usual, and I hurried home to enjoy the short period of daylight that I should have before supper. It had been raining the day before, and as the bottom of our garden leaked so that earthy water trickled down at one end of our bedroom, I intended to devote a short time to stuffing up the cracks in the ceiling or bottom of the deck—which-ever seems the most appropriate.

But when I reached a bend in the river road, whence I always had the earliest view of my establishment, I did not have that view. I hurried on. The nearer I approached the place where I lived, the more horror-stricken I became. There was no mistaking the fact.

The boat was not there!

In an instant the truth flashed upon me.

The water was very high—the rain had

swollen the river—my house had floated away!

It was Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoon our boarder came home early.

I clapped my hat tightly on my head and ground my teeth.

“Confound that boarder!” I thought. “He has been fooling with the anchor. He always said it was of no use, and taking advantage of my absence, he has hauled it up, and has floated away, and has gone—gone with my wife and my home!”

Euphemia and “Rudder Grange” had gone off together—where I knew not—and with them that horrible suggester!

I ran wildly along the bank. I called aloud, I shouted and hailed each passing craft—of which there were only two—but their crews must have been very inattentive to the woes of landsmen, or else they did not hear me, for they paid no attention to my cries.

I met a fellow with an axe on his shoulder. I shouted to him before I reached him—

“Hello! did you see a boat—a house, I mean,—floating up the river?”

“A boat-house?” asked the man.

“No, a house-boat,” I gasped.

“Didn’t see nuthin’ like it,” said the man, and he passed on, to his wife and home, no doubt. But me! Oh, where was my wife and my home?

I met several people, but none of them had seen a fugitive canal-boat.

How many thoughts came into my brain as I ran along that river road! If that wretched boarder had not taken the rudder for an ironing-table he might have steered in-shore! Again and again I confounded—as far as mental ejaculations could do it—his suggestions.

I was rapidly becoming frantic when I met a person who hailed me.

“Hello!” he said, “are you after a canal-boat adrift?”

“Yes,” I panted.

“I thought you was,” he said. “You looked that way. Well, I can tell you where she is. She’s stuck fast in the reeds at the lower end o’ Peter’s Pint.”

“Where’s that?” said I.

“Oh, it’s about a mile furdur up. I seed her a-drifting up with the tide—big flood-tide to-day—and I thought I’d see somebody after her afore long. Anything aboard?”

Anything!

I could not answer the man. Anything, indeed! I hurried on up the river without a word. Was the boat a wreck? I scarcely dared to think of it. I scarcely dared to think at all.

The man called after me and I stopped. I could but stop, no matter what I might hear.

"Hello, mister," he said, "got any tobacco?"

I walked up to him. I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat. It was a dirty lapel, as I remember even now, but I didn't mind that. "Look here," said I. "Tell me the truth, I can bear it. Was that vessel wrecked?"

The wrecked man looked at me a little queerly. I could not exactly interpret his expression.

"You're sure you kin bear it?" said he.

"Yes," said I, my hand trembling as I held his coat.

"Well, then," said he, "it's mor'n I kin," and he jerked his coat out of my hand, and sprang away. When we reached the other side of the road, he turned and shouted at me, as though I had been deaf.

"Do you know what I think?" he yelled. "I think you're a darned lunatic," and with that he went his way.

I hastened on to Peter's Point. Long before I reached it I saw the boat.

It was apparently deserted. But still I pressed on. I must know the worst. When I reached the Point I found that the boat had run aground, with her head in among the long reeds and mud, and the rest of her hull lying at an angle from the shore.

There was consequently no way for me to get on board, but to wade through the mud and reeds to her bow, and then climb up as well as I could.

This I did, but it was not easy to do. Twice I sank above my knees in mud and water, and had it not been for reeds, masses of which I frequently clutched when I thought I was going over, I believe I should have fallen down and come to my death in that horrible marsh. When I reached the boat I stood up to my hips in water and saw no way of climbing up. The gang-plank had undoubtedly floated away, and if it had not it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats; I stuck my toes and my finger-nails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks!—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on

each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers!

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered toward me.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "has anything happened?"

"Happened!" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in! Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" said I.

Euphemia and the boarder looked at each other. I looked at them. Then I opened my mouth in earnest.

"I suppose you don't know," I yelled, "that you have drifted away!"

"By George!" cried the boarder, and in two bounds he was on deck.

Dirty as I was, Euphemia fell into my arms. I told her all. She hadn't known a bit of it!

The boat had so gently drifted off, and had so gently grounded among the reeds, that the voyage had never so much as disturbed their games of checkers.

"He plays such a splendid game," Euphemia sobbed, "and just as you came, I thought I was going to beat him. I had two kings and two pieces on the next to last row, and you are nearly drowned. You'll get your death of cold—and—and he had only one king."

She led me away and I undressed and washed myself and put on my Sunday clothes.

When I reappeared I went out on deck with Euphemia. The boarder was there, standing by the petunia bed. His arms were folded and he was thinking profoundly. As we approached he turned towards us.

"You were right about that anchor," he said, "I should not have hauled it in; but it was such a little anchor that I thought it would be of more use on board as a garden hoe."

"A very little anchor will sometimes do very well," said I, cuttingly, "when it is hooked around a tree."

"Yes, there is something in that," said he.

It was now growing late, and as our agitation subsided we began to be hungry. Fortunately we had everything necessary on board, and, as it really didn't make any difference in our household economy where we happened to be located, we had supper quite as usual. In fact, the kettle had been put on to boil during the checker-playing.

After supper we went on deck to smoke, as was our custom, but there was a certain coolness between me and our boarder.

Early the next morning I arose and went upstairs to consider what had better be done, when I saw the boarder standing on shore, near by.

"Hello!" he cried, "the tide's down and I got ashore without any trouble. You stay where you are. I've hired a couple of mules to tow the boat back. They'll be here when the tide rises. And hello! I've found the gang-plank. It floated ashore about a quarter of a mile below here."

In the course of the afternoon the mules and two men with a long rope appeared and we were then towed back to where we belonged.

And we are there yet. Our boarder remains with us, as the weather is still fine, and the coolness between us is gradually diminishing. But the boat is moored at both ends, and twice a day I look to see if the ropes are all right.

The petunias are growing beautifully, but the geraniums do not seem to flourish. Perhaps there is not a sufficient depth of earth for them. Several times our boarder has appeared to be on the point of suggesting something in regard to them, but, for some reason or other, he says nothing.

THE GLORY OF WAR.

Glory is a very fine thing. I am only a *pekin*, a civilian, and I know nothing about glory; but I confess that my blood runs cold and that my heart sickens, when I hear politicians pertly prating about the "arbitration of the sword", and "war clearing the atmosphere", and so forth. I never met Glory yet, and I don't know what he or she is like; but I have met War face to face half a dozen times in as many countries. I have looked into the whites, or rather the crimsons, of his eyes, and I have gazed upon the Sisters who follow him wheresoever he goes. They are Three Sisters, and their names are Rapine, and Disease, and Death. This is, of course, a miserably craven and spiritless way of looking at War. I cannot help it. I have seen only War's madness and wickedness, its foulness and squalor. To me it has represented nothing but robbery and profligacy, but famine and slaughter; and I cannot but think that if the warlike politicians were to witness just half an hour of actual warfare as I have witnessed it in America, in Italy, in Mexico, in France, in Spain, their martial ardour would cool down a little, and they would not be quite so prompt to blow the bellicose trumpet.

G. A. SALA.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold thy earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

POBLET.¹

[Augustus John Cuthbert Hare, youngest son of Francis George Hare, born March 13, 1834, at the Villa Strozzi in Rome; educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford. As a writer, Mr. Hare is best known by his *Memoirs of a Quiet Life*, published in 1872, and *The Story of Two Noble Lives*, which appeared in 1894. But he has written besides a number of hand-books of England and of foreign countries, full of interest and information, and he has compiled several valuable *Memoirs*. Besides the works already named, we may mention *Walks in Rome*, 1870; *Wanderings in Spain*, 1872; *Days near Rome*, 1874; *Walks in London*, 1877; *Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen*, 1879; *Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia*, 1885; *Studies in Russia*, 1885; *Paris and Days near Paris*, 1887; *North-Eastern France, South-Eastern France, and South-Western France*, 1890; *The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth*, 1894. Our extract is taken, with the author's permission, from *Wanderings in Spain*.]

We took our tickets [from Tarragona] in the dark, by the 6-20 train, to Montblanch, on the Lerida line, passing on the way Reus, the birthplace of Prim, where the sword of his African campaigns is preserved as a precious relic in the town-hall. At eight we reached Montblanch, and from the crowd of ragged people at the station, disentangled a man who said that he had a tartana at our service, and followed him to it through the deep mire of the wretched streets. It was the humblest of vehicles—a rude, round framework of unplanned open bars, nailed one to the other, and covered with carpet; and with no bottom but ropes knotted together. A headstrong mule was found, which with difficulty could be induced to move, but which, when once it set off, put its head up in the air, and galloped straight forward, regardless of obstacles, sending us violently from side to side of the tartana as it pitched and jerked over a road which alternated between bare rock and deep sloughs of mud. In vain did the driver beseech us to sit forward; we had no sooner climbed to the front, and seized tight hold of its bars, than a tremendous lurch sent us all rolling backward, with our feet twisted through the open ropes beneath. The driver, however, never ceased to shriek, yelp, and scold at the mule; and though the road grew worse at every bound we made, we got along somehow—till, when the towers of Poblet were rising in view, we could bear it no longer, and, begging to be let out, found we advanced much more quickly on foot.

The sun was just breaking through the clouds, which had obscured the earlier morning, and lit up the lonely hollow of the hills in

which the convent is situated. Venerable olive-trees, their trunks gnarled and twisted into myriad strange forms, lined the rugged, rock-hewn way; and behind them stretched ranges of hills; here, rich and glowing with woody vegetation, where the sun caught their projecting buttresses,—there, lost in the purple mists of their deep rifts. The approach to a great religious house was indicated, first, by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen, and with myrtle and lentisk growing in the hollows of its gray stones; then by a strange group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary group of pillars at a cross way, as we were afterwards told, the afternoon walk of the friars. Hence, an avenue, with broken stone seats at intervals on either side, leads up to the convent walls,—a clear, sparkling mountain torrent surging by its side, in a basin overhung with ferns and tall water-plants. Then, after skirting the walls for some distance, an ancient gateway admits one to the interior of what, till within a few years ago, was the largest religious house, and one of the largest buildings in Europe.

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguer IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Arragon were brought to be buried. As

¹ From *Wanderings in Spain*, by Augustus J. C. Hare. George Allen.

the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. And thus, though no sovereign ever actually assumed the cowl at Poblet, several left orders that their effigy should be twice represented on their monuments, once in royal robes, and again in the monastic habit. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnificent buildings; their domains became almost boundless, their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of waggons, employed for a whole year, could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts, less honoured, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house, where numbers of their venerable effigies, typical of dignity and repose, may still be seen, having been hastily covered over at the time of the invasion. Gradually the monks of Poblet became more exclusive; their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sate in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls, every variety of trade was represented; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister; the tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims: on the other rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who

sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region, which depended upon Poblet, was brought to the great convent wine-presses, and was stored away in its avenue of wine-vats. "El Priorato" became one of the most reputed wines in the country; the pipes, the presses, and the vats where it was originally prepared, still remain almost entire.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumours began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighbouring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones, and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted on by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety: they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection; nothing was taken away.

Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them; nothing was spared. "Destroy! destroy!" was the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labour was evaded. Picture, and shrine, and tomb, and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer; till, wearied with devastation, the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes.

At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. At

first you are unprepared. The little decorated chapel of St. George, on the right of the second entrance, is so little injured that it might be taken for an ordinary ruin; then, passing the gate, one finds the remains of a series of frescoes, which tell the story of the Moorish invasion. Only the figure of one warrior and of the avenging angel are left, the rest is torn away; the lower pillars are gone, but their beautiful capitals, of monks seated amid rich foliage, are left. Hence one reaches the original front of the convent. On the left is another chapel, windowless and grass-grown, and behind it the remains of the hospital, which is reduced to a mere shell. In front, rise on every side the heavy machicolated towers which once flanked the main entrance, now bricked up,—and on the other, between statues of San Bernardo and San Benito, the entrance of the church. Here, in the ante-chapel, donkeys have their stalls around the tombs of kings, and the fragments of the royal monuments lie piled one upon another. On the right, in a dark niche, is the Easter Sepulchre, richly wrought in marble: only the figure of the Saviour has been spared; the Virgin and saints, legless, armless, and noseless, stand weeping around. Below, a sleeping archbishop has escaped with least injury.

The Coro retains its portals of *lunachella* marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs; Jaime El Conquistador; Alonzo II.; Ferdinand I. and his two sons, Juan II. and Alonzo V.; Pedro IV. and his three queens; Juan I. and his two, with many princes and princesses of royal blood. The monuments remain, but so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristry blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous

Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain, once of many streams, where the monks in summer afternoons were wont to be regaled with chocolate. This was voluntary chocolate; but another room is shown in which it is remembered that obligatory chocolate was served every morning, for fear any brother should faint during the celebration of mass. Beyond the great cloister, which is of the richest pointed architecture—every capital varied in fresh varieties of sculpture—is an earlier cloister, formed by low, narrow, round-headed, thick-set arches of the twelfth century. Above one side of the great cloister, rich in the delicate tracery of its still remaining windows, rises the shell of the palace of Martino El Humilde. Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction!

In the summer, the solitude is broken by a perfect school of young architects, from Italy, Prussia, and America, who come hither to study; but in England Poblet is little known. The time is so short since its destruction, that of the sixty-six monks who occupied the convent at the time, many are still living. At Poblet they wore the white Bernardine habit, and at mass they officiated in long trains of white; but the feeling against them is still so bitter, that if any one of them reappeared in his former costume he would be immediately assassinated. Each has retired to his family. We asked the guide if none had ever revisited their former home. "Yes," he said; "five of the friars came last summer; but they could not bear to look. They wept and sobbed the whole time they were here; it was piteous to see them."

EXTRACT FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA".¹

[Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., second son of Robert Coles Arnold, Esq., J.P. for the counties of Sussex and Kent; was born June 10, 1832; educated at King's College, Rochester, and King's College, London; and was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford. His poem on the "Feast of Belshazzar" took the Newdigate prize in 1852, and he graduated with honours in 1854. On leaving college, he became second master in King Edward Sixth's school at Birmingham, and he was subsequently appointed Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona, in Bombay, which office he held till 1881. The work by which he is most widely known is the beautiful epic poem called *The Light of Asia*, which describes the Life and Teaching of Buddha; it made its first appearance in 1879, and has passed through more than fifty editions. Among other works of Sir Edwin Arnold, we may mention—*Indian Poetry; Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary; Poems National and Non-oriental*; and a *History of the Administration of India under the late Marquis of Dalhousie*. The following extract is taken, with the permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., from *The Light of Asia*.]

[It has been miraculously revealed that Prince Siddārtha is the incarnate Buddha. But King Suddhōdana, his father, fearing the suffering and the estrangement from earthly ties involved in this awful dignity, tries to cheat Destiny. He spares no pains to give his son such an education as shall make him most fit to be his own successor in the responsibilities and dignities of an earthly kingdom; and contrives that he shall grow to manhood surrounded by all the pleasures, and ignorant of all the sorrows, of life. But the spirit of the Prince moves him to go out and see the world for himself. The first time he passes the palace gate he witnesses the suffering and decay wrought by old age: the second time he beholds Death. This is the experience described in the extract.]

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant, if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time's dry sands. "I pray you let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhōdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And on the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not
kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,

¹ *The Light of Asia: or, the Great Renunciation.* By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the
streets."

And the king said, amidst his ministers,
"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa² passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the king;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors
back

It was the king's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.

Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sākya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and
grain,

The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone
wheels,

The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweet-
meat shops,

The weaver at his loom, the cotton bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the
dogs

Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sākya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and
shields,

The camel drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
The humble toiling Sudra; here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nāg, or charm the hooded death

² Channa is the Prince's charioteer.

To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;
There a long file of drums and horns, which
went,

With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas; thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.

These had they passed
When from the roadside moaned a mournful
voice,

"Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!
Or I shall die before I reach my house!"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked:
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!
Good people, help!" whereon Siddartha ran,
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And, while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked, "Brother, what is ill with thee? what
harm

Hath fallen? wherefore can'st thou not arise?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak, and sighs so pitiful?"
Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this
man

Is smitten with some pest; his elements
Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and
slow;

His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped;
The strength is gone from ham and loin, and
neck,

And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
This is a sick man with a fit upon him.

See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his
teeth,

And draws his breath as if 'twere choking
smoke!

Lo! now he would be dead; but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony

And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this
comes

In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and terrors, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince in-
quired.

And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they
come

That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"
"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they
come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then—what end?"
"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes Death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, must suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the
Dead!"

Then did Siddartha raise his eyes, and see,
Fast pacing towards the river-brink, a band
Of wailing people; foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals; behind
The kinsmen, shorn, with mourning marks, un-
girt,
Crying aloud, "O Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay—stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,

Whom at the four-went ways they turned head
first,

And crying, "Rama, Rama!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream:
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint;
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone
White midst the grey—the total of the man.
Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which
comes

To all who live?"

"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived and liked
life well.

Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle
wind,

A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead.
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:—
Such is man's round."

But lo! Siddārtha turned

Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardour of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world;
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
For ever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard,
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if, all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God?—Channa lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard; and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

